WHO IS SHOW BOAT'S NEW SWEETHEART?

Radio MIRROR

APRIL

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

MARY PICKFORD

FRANK PARKER WANTS A WIFE!

How Helen Hayes made her marriage a success

Contrast her life with yours

HER life is outdoors . . . the wind . . . the sun . . . the blue, murmuring Pacific. Yours is confined . . . the home . . . the school room . . . the factory . . . the office. Her food is plain and invigorating. Yours is rich and disturbing. Her breath is as sweet as the hibiscus in her hair—and she knows it. Yours . . . well, you really don't know . . . you merely hope.

Don't offend others!

Hurry and worry, over-indulgence in eating or drinking, little or no exercise, all have a bearing on the condition of the breath. Is it any wonder that so many Americans have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you are guilty of this offense. But you needn't be guilty if you will simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine combats unhealthy mouth conditions and overcomes the odors arising from them. Use it morning and night and between times before meeting others. It makes you acceptable to them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Tested and Approved 4602 by Good Housekeeping Bureau Conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

LISTERINE checks halitosis
(unpleasant breath)

ROUGH COPY

A DEBUTANTE AND A DENTIST QUARREL ABOUT A RIB OF BEEF

Savage! SAYS DEBUTANTE

Sensible! SAYS DENTIST

(*But the civilized way to combat* "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" *is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

IN THIS PICTURE, you see a girl chewing vigorously on a rib of beef. Viewed from the angle of good manners, it's pretty bad . . . And the debutante is right when she says, "It's simply savage!"

But the dentist is right, too. And it needn't surprise you to hear *any* dentist say: "That's a good, common-sense demonstration of the *healthy* way to use teeth and gums."

In modern dental circles, it is freely admitted that the lack of coarse foods and vigorous chewing is largely responsible for a host of gum disorders. Naturally, gums grow sensitive on a soft food diet. Naturally, they grow flabby, weak and tender. And, naturally, that warning "tinge of pink" eventually appears upon your tooth brush.

"Pink Tooth Brush" Tells the Truth

And the truth is—your teeth and gums need better care. You should change to Ipana plus massage . . . You should begin, today, the double duty you must practice for complete oral health. So start now to massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums, or brush or fingertip—and do it regularly.

For Ipana plus massage helps stimulate circulation. It helps your gums win back their firmness. It helps them recover their strength and their resistance. They feel livelier, better, healthier. And healthy gums have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease.

So be reasonable. For your smile's sake, for the sake of your good looks and your good health—begin today with Ipana plus massage.

IPANA plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

APRIL - 1936

Radio MIRROR

VOL. 5 - NO. 6

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR • FRED R. SAMMIS, EDITOR • WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

Special Features

Show Boat Has a New Sweetheart.....Dan Wheeler 19
She's Winifred Cecil—a real life Cinderella
Frank Parker Wants a Wife!.....Louis Underwood 20
Here's your chance to marry a wealthy tenor
How Helen Hayes Made Her Marriage a Success..John Edwards 22
Fred Waring—Benevolent Tyrant.....Bill Stuart 24
Revealing his amazing dual personality
Microphone Masquerade.....Richard Wormser 28
Jimmy's thousand a week brings—
There's No Holding Husing!.....Samuel Kaufman 30
He thinks rules were made to be broken
The True Story of Radio's Francis X. Bushman..Dorothy Ann Blank 32
He Never Takes No For An Answer.....Norton Russell 34
That's how Red Nichols won his wife
Hidden Moments in Their Lives.....Mary Jacobs 36
Tragedy brought Stella Friend to radio
What Al Pearce Has Done for His Gang.....Ruth Geri 40
Invitation to the Met.....Camilla Jordan 42
Step into Grand Opera's golden horseshoe
"You Can't Win By Trying" says Goodman Ace..Weldon Melick 48
The Easy Aces take it easy to get ahead
Singer By Accident.....Harry Kerr 88
Helen Marshall was a violinist until—
Revealing Southland's Favorite Maestro.....Jack Harris 92
He's Francis Craig of WSM

Unusual Departments

Reflections in the Radio Mirror..... 4
The Editor speaks his mind
What's New on Radio Row.....Jay Peters 6
All the gossip about your favorites
Cooking for Lent.....Mrs. Margaret Simpson 10
Fritzi Scheff's famous Viennese recipes
What Do You Want To Say?..... 12
Win prizes for your letters
Coast-to-Coast Highlights
Chicago.....Chase Giles 14
Pacific.....Dr. Ralph L. Power 14
Pageant of the Airwaves..... 37
Presenting personalities in pictures and stories
Facing the Music.....John Skinner 46
Beauty for Redheads.....Joyce Anderson 50
What Do You Want to Know?.....The Oracle 51
Get your questions answered
We Have With Us..... 52
RADIO MIRROR's program guide
The Critic on the Hearth.....Weldon Melick 90
Programs in review

Coming in the May Issue

On Sale March 25

Why do the Lombardos say they're better off alone? The answer is a story whose humanness will bring a tear to your eye. . . . Would you like to go on an honest-to-goodness treasure hunt to a tropical island, with John Charles Thomas for your companion? Watch for the exciting story!

Added Attractions

Gallery of Stars
Nino Martini..... 16
Betty Winkler..... 26
Portland Hoffa..... 27
The Jazz Tree of Radio..... 35
Tracing dance bands to their beginnings
The Stars on Easter Parade..... 44
Lifting the curtain on spring fashions
Action! Camera!..... 102
Candid photographs of the stars

Cover

—PORTRAIT OF MARY PICKFORD BY TCHETCHET

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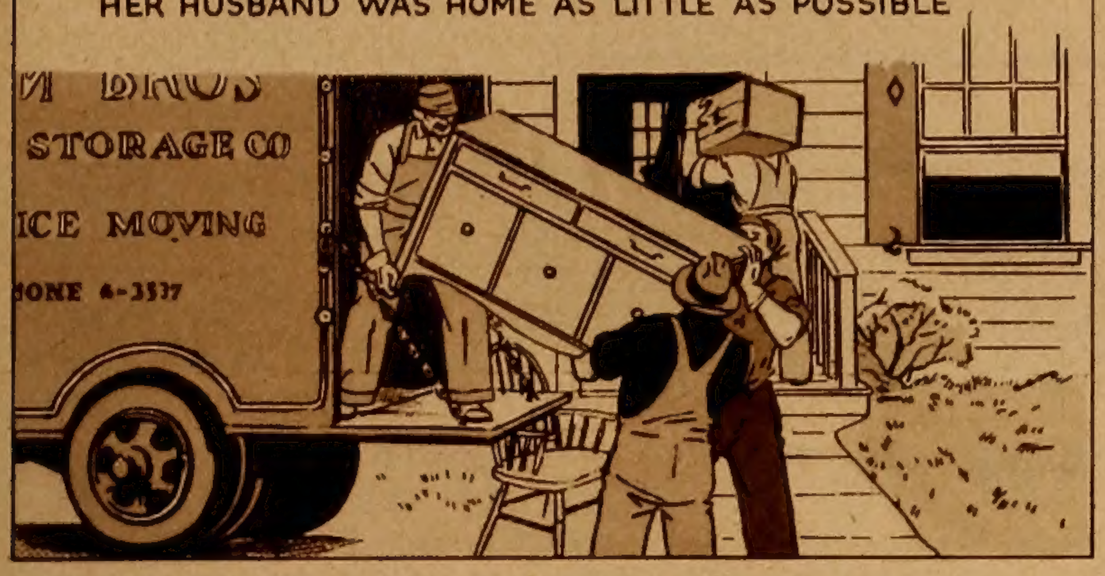
I BROUGHT HER HUSBAND BACK (A TRUE "B.O." EXPERIENCE)



Warnings by the thousands

FROM all parts of the country, from all sorts of people, letters *pour* in. Like the one illustrated, every one is a *true* experience—a *warning* to *beware of "B. O." (body odor)!* Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy! Its abundant lather purifies, stops "B.O."

For lovelier skin...

Lifebuoy cleanses *deeply, gently*. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

WANT GREASELESS DISHWASHING?

USE RINSO. ITS RICH SUDS ABSORB THE GREASE... MAKE IT VANISH. DISHES COME CLEAN WITHOUT A TRACE OF GREASE. AND RINSO IS MARVELOUS FOR THE WEEK'S WASH, TOO. IT'S ALL I USE BECAUSE —

Rinso alone, without the aid of bar soaps, chips or powders, gives a tubful of rich suds that *soak* clothes whiter without scrubbing or boiling. Even grimy edges come clean with a little gentle rubbing between the fingers. And the dirt doesn't "settle back" because Rinso suds have "lifting power." The dirt is held in suspension. Of course this safe "soak-and-rinse" method is not only easy on me —it's easy on the clothes; that means Rinso saves me lots of money. Rinso is all I ever use for the dishes, woodwork, basins and floors. It saves time and work all through the house. Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

REFLECTIONS IN THE RADIO MIRROR

RECORDS MAY SOON VANISH FROM THE AIR—HERE'S WHY

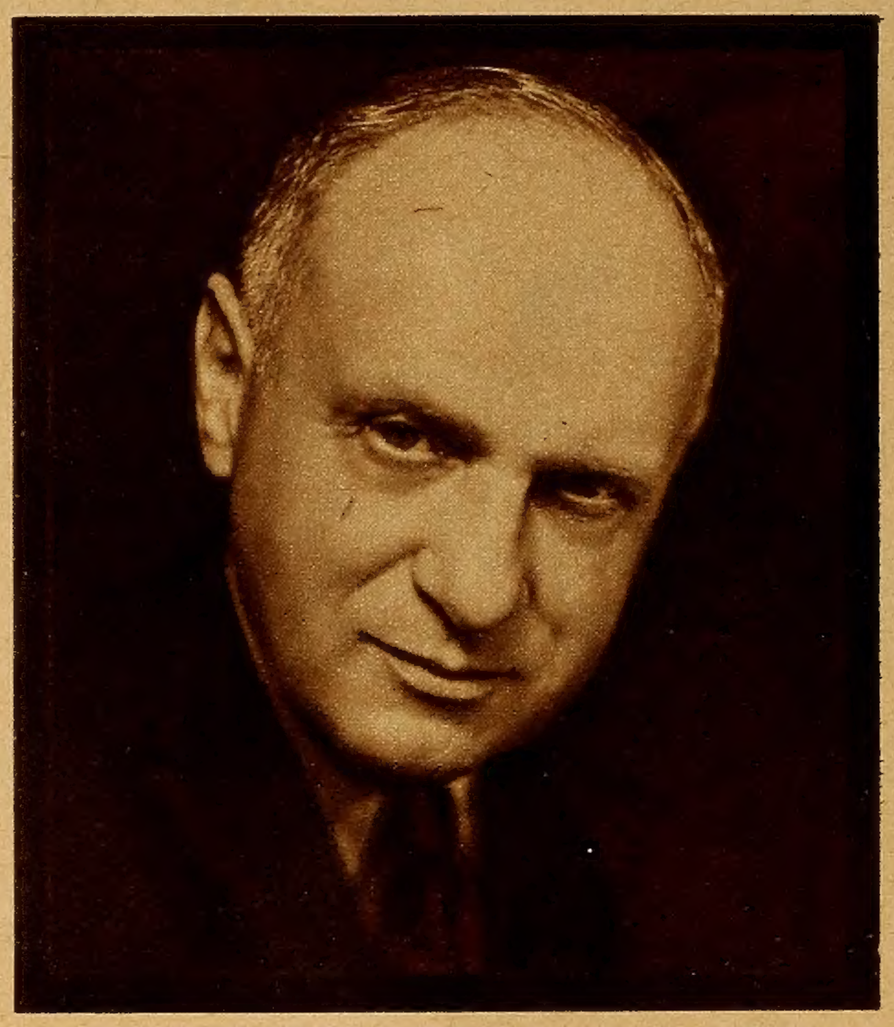
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY HONEST OPINIONS? YOUR BEST LETTERS WIN PRIZES

HOW many times a day do you tune in your radio and hear records being played? Would you feel deprived if the station you listened to no longer played these records of your favorites?

That is the situation you may soon be facing. It's important enough for several of the networks' biggest stars to have joined hands in a concerted action to ban the records they have made from the air.

In January a decision was handed down in a Philadelphia court of law which forbade a radio station in the city to play two of Fred Waring's most popular recordings. It was the first time in the history of this country that a decision on this point had been made. Fred has been fighting for over a year for such a decision. His point was this:

The last time he made a record, quite a long time ago, he made it for a recording company that agreed to put a "For Home Use Only" label on each record. That is, you could buy it and play it on your phonograph, but radio stations weren't supposed to buy it and play it over the air. The Philadelphia station played it anyway, feeling that since no copyright precedent had ever been established, it had a perfect right to do with it as it pleased.



Radio owes no man a greater debt than to the late Samuel Lionel Rothafel. It was Roxy who first lent broadcasting the warming quality of humanness—the basis of its popularity.

Now a court has decided in Fred Waring's favor. The case probably will be appealed in a higher court. It may take a year before a final judgment is handed down, perhaps by the Supreme Court itself.

Stars who have commercial programs feel strongly on this point. They claim that when a sponsor is paying them handsomely each week for a program on a large network of stations, local stations should not have unqualified liberty to play their records.

I asked Guy Lombardo for his viewpoint and he wrote me, in part:

"Imagine my astonishment to learn that during a recent broadcast for our present sponsor, whose network included a certain radio station in a Southern city, a smaller station in that same city, at the same hour, broadcast a 'SPONSORED' program using old Lombardo phonograph records, putting me in direct competition with myself! It is quite evident that the smaller station had sold its sponsor on the idea of capitalizing on the name and the fact that his program and our live program would be on the air simultaneously!"

That incident is not an ordinary one but it shows what can happen and it is a perfect example of why artists like Abe Lyman and Bing Crosby say it is unfair for their records to be put on the air while they're broadcasting. I wonder if you who tune in during the day to records of those bands and singers you like best, hear enough of their music to discourage you from tuning in their regular network programs. If you do, isn't it logical for these stars to want their records banned?

I've made fairly certain that Ed Wynn will be broadcasting some time in February, though not for his former sponsor. And Jack Pearl, too, should be on a national program in a short time. Strange that these two comedians, whose rankings while they were heard were in the top flight, should be plotting comebacks at the same time. It is even rumored that Wynn will change his comedy style, a suggestion I find it hard to believe. As Eddie Cantor pointed out to me, it takes years for a comedian to develop and perfect his style to the point where it is paying good dividends. And Eddie claims that it is suicide for him to change suddenly. So I think that when you hear Ed Wynn again, it will be the same Wynn of the past two years.

I want to quote from a pamphlet called Radio Review, edited by the Women's National Radio Committee, which represents a large part of all the women's clubs in America. What this pamphlet has to say seems to me significant:

"Just now we find that Phil Baker has caught up with and surpassed Jack Benny." Also, it says, the readers like the Southernaires Quartet, Hollywood Hotel, and Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. Which ought to give you more about which to argue.

Jessica Dragonette starts her annual vacation soon. She wanted to fly to California but friends' pleas won out.

Fred R Sammis

But Aunt Laura comes to the Rescue

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let Adolescent Pimples give YOU a job problem

FROM the beginning of adolescence—at about 13, until 25, or even longer—young people are frequently worried by pimples.

Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out!

But you can overcome these adolescent pimples. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Unsightly pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW

NEWS WHILE IT IS STILL HOT AND GOSSIP BEFORE IT'S NEWS

BY JAY PETERS

THE news, like the music in the goofy song, goes 'round and around and comes out like this:

Certain big business interests, rallying to the Republican banner to wage war on Roosevelt and his New Deal policies, appropriate the biggest sum ever spent in a political campaign to reach the voters via the radio. But the Democrats have a man who doesn't have to worry about the cost of radio time . . . He, of course, is **Franklin D. Roosevelt** . . . As President of the United States he picks his own spots on the air and doesn't have to pay a penny for the privilege! The night he addressed Congress he chose the period from 9 to 10 p. m., thus preventing the coast to coast broadcasts of four commercials on the networks at an estimated loss—to them—of $35,000.

Television prepares to round that corner with a suddenness that will startle the country . . . An established success in the laboratory, the problem remaining is to decide upon the type of transmission and receiver to employ . . . Several different systems are being experimented with and to bring television successfully into the homes it is necessary to standardize the equipment . . . Realizing that sound-and-sight projection involves radical changes in style of entertainment, broadcasting companies, advertising agencies, engineers, artists and others concerned are experimenting, more or less secretly, with the "new art forms" deemed necessary.

Fred Allen, steadily climbing in public esteem to the exalted position as the ace comedian of the air, signs a new contract guaranteeing his performances on the kilocycles for three more years . . . **Phil Baker,** likewise in high favor with fun-loving listeners, renews his contract for another thirteen-week period and his continuance in the studios until June is assured . . . **George Burns** and **Gracie Allen,** returning to Hollywood for more movies, play three weeks of vaudeville en route to the Coast and collect $10,000 per week. . . . Four years ago their stage salary was $1,250 weekly . . . Popularity on the air is the explanation for their big boost in income.

W. C. Fields, restored to health and Hollywood again, is willing to do a few broadcasts at $6,000 per . . . And **Groucho** and **Chico Marx** say $8,000 weekly will lure them to an air castle again. . . . At this writing no sponsors are in sight for either Fields or the mad Marxmen but you never can tell when one will bob up . . . **Frank Fay,** ballyhooed by **Rudy Vallee** as the most promising radio comedian for 1936, was being offered to sponsors at a more modest figure and seemed more likely to land when this was typed.

Mark Twain is suddenly discovered by NBC as an author and a series of programs involving Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn is projected . . . **Lou Holtz** plots his return to the airwaves sans his Jewish dialect and enlists the aid of **Ken Englund,** topnotch scriptist, to design his vehicle for him . . . And **George Givot,** whose reputation was built on his claim to distinction as the Grik Hambassador, succumbs to an overwhelming ambition to discard his dialect for sophisticated comedy . . . Meanwhile, **Harry Einstein,** the ex-advertising writer and **Eddie Cantor's** "Parkyakarkus," finds the Greek dialect pays him handsome dividends and betrays no hankering for Hamlet or any other ham role.

Dick Paulin, youthful baritone who both looks and sings like **Lawrence Tibbett,** reaches Radio Row from the West and hosannas hailing him as the first real voice discovery of 1936 are heard. . . . The Red Davis serial so popular a couple of seasons ago returns as Forever Young, written by the same author, **Elaine Sterne Carrington,** the novelist, but with a new juvenile lead in place of **Burgess Meredith.** He's a new lead, yet an old one, for **Curtis Arnall** was Meredith's predecessor as Red Davis. Arnall, until recently Buck Rogers in the script of that name, in turn, is succeeded on that program by **Matthew Crowley,** who originated the role in 1932 and thus preceded Arnall. . . . And, incidentally, Meredith, a big hit this Winter on Broadway in the Maxwell Anderson's drama "Winterset," leaves for the RKO lot in Hollywood to make his movie debut.

WAYNE KING capitulates to the cinema and signs for a full length feature with an option on three more—if the fans like his first one. . . . Network officials and the New York musicians' union got into a huddle over a new contract to become effective March 1. Currently the harmonists on sustaining programs get $100 a week and those on commercials $140. The studios are demanding reductions in both classifications. Meanwhile, certain free lance instrumentalists in demand for their skill, dependability, pinochle-playing, or something, collect from $500 to $800 a week while thousands of their less fortunate brothers are on relief.

Wide World

Edgar A. Guest must have liked his Hollywood stay. Here he is with Valerie Hobson and Binnie Barnes.

Right, the Ozzie Nelsons were radio's happiest married couple on Harriet's return from Hollywood.

NBC gets a new president in the person of Major Lenox Riley Lohr, the electrical engineer who attained fame as a showman by his management of Chicago's World Fair or Century of Progress . . . His predecessor, Merlin H. Aylesworth, one of the most popular and able of radio executives, remains active in NBC affairs as vice-chairman of the board of directors. His retirement as president, however, gives him more time to his duties as chairman of the board of directors of the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation. . . . And while all these things of more or less moment were being cast into typescript the compiler of this pillar was interrupted by a phone call from Harry McNaughton, Phil Baker's bungling butler. "What I'd like to know," demanded the irrepressible Bottle, "is to whom the Voice of Experience writes when *he* gets into trouble!"

A SMART ALECK?

BECAUSE he persisted in taking pot-shots at Mussolini and Hitler, Alexander Woollcott is no longer calling attention on the air to the nutritious properties of Cream of Wheat. Sponsors investing huge sums to win the good-will of the public don't like to antagonize even minority groups of customers by participating in controversial subjects, and you can't blame them.

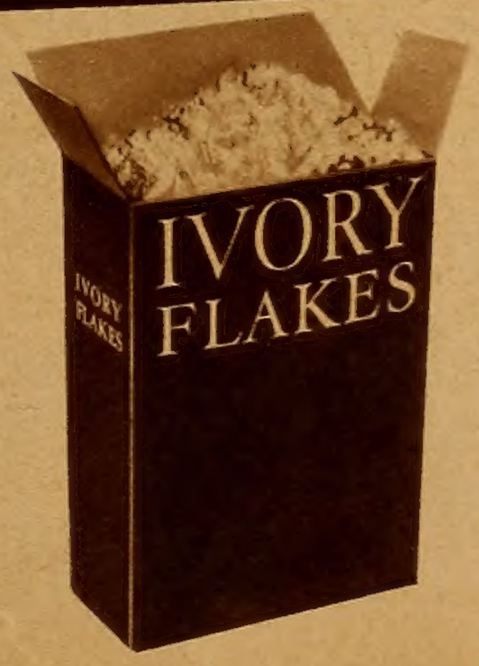
Woollcott, having (*Turn to next page*)

Below, Harry Von Zell, announcer, for the Town Hall and Phil Baker shows, snapped with Mrs. Von Zell.

Wide World

CINDERELLA* *tags these dresses "Wash with Ivory Flakes"*

These adorable dresses are the heart's-desire of every little girl who sees them. What a thrill for your own small darling to be decked out in one of these lovable Cinderella frocks!... And don't you worry! Although the materials are fine, the colors dainty, the trimming tricks bright—they'll *stay* that way, if you give them gentle Ivory Flakes care. These Cinderella Frocks may be washed by hand or washing machine—in lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes. That's the finest way to wash dainty little girls' clothes (as often as you please)—and the *safest!*



* Makers of the famous Cinderella Frocks for children recommend that they be washed in Ivory Flakes. Exact washing directions are tagged on each dress.

99 44/100% pure

What's New on Radio Row

established himself as a story teller par excellence on the ether, became arrogant in his attitude toward his benefactors and labored under the misapprehension he was the Omnipotent of the Air. This delusion was created in his own mind, more or less, by the success which attended his ballyhoo of books. His "While Rome Burns" of last year and his current "Woollcott Reader" became best sellers; he boosted James Hilton's "Good-Bye, Mr. Chips" to similar glory, and the tradition was built up that all Mr. Woollcott had to do was to spout a few words of honeyed praise and Presto! any book so honored was a commercial success.

However, the record indicates the literateur is not infallible as a press agent. He went into ecstasies extolling the virtues of Evelyn Waugh's "A Handful of Dust," but, perversely enough, Mr. Woollcott's public refused to respond to his enticements and the volume gathered the dust of its publisher's storehouse rather than the golden dust of the book-stalls.

* * *

ADVERTISERS spent $86,000,000 to exploit their products on the air in 1935, thus giving to commercial broadcasting its best year by $13,000,000. Naturally an industry which is so manifestly growing is attractive to investors and all over the country stock in radio stations is booming. Promoters are busy with projects for more networks and all sorts of schemes are under way to stake out claims in the ether Eldorado.

Among the new prospectors is Samuel Insull, former opera patron and aged mid-Western utilities magnate whose business empire collapsed, bringing ruin to thousands of small investors. Seeking a financial come-back, Mr. Insull has lined up a dozen or so minor stations in Illinois and Iowa and hopes to link them into a regional chain with more power and prestige.

Associated with the veteran operator is none other than Ota Gygi, the former vaudeville fiddler who promoted Ed Wynn into organizing the ill-fated Amalgamated Broadcasting System a few years ago. Wynn lived up to his former stage billing as "The Perfect Fool" by sinking a quarter of a million dollars in the enterprise.

* * *

NBC operates a school for announcers, selecting its students from pages and guides employed in the Radio City studios. It is under the supervision of Pat Kelly, chief of the announcerial staff, and under the direct tutelage of Dan Russell . . . Two graduates who have already won their spurs as microphone men are Ellis Andrews, who was a tourist guide for two months, and George Ansbro, who left Manhattan College to become a page boy.

* * *

IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL

The Boswell Sisters, harmony stars of the Columbia Broadcasting system having annexed husbands recently, attention naturally turns to the Pickens Sisters, their rivals for years on the opposing network, to see what they might do under the circumstances. To date, Helen is the only married one of the Pickens, choice specimens from Gaw-gah. She is the wife of Salvatore Curioni, Italian engineer, artist and war ace.

There has been a lot of talk about Patti, youngest of the Pickens, and Bob Simmons, one of the most desirable of radio's bachelors. Their matrimonial alliance, if it really is projected, is said to be deferred in deference to the wishes of Ma Pickens, who insists Patti is too young to marry. Gossipers frequently link the name of Jane Pickens with eligible young men, but so far as Radio Row knows no real romance has yet developed in her life.

Just to keep the record straight on the Boswells: Martha, the last of the trio to wed, was welded New Year's Day to Major George L. Lloyd, war-time British aviator and now an insurance executive. Helvetia, youngest of them and popularly known as "Vet," married John Paul Jones, young Texas oil man, in July of 1934, but she kept her wedding a secret for over a year. Connie, the crippled sister who broadcasts from a wheel chair, also was secretly married. That occurred in December last but the bride and groom succeeded in keeping it quiet only a few weeks. Connie's husband is her manager, Harold Leedy, whom she married just before he went on an operating table in a hospital. On Leedy's recovery their marriage became public property.

Domestic discord breaking about the same time in the menages of Frank Fay, Ernest Truex, Roy Atwell, Colonel Stoopnagle, Cliff Edwards and Doctor Rockwell, all more or less known to dialists, emphasized the fact that the home life of a professional funny man isn't necessarily one continuous laugh. Still there are some splendid examples where all is happiness in the homes of radio comics, especially if the spouses are helpmates professionally as well as matrimonially. Reference is to George Burns and Gracie Allen, Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa, Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, Fibber McGee and Molly (Jim and Marian Jordan), Goodman and Jane Ace, and Tim and Irene Ryan. Add to these Phil Baker and his missus, the former Peggy Cartwright, of the English musical comedy stage, who recently joined her husband's company as a stooge, and you have seven of the most congenial couples you can find anywhere.

Speaking about the separation of the Ernest Truexes, did you know that the soon-to-be ex-Mrs. Truex—Mary Jane to her friends—was formerly the wife of Michael Durso, the orchestra leader once of Rudy Vallee's band? It is said on the Row that as soon as she gets her divorce from Ernest she will wed for the third time, Duncan McMartin being named as the incoming groom.

Doris Dudley, daughter of Bide Dudley, veteran newspaper columnist heard on WOR, and Sidney Kingsley, author of this season's dramatic success, "Dead End," will be Mister and Missus before you read this. Doris was recently divorced from a musician . . . Ella Logan, the canary, and the handsome Ramon Ramos will walk to the altar in March . . . Rosemary Lane, of the lovely Lane Sisters, is being squired by Bob Allen, of Colonel Hal Kemp's orchestra.

The Row is busy picking a bride for Jimmy Wallington, widower once and divorcé once in two times at the altar. Jean Rogers is frequently described as his heart interest . . . Barry McKinley and Sally Clarke, the ex-Mrs. Eddie Buzzell, are very, very congenial . . .Eugene Ormandy, conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra who has succeeded Dr. Leopold Stokowski with the famous Philadelphia Orchestra, is married to the

Matthew Crowley is the new Buck Rogers, replacing Curtis Arnall, now that Cream of Wheat sponsors.

The best action shot we ever saw of Lanny Ross. The scene is New York State's swank Lake Placid.

Believe-it-or-not Robert Ripley caught by the camera while supping in an exclusive nightclub.

only woman in the New York Philharmonic Orchestra—the harpist.

Did you know that H. V. Kaltenborn, the Columbia news commentator, is called the Baron in the studios? It is because he is married to Baroness Olga von Nordenflycht, a lady of real nobility whom he met aboard ship on one of his many trips to Europe. Mr. Kaltenborn is himself of German parentage but was born in Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

A SINISTER SONG

"Tommy McLaughlin, who sang with Major Bowes on the Capitol Family program, is so ill he must go to a drier climate."

So read an item in a New York newspaper column the other day. Back of that line is one of the strangest stories of sinister coincidences that has ever come to your correspondent's attention. Tommy McLaughlin, heard by electrical transcription on some 300 stations every day as the voice of Chevrolet, is fighting for his life after tragedy, in the shape of a song, stalked him for years.

The song is "The Bells of St. Mary's." He first came in contact with it when he was learning to sing. It was taught to him by his elder brother, Leo. Tommy became so proficient in its rendition that "The Bells of St. (*Continued on page 83*)

Return of the Native should be the title of this photo. Eddie Cantor on return from Hollywood.

Wide World

HAVE YOU *Cinderella* HANDS ?

Hands that Go from Dishpan to Dance

For 60 years HINDS has been fairy godmother to hands that must work by day, yet look lovely at night. Just a touch of this rich creamy lotion smooths away all trace of roughness, leaves hands alluringly soft and white. It brings instant comfort to cracked knuckles and raw chapped wrists. Never smarts or stings, even when used on irritated skin. Dries *in*, not *off* . . . and its benefits are deep and lasting.

Let HINDS work its magic for you right away. You'll find that it's richer, creamier, more quick-acting than ever. And you'll find that it's not the least bit gummy or sticky. *Be proud of your hands tonight.* Get HINDS today. 10c, 25c, 50c, $1.

FREE dispenser with each 50c size. Fits on the bottle—not on the wall.

© 1936, LEHN & FINK, INC.

Non-Sticky • Quick-Acting

HINDS HONEY and ALMOND CREAM

HOW THESE THREE HOLLYWOOD

Make-Up Secrets

Can Give You Beauty

NEW Hollywood make-up originated by Max Factor, make-up genius, will give you youthful loveliness too.

Hollywood's Powder Secret Gives Skin New Beauty

Max Factor has created powder in original color harmony shades for blondes, brunettes, redheads, brownettes. Your color harmony shade will enliven your skin with youthful beauty, and give you a lasting satin-smooth finish. Max Factor's Powder, one dollar.

Rouge That Gives an Exquisite Lifelike Color

Like the powder, Max Factor has created rouge in color harmony shades for every type. When you use your color harmony shade you will agree with Virginia Bruce who says, "The creamy-smooth texture, and the color have a magic way of making the whole face beautiful." Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents.

New Lip Make-Up Gives Lips Alluring Color

To give the lips an alluring, lasting color, Max Factor has created a Super-Indelible Lipstick in color harmony shades. May be applied to both inner and outer surface of the lips, giving them an even, lasting color. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

VIRGINIA BRUCE
in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"*The* GREAT ZIEGFELD"

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP

Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Hollywood

SEND Purse Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade—also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. ★ Also send me my Color Harmony Make Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make Up". FREE.

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES Light ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	If Hair is Gray check one of above ☐

25-4-1

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

She first won fame in Victor Herbert's operettas as the "Kiss Me Again Girl." But she's famous as a cook too.

For Lavender and Old Lace, sponsored by Bayer Aspirin, see page 53 — 8 o'clock.

COOKING for LENT

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

HERE it is Lent again, and that means, for a lot of you, a revamping of the family cuisine to allow for meatless days. But you don't want to lose the energy provided by meat, so you turn to other foods which provide it—milk, cheese and eggs. Use them in combination for main dishes, to give added richness to vegetables, for thick creamy soups and rich desserts.

I asked Fritzi Scheff for suggestions for Lenten cookery. Fritzi, you know, is Viennese, and as famous among her friends as a cook as she is to the rest of the world as the "Kiss Me Again Girl" and as the star of the Lavender and Old Lace program over CBS.

"Milk and cream dishes of all sorts," she told me. "Noodles"—the Viennese influence — "with white sauce and cheese, eggs florentine, baked potatoes with poached eggs, rice pudding with chestnuts, scalloped oysters, *zwefschken knoedel*—

"Zwefschken knoedel," she explained, "is a dessert made of fresh black plums, cooked in potato dough. Boil four large potatoes in their jackets, remove from the water and cool. When cold, peel and roll them until you have a soft, lumpless flour. Add a lightly beaten egg and enough milk to make a soft dough, and roll thin on a floured board. Cut the dough into squares and into each square fold a pitted black plum, pinching the dough together to make a little pillow. Cook in boiling water as you cook dumplings, until the dough is cooked through. Next, drain the dumplings and place them in a buttered casserole. Cover with buttered crumbs, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and cook in a moderate oven for half an hour."

Although this recipe calls for black plums it sounded so delicious that I couldn't wait for plums, but substituted canned apricots instead, and I don't see how it could be improved upon.

Since white sauce is an essential ingredient in eggs florentine and in the noodle dish which Miss Scheff suggested, it will be helpful to include here a basic white sauce recipe: melt one tablespoon of butter over low heat; stir in one tablespoonful of flour and mix to a smooth paste, add one-fourth tablespoon salt and pepper to taste. To one-half cup of canned evaporated milk add one-half cup of water, and add to the mixture, stirring constantly to avoid lumping. (If you have difficulty in making a smooth sauce, try using a double boiler).

You will notice that canned evapo-

FRITZI SCHEFF BRINGS YOU SECRETS FROM HER NATIVE VIENNA FOR YOUR LENTEN MENU

rated milk is specified in this recipe. This is because it is easier to get sauce of the desired consistency by varying the proportions of canned milk and water, than by using fresh milk and varying the amount of flour. A thick sauce, of course, requires more milk than water in the mixture, and a thinner sauce requires a leaner mixture of milk and water. For cooking in general, in fact, many people prefer canned milk, for it is easy to keep a supply on hand, and if only part of a can is used at one time the remainder will keep sweet and fresh in your ice box until you are ready to use it. And now for the eggs florentine.

Drain cooked spinach and chop fine, then add one cup of white sauce for each cup of spinach. Fill individual buttered ramekins with the creamed spinach, making nests with hollowed centers. In each nest place a poached egg, cover with white sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese and salt and paprika to taste, and bake in a moderate oven until brown. If you prefer more cheese flavoring, add grated cheese to your white sauce just before removing it from the fire. The grated American cheese, which comes in sifter top containers, is excellent for this purpose.

The same cheese-flavored white sauce is used for baked noodles. Place a layer of cooked noodles in a buttered casserole, cover with the sauce, add another layer of noodles and repeat until the dish is filled. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs, grated cheese and paprika and brown in a moderate oven. If desired, alternate the layers of noodles with layers of sliced hard cooked eggs before putting in the white sauce. This same method can be used for preparing left-over vegetables so that the occasional difficult individual who "can't eat left-overs" will cry for more.

"What about your baked potato and poached egg dish?" I asked Miss Scheff.

"That is one of my favorites," she answered. "Cut the top off a large baked potato and scoop out the inside, being careful not to break the skin. Now break up the potato center with a fork, add salt and pepper to taste, mix with milk until the consistency is about the same as mashed potato, and return the mixture to the potato shell, hollowing it out on top. In the hollow, place a poached egg, cover with buttered crumbs or grated cheese, brown in the oven and serve piping hot."

Another dish for which Fritzi is famous is her (*Continued on page 67*)

If you want the recipes for creamed soups and scalloped oysters mentioned in this article, and Miss Scheff's delicious caramel custard recipe, I'll be glad to send them to you. Just address your query to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 E. 42nd St., New York.

"Quickly CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS

PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY *CONFINES*...IT *REMOVES* UGLY BULGES!

Reduce Your Waist and Hips 3 Inches in 10 Days with the Perfolastic Girdle

. . . or no cost!

THOUSANDS of women owe their slim, youthful figures to this sure, safe method of reducing. No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness!

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ You not only appear inches slimmer the moment you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, but every second you wear them, you are actually reducing without any effort on your part—and at only the spots where surplus fat has accumulated.

Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing *you* a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days at our expense and prove to yourself what they will do for YOU!

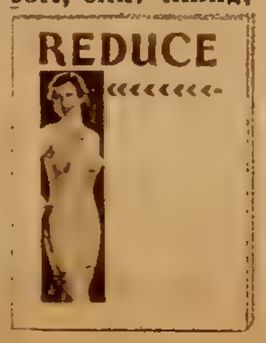
"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES," Writes Miss Healy!

■ "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches," writes enthusiastic Miss Brian. These are just a few examples of the astounding reductions experienced by Perfolastic wearers.

TEST . . . The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense!

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY!

■ With every move you make the massage-like action takes off unwanted inches. You do nothing except watch the fat disappear. All the while you are so comfortable you can hardly believe you are actually reducing. Because of the perforations and soft, silky lining, Perfolastic is delightful to wear.



SEND FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL!

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women told in this FREE BOOKLET. You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test at OUR expense. Mail the coupon NOW!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 284, 41 East 42nd St., New York City

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name.....

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard.

"My complexion cleared up like Magic!"

A dull skin, blotches, and bad breath—these may be warnings of constipation—accumulated poisons in your system. When you notice such telltale signs, do as millions of others do—place your confidence in FEEN-A-MINT and the "three-minute way." The "three-minute way" means that you simply chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes,* preferably while going to bed—and in the morning you will find gentle but thorough relief. The very act of chewing makes FEEN-A-MINT better. Its tasteless, medicinal content mixes thoroughly with saliva and goes to work easily, gradually—not all at once. No unpleasant after-effects. And the children love it for its clean, refreshing taste. Get a box for the whole family, 15 cents and 25 cents—slightly higher in Canada.

* Longer, if you care to

better because you chew it

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

HERE'S WHERE YOU CAN TELL EVERYONE WHAT YOU THINK— AND WIN A PRIZE!

Father Charles Coughlin arriving at the White House in January to confer with President Roosevelt.

Wide World

THESE cold winter nights, radio has done more than its share to provide entertainment for the snowbound. What's more, listeners have had time to pay attention to programs. We've received an abundance of complaints and compliments, but the contest still goes on—$20.00 for the best letter, $10.00 for the second best and $1.00 each for the next five selected. Why not write your letter today? Address it to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, and mail it not later than March 26.

Here are this month's prize winners:

$20.00 PRIZE
Pardon My Southern Accent

The other day I turned on the radio just in time to hear a play. Its subject was the rivalry of a Northern spy and a Southern soldier for the love of a charming Southern girl. The play was well written, interesting and had plenty of action. I settled down to enjoy it but presently was aware that something was not just right. Soon I detected that the part of the Southern girl was played by a young lady from "Way Back East." Though the girl was painstakingly omitting all *r's*, talking slowly and filling her accents with personal charm, she was not convincingly Southern. I expect that all her listeners in the East or North thought her very Southern, but she didn't fool one of us South of the Ohio.

"Plenty of Southern girls sitting around waiting for an audition in that very studio," I said to myself. "It's too much to expect a youngster to throw overboard her mother tongue at each change of a script. The child is so intent on her *r's* that she forgets and clips each *o* short in the best Boston manner."

I place the highest value on sincerity, clearness, reality and wholesomeness and believe, with all my heart, that the programs with these qualities will remain popular and make radio listening a more important part of life.

MELL JAMES, Louisville, Kentucky.

$10.00 PRIZE
She Now Understands Boake Carter

Since reading an interesting account of Boake Carter, most of my antipathy to his too-English accent and my difficulty in understanding him have disappeared. He is a very fine news commentator, but his ability was almost lost on me because of my exasperation at his peculiarities of speech. Then, just because I seemed to become a little acquainted with him, understood his background somewhat, I have been better able to understand him. I wonder if that isn't the reason we find fault with so many performers and performances?

ETHEL B. SAGE, Eaton Rapids, Mich.

$1.00 PRIZE
A Boost for Recordings

I didn't like May Crowley's attitude about stations consuming their spare time with phonograph records. I will admit that the real thing is much better, but when certain favorite orchestras and singers can be heard, records are very enjoyable.

May, you've probably heard Kay Kayser and his music from the Blackhawk in Chicago, haven't you? Well, he hasn't been broadcasting since May 17 (not that I know of, anyway), but during the summer and fall I have heard him on records over seventy times. He is one of my favorite artists, and the records, naturally, entertained me. Hal Kemp and Jan Garber were on tour this summer and records were the only means of hearing them. One of my friends, since she saw Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, is simply crazy about them, so she enjoys hearing them even on records.

You, yourself, probably like Bing

Crosby since you mentioned him in your letter the way you did. Honestly, wasn't it better to hear him on a record than not at all?

MARY SUE SIMMONS, Charleston, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
There's Only One Mary Lou

I was a constant listener to Show Boat and Mary Lou. It was well written and one of the most interesting romances on the air. But why must we listeners accept substitutes for characters we have learned to love and admire? Such as Lanny and Mary Lou. They did beautiful work together and endeared themselves to us. I do not think it is fair to make us accept others in their place. What would Maxwell House think if people were to tire of their coffee and substitute some other brand of coffee? There is but one Mary Lou, namely, Muriel Wilson. She has the most restful voice one could listen to. If Show Boat wants to continue to live in the hearts of the people, bring our own Muriel Wilson back in the place that only she can fill. .

LUCILLE HAWTHORNE,
Columbus, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE
Who's Next?

As you already know, there is an annual custom in this country of selecting all-star baseball teams and all-American football teams. Therefore why shouldn't some of us radio fans select an all-star dance orchestra composed of famous orchestra leaders and musicians? It would certainly be something new and inviting to have these same musicians get together and provide entertainment for a charity ball, and arrange for a special broadcast over one of the networks. This would be my idea of an ideal radio broadcast.

Here is what, in my opinion, would be a real all-star band: Piano, Eddy Duchin or Ray Noble; saxes, Wayne King, Ozzie Nelson, Jimmy Dorsey and Rudy Vallee; cornets, Clyde McCoy, Red Nichols and Louis Armstrong; trombones, Tommy Dorsey and Sammy Kaye; drums, Chick Webb; guitar, Nick Lucas; bass violin, Neil Buckley; male soloist, Bing Crosby; male quartet, Mills Brothers; female soloist, Loretta Lee; female trio, Boswell Sisters; maestro, George Hall or Paul Whiteman; master of ceremonies, Ray Perkins.

JIMMY MARION, Archbald, Pa.

$1.00 PRIZE
Just Home Folks

I have wanted to say for a long time that the radio serial Vic and Sade presented by the Crisco Company is the best serial heard daily here on the Pacific Coast. It is the only one that doesn't leap from one dramatic climax to another. (*Continued on page* 87)

End "accident panic"
—ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!

Try N-O-V-O—the new safe douche powder. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.)
At your druggist or department store

COAST TO COAST HIGHLIGHTS

CHICAGO

By Chase Giles

NOW that Samuel Insull has turned radio network boss the old studios in the Chicago Civic Opera building will come back into their own. Studios were once used by WENR before NBC took that station over and since have been in operation only for a few NBC programs, specially those using an organ. NBC is expanding its Merchandise Mart studios and installing an organ there. . . . WBBM and Columbia staff in Chicago were happily surprised end of the year by an extra week's check for each employee there more than one year. . . . Irene Castle McLaughlin, the once famous dancer who recently did a radio series based on her memoirs, has as her present hobby the Orphans of the Storm, famous home for dogs. Surprising was the recent story that the kennels had been robbed, this despite several hundred varied and assorted canines within reach.

* * *

LENOX LOHR, new NBC president, included among his first duties in that capacity a visit to Chicago NBC studios in the Merchandise Mart just to look the situation over . . . **Clara, Lu and Em,** the famous backyard gossips of radio, have been turning down new radio contracts because the serious illness of one of the girls necessitates a rest of several months. CBS has offered a contract and NBC an option but the girls refused both. . . . **Vic and Sade** were surprised to discover in their fan mail a card of thanks and congratulation from Thelma Todd. It had been mailed in Hollywood just the day before the famous film actress was found dead. . . . **Al Pearce** and his brother Cal were masters of ceremonies at a huge banquet tendered **Amos 'n' Andy** in California some years back. Thus started a friendship which led to A. & A. suggesting Al Pearce and his gang when their sponsor decided to add another radio act . . . Morey Amsterdam, comedian of Al Pearce's gang, is married to Mable Todd of the same gang, a fact which has not been publicized. And Tizzie Lish is really a man.

* * *

IT'S nice to write your own show. Take Katherine Avery for instance. She is WBBM's Sentimental Selma as well as author of that script. So when she wanted to go home for a visit recently she simply wrote herself out of the scripts for a few days and left the rest of the cast to carry on in Chicago . . . On his first broadcast Charles Chaplin, although a film veteran, was plenty frightened by the microphone, according to Les Weinrott, who arranged the broadcast and is now author and director of WGN's Grandstand Thrills . . . Chaplin's hand shook so they had to paste the script onto cardboard to keep the noise out of the microphone . . . Announcer Truman Bradley has a colored maid and a Scotch terrier in his Chicago home. Imagine his surprise the other day to hear the maid threatening the disobedient pup thus: "Ah'll send yo' to Ethiopia to fight for us if yo' don't behave!"

* * *

UP in a small Michigan town neighbors and friends installed a new high-powered radio in an old lady's home. Later some friends dropped over to ask how she liked it. "Well, it ain't so bad," she said, "but I think the old four party line is best!"

* * *

FROM his work interviewing the "man on the street" for Columbia, Announcer Pat Flanagan opines: Every woman laughs before answering your question and every man scowls; men back up when the mike is put before them, women step forward; women are better informed than men about current topics; women have cleaner teeth than men.

* * *

BILLIE BAILEY, Chicago Columbia singer comes from a town named Table Grove, Ill. . . . Truman Bradley, announcer, Pat O'Malley, Jack Hylton's Irish singer, Howard Neumiller, pianist, and other (*Continued on page* 94)

Out West, the 1936 beach costumes are in vogue already. Grace Cooper NBC actress, shows this one.

PACIFIC

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

APRIL Fool's Day will soon be here, and lots of radio people will be up to all sorts of tricks. There's **Bernie Smith,** KFWB news commentator. But he made a New Year resolution not to 'phone any of his friends and leave the police station telephone number. . . . **Dale Armstrong,** KHJ newsman, can't toss empty pocketbooks out of the new *Times* tower, because the new "tower" is really an inside radio room with drapes 'n' everything along the walls. . . . **Lorna Ladd,** KMPC interviewer, has been saving up old hats to pile on the sidewalk with bricks beneath. But the other day her husband, **Mel Williamson,** called the Goodwill people and had them carted away. . . . **Ted Galley,** KGER program director, recently married to **Grace Glasser,** head of her own radio agency, wants it known he is too grown up for childish pranks. And, besides, he can't think of a new April Fool's Day gag. . . . So I guess that maybe after all the radio lads and lassies out on the Coast will be good on that day. Anyway, they have never been able to top KFI's gag of ten years ago when it did a murder hoax over the air and then stopped the broadcast. What a barrage of wires and 'phone calls! And few of the fans thought it was very funny at that.

WIDE WORLD

Red-headed music maker Wendell Hall recently completed a three-week engagement in vaudeville in New York.

* * *

KING ZANY, whose poetry and philosophy form the basis for a daily program on KFAC, Los Angeles, lives in a comfortable desert home at Pear Blossom, Cal., where he is trying to regain lost health. The region is a veritable hot place in summer, but with frequent snow flurries in the wintertime. Little Rock is the nearest post office about eight miles away.

* * *

GLADYS JOHNSON is playing the cello in the KMTR staff orchestra. She led the girls' ork over at KTM for several years until hard times set in and the studio group dwindled to three.

* * *

CHARLEY FOLL, who left KROW to join KJBS some time ago, is back at KROW again as staff announcer.

TOMMY THOMAS and his program at KJR, Seattle, a few weeks ago staged a gala program representing some half dozen frat and sorority groups from the state university for two cups donated by Lieutenant Governor Victor Meyers. Fans of several years standing will remember Meyers as a popular orchestra leader up in the northwest and a nightly radio favorite.

* * *

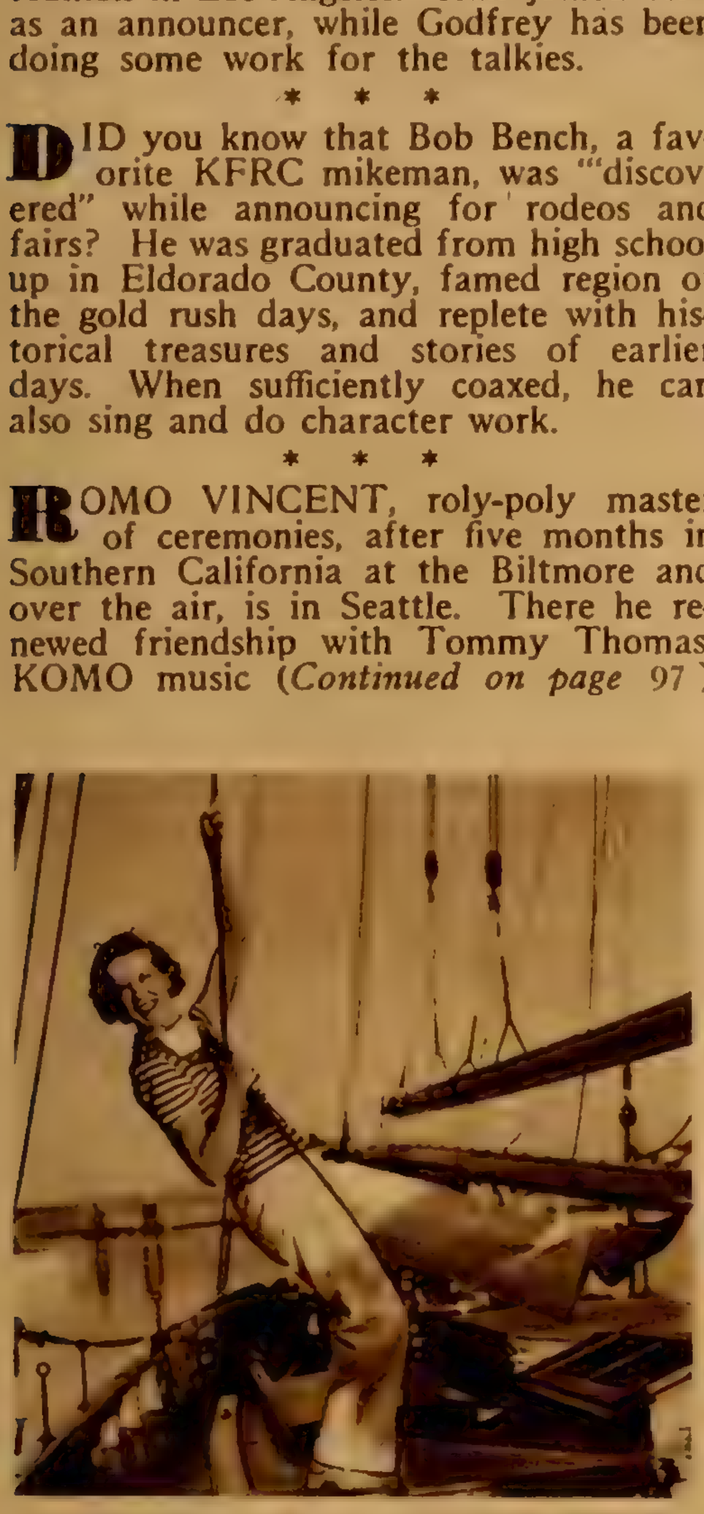
GEORGE GODFREY, one-time drama director at Seattle's KOMO, and Wilton Haff, former announcer there, had a reunion in Los Angeles. Haff joined KFI as an announcer, while Godfrey has been doing some work for the talkies.

* * *

DID you know that Bob Bench, a favorite KFRC mikeman, was "'discovered" while announcing for rodeos and fairs? He was graduated from high school up in Eldorado County, famed region of the gold rush days, and replete with historical treasures and stories of earlier days. When sufficiently coaxed, he can also sing and do character work.

* * *

ROMO VINCENT, roly-poly master of ceremonies, after five months in Southern California at the Biltmore and over the air, is in Seattle. There he renewed friendship with Tommy Thomas, KOMO music (*Continued on page 97*)



Natalie Park, who plays Lois Liston in NBC's Hawthorne House serial, enjoying a sail on the Pacific Ocean.

Mary Ann Owens and Jimmy McNeill, whose fathers are Jack Owens and Don McNeill of the Breakfast Club.

THE ONE—Flaxen-haired. Serene gray-blue eyes. A cool ivory skin.

THE OTHER—Soft brown hair. Eyes the same color, alight with mischief. Skin creamy, almost olive.

THE two girls are utterly different. Who would think they could use the same shade of powder?

But look!—the blonde's cool coloring would certainly fade with too light a powder shade. Her skin lights up, warms—only with a certain brunette shade. The very one the other girl uses to clear and freshen her creamy skin!

It's Pond's lively Brunette shade that gives each one what she needs!

New shades enliven skin

Which type are you? That's a thing for your skin to decide—not your hair. See whether your skin needs brightening, clearing or warming up. Then choose the Pond's shade that does that very thing!—one of the five offered at right.

Every one contains new important tints that add life to the skin. With an optical machine, Pond's discovered these tints hidden in skin itself. Among them, the *bright blue* that makes fair skin dazzling! The *brilliant green* that makes creamy skin glow!

Now, these beauty-giving tints are blended *invisibly* into Pond's new Powder shades. Thus, they bring transparency and glow to any skin!

Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed!

BRUNETTE clears, brightens creamy skin
ROSE BRUNETTE warms dull, faded skin
ROSE CREAM gives fair skin a radiance
NATURAL brings a blonde transparency
LIGHT CREAM gives a cool, velvety finish

Fine textured, Pond's Powder feels smoother on the skin. Spreads softly, easily. Never cakes or clogs. The larger sizes come in lovely glass jars—to show shade and texture, keep the powder perfumed. Prices reduced, 35¢ and 70¢. 10¢ and 20¢ boxes, increased in size.

FREE **5 Lively New Shades**
Mail Coupon today

(This offer expires June 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. D-132, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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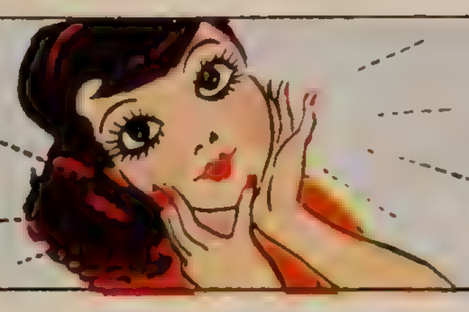
NINO MARTINI

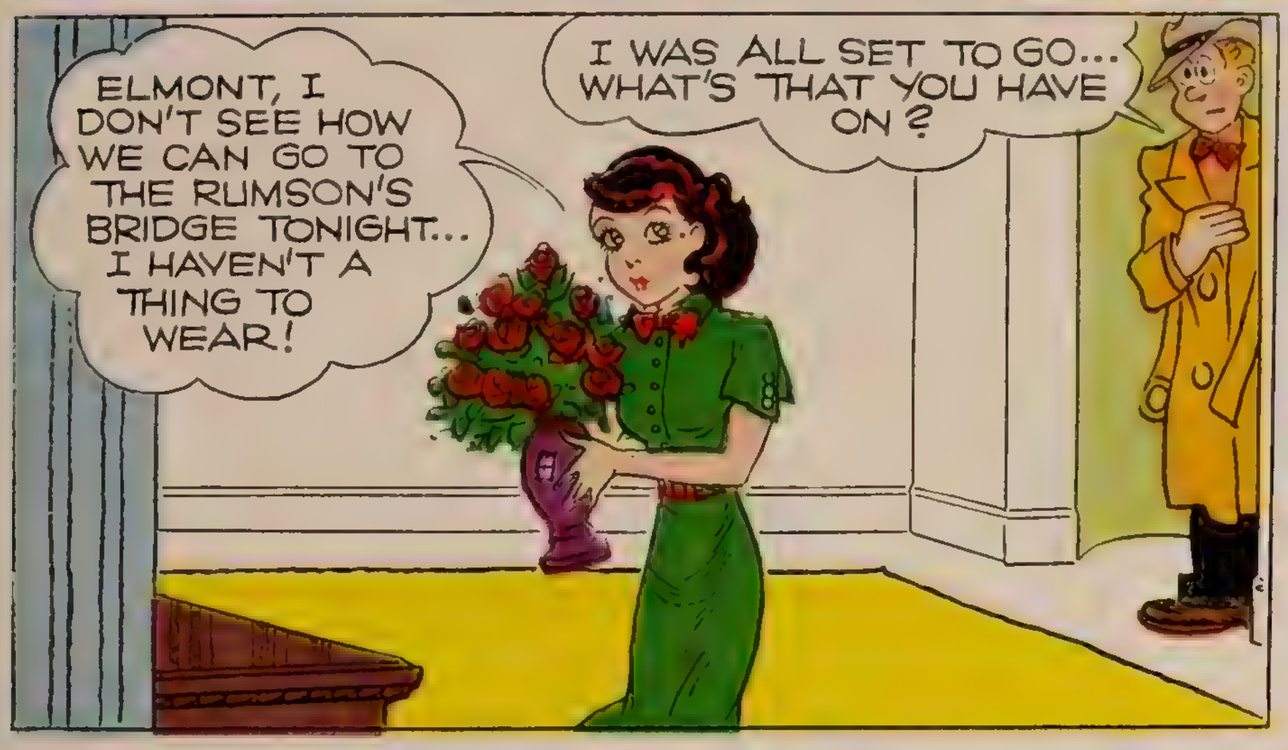
Evans & Salter

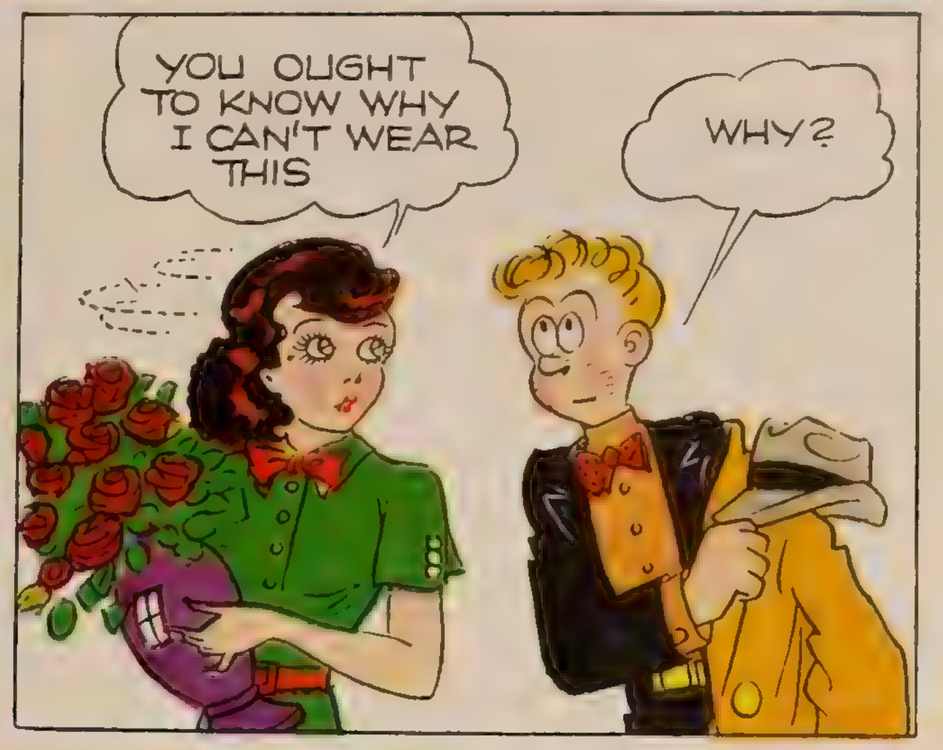
The grandest picture of this movie and radio star we ever saw, taken just before the tenor began his season at the Metropolitan. Fans who have been hearing Nino regularly Saturday evenings, singing for Chesterfield, now can occasionally hear him in the Saturday afternoon operas over the NBC network.

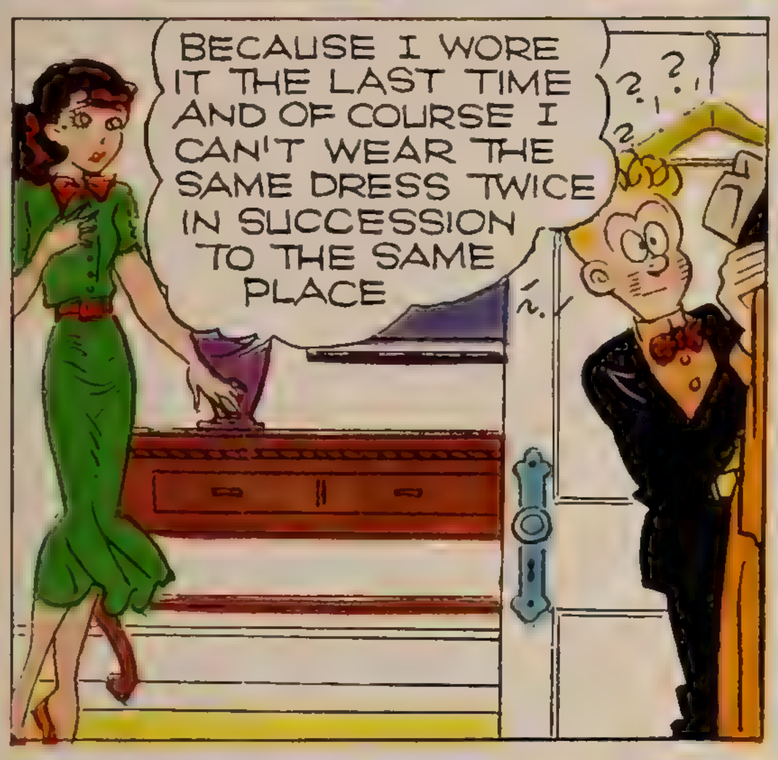
CUTIE



SHE KEEPS HIM GUESSING







It's a fact—the New Bright Cutex Nails make your oldest dress look new!

LOOK at the best dressed girls in theatres, at restaurants, at bridge parties, and see if they aren't wearing the new bright nails!

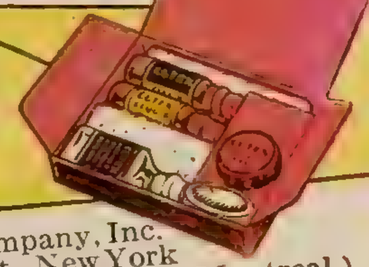
See if Cutex Ruby Nails don't pep up your oldest black "rag" and make it look new and important. Try Cutex Coral or Rust with green and Cutex Cardinal with navy blue this spring. You'll look twice as smart!

And Cutex never blotches, you know. It flows on smoothly and evenly—and *stays* on your nails without cracking, peeling or chipping.

8 smart shades to choose from. Crème or Clear—35¢ a bottle at your favorite store—stock up today!

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢



Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 6-B-4, 191 Hudson St., New York
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Rust ☐ Ruby ☐
(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Unless Camels thoroughly please you— they cost you nothing!

Camels are mild in the best sense of the word—mild in flavor and, even more important, so mild you can smoke all you want.

To emphasize our confidence that you will recognize the superiority of Camel's costlier tobaccos...we want you to try them at our risk.

See if you don't agree with Mrs. Allston Boyer, Miss Dorothy Paine, Mrs. William Wetmore, and the other discerning women throughout the country who have learned that in cigarettes the cost of the tobaccos and the skill with which they are blended are all-important.

MRS. ALLSTON BOYER (*Above*): "I notice that if I'm tired a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves."

MISS DOROTHY PAINE (*Above right*): "Of course I smoke Camels. They have such a grand, smooth flavor. And they never make my nerves jumpy. When I'm all tired out, a Camel sets me right again."

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE (*Right*): "Everywhere you go they're smoking Camels. Their smoother, richer flavor seems to fit in with the gayer life we are leading again. They are made from more expensive tobaccos."

Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)
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Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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Winifred Cecil's first appearances on Show Boat were under the name of Virginia. Here she is with Lanny Ross singing a duet on the deck

See page 56, 9 p. m., for Maxwell House Show Boat.

By DAN WHEELER

SHOW BOAT has a new SWEETHEART

MAXWELL HOUSE Show Boat's new singing leading lady still can't understand how she ever got the job!

"If my bosses had known who I was they'd never have let me sing for them," she told me emphatically as we sat in her New York apartment, its walls lined from floor to ceiling with books.

"They didn't know, when they hired me for Show Boat," she went on, "that I was the same girl they'd fired once before from another of their programs. But they were quite right to fire me, that first time, because I was *terrible!*"

It's a real Cinderella story, this story of the tall, dark, statuesque young woman you hear every Thursday night singing with Lanny Ross and Conrad Thibault on Show Boat. It's the kind of story one thinks can't happen, in these days when amateurs crop up by the dozens one day, only to fall back into obscurity the next. But sometimes it does happen, suddenly, amazingly, and yet casually, as it did with Winifred Cecil, whose first appearance on Show Boat last fall was under the fictitious name of Virginia. When you hear the whole story, you'll agree with me that Winifred is the sort of person to whom such fairy-story things do happen, in just that way.

It's the story, too, of a modern romance between two people who were wise enough to choose the course which would be, ultimately, best for both. Some people will say that romance had an unhappy ending, but I'm not so sure. Certainly, if it had ended differently, Winifred Cecil would not be singing for Show Boat today.

To start with, there's the way in which she started to sing. She had just graduated from boarding school, and although she'd studied piano and violin since childhood, she'd never sung a note. Hadn't, in fact, ever even thought of singing.

She was at loose ends, living with her parents at their home in White Plains, New York. "White Plains was all right," she said, "but it wasn't New York. I was just at the age when I wanted some (*Continued on page* 57)

SHE'S A CINDERELLA WHO GAVE UP HER PRINCE FOR A CAREER

Frank Parker Wants

FIT as a fiddle and ready for love." That's Frank Parker. The platinum-voiced tenor is for the first time in his life contemplating marriage, although as yet he hasn't the remotest idea who the girl is whose life is destined to be haunted by that famous voice—not for an hour a week, but every day . . . over the breakfast table . . . on the telephone . . . in her boudoir. . . .

Frank is reasonably certain that his future wife is a girl unknown to him at the present time, though perhaps she has listened and thrilled to his love songs over the air, without dreaming that fate will bring them together.

Last year the tenor had an entirely different attitude toward the bonds of matrimony. Not once did he admit, even to himself, that there was time or a place in his life for a 24-carat heart interest.

True, he's fallen in and out of love a hundred times, but in every case his fingers were *crossed*—not *burned*. Other radio magazines have made much of some of these "romances" which were in reality no more than dates, explainable by studio publicity needs or by the simple fact that Parker likes a good time as well as the next fellow.

Writers have tried hard to scent a romance in his friendship with Dorothy Martin, a former show-girl he has known for twelve years, but the very fact that their acquaintance is of such long standing is proof that he considers himself "safe" in her company. For whenever he has found an association getting a bit out of control, going beyond the companionship stage, Frank has slammed on the four-wheel brakes. Because he was afraid a serious romantic entanglement would take his mind off his work, and to Frank Parker, his work has been everything *up to now*.

I've known all along that while Frank was considered one of the best catches along Broadway, he simply wasn't in the marriage market, and society debs and shopgirls alike were throwing themselves at his feet in vain. He's been the despair of gossip columnists—by the time they could get the name of one alleged fiancée into print, he was being seen with someone else.

He gave one girl a terrific rush last year—a round of gay niteries and a sweet barrage of petty attentions such as would sweep any damsel off her feet. It was such a well-calculated campaign that it must, it seemed, inevitably end at the altar. And indeed it did—about a month later. The girl had met Frank while asking for his autograph after a broadcast, they had chatted, and before she knew it she had confided to the singer that the boy she loved kept forgetting to ask her the important question. Frank suggested that they enlist the god of jealousy in her cause—and it worked!

When Frank told me the other day, while waiting for his voice lesson in the Metropolitan Opera building, that he was going to get married, I thought it was a gag. I laughed. Frank is always kidding about something. You who think Jack Benny made a comedian out of Parker should hear him off the air, any day, any hour of the day. He's a born clown. During rehearsals, he continually cuts up—doing jigs, mugging at the mike, and ad libbing nonsense. He told me once that he does it to keep the cast feeling good, so they'll give a gay, carefree performance. Which isn't a bad idea, but my opinion is that Frank just wants an excuse for bubbling over with high spirits.

"Your new press agent should be best man, if he thought up this wedding bells stunt," I insinuated.

"You're the first one I've told," Frank insisted seriously. "King doesn't even know about it. He probably wouldn't let me discuss it if he did—you know, the old idea of a romantic singer's appeal being damaged when he goes out of circulation."

I do know the publicity man's phobia on that subject—I nearly came to blows once with a press agent who didn't want me to mention in a Radio Mirror story that Joe Penner was married, on the theory that his sex-appeal was keeping him on the air. But it took me several minutes to get used to the idea of Frank Parker suddenly tossing away the freedom he has cherished above everything else. Why should he get married? Well, why shouldn't he? But if that's what he wanted, why did he wait until now? Why didn't he marry five years ago—or ten?

He has been in the money for several years, so it wasn't a case of waiting for economic independence. It certainly wasn't lack of opportunity or unrequited affection, for Parker is in a position to meet the most dazzling society heiresses, the cleverest and most glamorous women of the professional world. And he could rely on his devastating voice and personality to win the heart of any girl he might choose. Yet he is old enough to be paying alimony to several women, had he been matrimonially inclined.

I supposed of course that some stupendous new romance had entered his life to make him so far forget his scorn of the domestic urge. But I was in for another surprise when I asked, "Who's the lucky girl?"

"Without quibbling over positive or negative aspects of her fortune," Parker said, "I haven't the slightest idea who she is. She might be a waitress in a beanery, or she might be a countess. I am quite sure she (*Continued on page* 100)

A WIFE!

WHEN A WEALTHY TENOR GETS READY TO SETTLE DOWN, HE KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS. PERHAPS YOU'LL FILL THE BILL

BY LOUIS UNDERWOOD

For the Atlantic Family, starring Frank Parker, turn to page 53, 7 o'clock column.

Extreme left, Frank chats with Dorothy Martin, the girl he was rumored engaged to. Next, with Honey Chile, of his radio show. Alice Faye got a big rush for a few weeks. But this time he is really serious.

HOW
Helen Hayes
MADE HER
MARRIAGE
A SUCCESS

By JOHN EDWARDS

OUTSIDE, the August night was sultry, threatening. Inside the stuffy projection room of Paramount's Long Island studio the temperature was nearly 100. Helen Hayes sat quietly beside her husband, her fingers clasping a lace handkerchief. On the tiny film a few feet away flickered Charles MacArthur's first picture which he had produced with Ben Hecht.

A carefully selected audience of New York newspaper men and magazine editors whose critical faculties were known to be sharp and honest filled the few remaining seats. The picture ran to an end and the lights flashed on. Applause — handshaking — spontaneous congratulations — followed. The film had scored!

It was Helen's proudest moment. The man she had married six years before stood on his own two feet, successful, responsible.

To every married woman, no matter how great her own success, happiness comes with the success of the man she loves. For six years, almost to the day, Helen had been waging, in private life, with characteristic patience, a struggle to bring Charles MacArthur to the complete fulfillment of his abilities.

Her own career of one fresh triumph after another on both screen and stage—the plaudits that came so bountifully with her performances in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "A Farewell to Arms," and "Mary of Scotland" —were only overtones in a life consecrated to her husband's career.

Six years she worked unceasingly for the day when he would realize his almost limitless potentialities. With faith and determination she helped Charlie MacArthur, playboy of newspaper row, become Charles MacArthur, producer, important figure in the motion picture world, without sacrificing any of his native charm or flavor, those priceless qualities that had won her love in the beginning.

A short time before the preview of that film she had been nearly ready to give up the struggle, had envisioned a future in which none of her further successes, if there were any, would taste of anything but the ashes of defeat.

But there is no shadow hanging over her this winter to darken the bright joy of achievement in her radio success, "The New Penny," and her greatest stage success, "Victoria Regina," which opened just after Christmas.

The story of Helen's devotion has no parallel in the many tales of love and sacrifice in Hollywood and New York, nor has any fictional ending of a popular love story more conclusive or happy last lines.

Charlie MacArthur is one of the legendary figures of our time. His madcap pranks, epics of wild fantasy and humor, have provided much welcome grist for Broadway columnists. Even Mrs. Charlie MacArthur has contributed. Interviewers have left her with their heads full of incredible tales she has told, could tell because she knows of that other side to her husband, the successful side. Yet not one has given him the credit that has been due since the night of that preview. The stories are still the same and the authors never can understand how Helen Hayes puts up with such a man.

Charlie was a newspaperman of the old, carefree type which he and Ben Hecht immortalized in their comedy of life above the roaring presses, "The Front Page." At the time Helen married him he had just tucked that success under his belt.

But his sudden rise to fame had not matured him. He was still the same youth at heart who used to sleep on the floor of the Chicago police reporters' room. Those who met him in his first days as a playwright fell instant victims to his high spirits and charm. But as a husband? No one who knew his caprices, his whirlwind changes of mind and heart, gave marriage to him a second, or even a first, thought.

Yet Helen Hayes had the courage to marry him because she loved him, though all their philosophies clashed—his, that life was made for fun and frolic; hers, schooled as she was from childhood in the strict discipline of the stage, that only hard work could bring lasting happiness.

The task she held in view —the task of leading him forward in his work before he tired of the gay round of pleasure only to find that success had passed him by—would have appalled one of less sturdy spirit. Charlie MacArthur was like a skittish colt who shied at the

(*Continued on page* 60)

WHEN SHE MARRIED SHE WAS TO ASSUME A TASK FEW IF ANY WIVES EVER DARE FACE

For Helen Hayes' program, sponsored by General Foods, turn to page 56—nine o'clock column.

Below, Charlie MacArthur, Helen's husband and one of the legendary figures of our time. Her daughter, Mary (right), is now five years old.

HE RUNS HIS SHOW WITH AN IRON HAND—YET NO MEMBER HAS EVER QUIT! HERE'S THE REASON WHY—

Fred loses that carefree grin of his when he starts in to rehearse. Left, reading down, Poley McClintock and Johnny Davis, Stella Friend, Brother Tom Waring, Priscilla and Rosemary Lane.

For Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, sponsored by Ford, see pages 53 and 56, 9 o'clock columns.

FRED WARING— BENEVOLENT TYRANT

By BILL STUART

THE theater is dim, ghost-like. The seats that will be filled later in the evening with alive, pleased faces stretch emptily to the right and left through the shadows.

On the stage are thirty-one young men and four young women. The light gleams on their instruments and on the golden head of Rosemary Lane, who stands motionless near the wings. They are looking silently, and a little uncomfortably, at a slim, dark-haired man slumped in a chair before them. They have been looking at him like that—without a sound—for a full minute. For sixty emotionally-charged seconds.

Finally he raises his hand. "All right," he says in a voice bitter with weariness, "if you children are ready to act like grown-ups, we'll do this once again—*and right!*"

He lifts his hand and lets it fall. The light winks on the burnished brass and Rosemary moves quickly to a microphone. The incomparable rhythms of Waring's Pennsylvanians pulse and glow.

That slim, tired young man is Fred Waring—a Fred you have never met. One with his smile wiped off and his sleeves rolled up.

At work, he's a stern taskmaster who shows none of that gaiety you hear over the air. He learned, some twelve years ago, that an iron discipline and an adamant insistence upon perfection are required equipment on the road to the top. He acquired them.

He then learned that, though a person may practice that discipline on himself and have it show only in the degree of his success, he must expect the fur to fly when he practices it on others.

So ever since the time, years ago, when Poley McClintock walked out and started to drum for another orchestra, the fur has flown in the Waring rehearsals. Poley has been the only one to walk out. He returned within a month. There haven't been any more attempts, for the Pennsylvanians now take their bawling-outs like little men. They know they're good for them.

Aside from those brought on by technical errors, the most recurrent concerns the Glee Club. It is not generally known but a great deal of the Waring success lies in Fred's ability to mould untrained voices into a smooth, expressive unit. Listen to the Glee Club sing, and you'll hear they sound as though they mean what they croon.

On occasion, one of the musicians who make up the Glee Club will become a little proud of the quality Fred has discovered in his voice. He will take secret lessons from an expensive teacher, and the expensive teacher will impress him with the value of volume. Three weeks flit by, and the young man is ready to impress the Pennsylvanians. In the very first chorus, his voice rises high and clear above the others, until Fred frowns and raises his hand. It has happened a number of times and Fred always tells that person to cut out the vocal lessons. He doesn't like it.

Frankly, because of Fred's driving interest in the job at hand, there is none of the horseplay in his rehearsals that mark those of almost every other radio show. The thirty-one boys and four girls laugh rarely. Once, not many weeks ago, I sat for two hours in the theater while Fred whipped three songs into their final shape, and only once was there the sound of merriment. It was over something Johnny Davis, the scat singer, said—and everyone howled. Fred smiled. He said, "I've been trying to get sore all day, and now you've spoiled it."

And one of the members of the show, standing near me, said, "This is one of Fred's easy days."

THE Pennsylvanians are really a little proud of the criticisms that would curl the hair on a mohair couch. Fred has had Rosemary Lane almost in tears as he made her try again and again to catch a single voice inflection in a love song. But Rosemary calls him the grandest guy she has ever known—and means it. They all call him that. And *all* mean it.

For one thing, he is generous. At Christmas, his gifts to the members of his organization cost him a great deal more than three thousand dollars. More than that, the expenses of the troupe are paid every time it goes on the road. Birthdays are remembered, as are anniversaries.

He is friendly, too, though you'd never know it if you only watched his rehearsals. When there is no music in front of him, he loves to play. He prefers that he and the Pennsylvanians play *en masse*. One characterized him as a country judge watching sternly, yet wisely and fairly, over the lives of those in his little community.

Those are excellent qualities, *(Continued on page 76)*

BETTY WINKLER

Maurice Seymour

Only twenty-one, Betty gets our vote as Chicago's best bet for the Miss America contest. She's cast as Patricia Rogers in the Girl Alone serial and takes a role in Lights Out, both NBC shows. She's been on the stage since she was old enough and tall enough to walk on and bow by herself.

There's no better key to the character of Fred Allen's charming wife than the clothes she invariably wears. This tailored sports suit is typical of Portland's wardrobe. Being married to a famous comedian and acting the dumb but oh so dumb stooge on the air hasn't yet spoiled her style taste.

PORTLAND HOFFA

Ben Pinchot

MICROPHONE MASQUERADE

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

JIMMY WHITE looked almost enough like Hal McCabe, the famous radio tenor, to be his young double, and he sang like him, but that didn't alter the fact that he was only a filing clerk in the music department of the greatest radio nework in the world, receiving a salary too small to get married on. And Madge Summers, who worked in the network's stenography room, said they must wait until they could afford to marry. That's the reason why, acting on a tip from the building's Italian bootblack, Jimmy walked uninvited into the Vice President's office one afternoon. There he found a queer group of persons with the Vice President—Hal McCabe, middle-aged and looking ill; a man named Loeb who said he was McCabe's manager, and another man who said nothing and looked dangerous. Jimmy burst into the imitation of McCabe's singing he had given at parties, but before he could finish, the Vice President said sternly, "What's your name?" That meant, Jimmy knew, that he'd be fired for his impertinence, and he turned to leave the room. "Wait a minute," the man named Loeb said, turning to Jimmy, "how'd you like to make a grand a week for two weeks?" Meanwhile, Madge waited for Jimmy to meet her after work. Learning that he had gone to the Vice President's office, she followed him there—only to be met in the outer office by a man who said Jimmy White was not around. But as the man turned away, Madge caught a glimpse of a gun hanging under his coat!

JIMMY told Jake Loeb: "Two grand looks like heaven from where I sit. What do I do for it?"

Jake Loeb patted his fat paunch and grinned. "Nothing. Nothing, kid. It's like this. McCabe here has got a little sore throat. Nothing serious, y'understand, but he has a new sponsor. Audition in a couple of days, and then thirteen weeks. We can cover up on the audience, say that McCabe won't work in a big studio. And we can fool the sponsor, he's never seen anything but pictures of Hal. All you gotta do is stand in front of a mike and open and shut your mouth, and we'll pipe the sound in through a phonograph. In two weeks, Hal'll be singing

again. Maybe it takes practice, but what's practice when you're getting two grand? Huh?"

"Nothing," Jimmy said. "Nothing. Only I can sing. Not like Mr. McCabe of course—" this, hurriedly, as the famous Hal half rose in his chair—"but if I'm made up to look like him, and they see me, they'll think it's him."

The big shot got up. "I won't be a party to this," he said firmly. "Come on, Tulin." They swung out of the office firmly, gravely.

"When do I report for work?" Jimmy asked Loeb.

McCabe's manager looked at the man who sat next to the glowering radio singer. "He's reported, Jake. Starting right now. Get him over to the hotel, and keep him there."

Jake shrugged. "O. K., Maxey. You heard Mr. Corvallis, kid. What's your name?"

"Jimmy White. Look, I'll go get my hat, and—"

"A hat he should be thinking of when two grand hangs in the balance," Jake Loeb complained. "A hat, yet. You stay with us, White. A dozen hats you can buy when this is all over."

Jimmy grinned. This was screwy, but it was a chance, a chance to get enough money to get married on, to solve all his troubles. "O. K.," he said good-naturedly. "So I'll be with you in a minute. I gotta leave a message for my boss. No? I suppose Mr. Tulin'll look after me not getting fired."

There was a rap on the door. Jake Loeb looked at it as though he had never seen a door before in his life; McCabe looked at it; Jimmy looked at it; Maxey Corvallis slipped his hand inside his coat, and then smiled; not pleasantly; he got up and went through the door, without giving them a chance to see what was on the other side. McCabe said, huskily: "Utsy, maybe." He didn't sound happy.

Corvallis came back after a couple of minutes, frowning. "Where you from, kid?" he asked Jimmy. "Not New York, huh? How many people you know well in this town?"

Jimmy said: "Just one, a girl. She—"

Maxey chuckled. "She was looking for you." He sat down, smiling greasily.

Voices began to come through the loudspeaker. "You would not kill this kid for a little . . .?" Jimmy wondered if Madge would ever know what had become of him.

Jimmy said: "But I have to talk to her. I have to tell her where I am. Do you hear me? She'll be worried—" He grabbed for the door-knob.

By RICHARD WORMSER

Corvallis was wearing a heavy ring. He cracked Jimmy's wrist with it, hard enough to make the boy pull his hand back. "Tell her about it two weeks from now, boy. Hear me? For the next two weeks you're what the coppers call incommunicado? Get me, fella?"

Jimmy said: "Keep your job. I don't need the money bad enough to keep Madge worried about me for two weeks. I don't, I tell you. Take your job and—"

Corvallis, for all his bulk, was fast. The ring hand hit Jimmy flush on the jaw, sent him sprawling into a chair. "Act your age, baby. Come on, Hal. Jake, you stay with the kid, and see he stays with you. No phone calls, you hear? Here's Utsy now. Utsy, come in."

The man who came in was tall and husky, dumb looking as an ox. "Utsy," Corvallis said, "you stay with Jake and the kid. They're not to talk to anybody."

"O. K." Utsy sat down and lost interest in the proceedings. McCabe put on his hat, pulled it low over his face, wrapped a muffler around his neck, and followed Corvallis out.

Jake Loeb sat down heavily, facing Jimmy. "For five years I have been working for that Corvallis, and I do not ever get used to him. I will make it as easy for you as I can, boy, and when it is all over, we will get you a haircut so you will not look so much like Hal, and maybe I can make a singer out of you."

Ordinarily this would have delighted Jimmy. But he was thinking about Madge, poor Madge, worrying about him, waiting for a phone call from him.

"Do not think about your girl," Jake Loeb said. "Two weeks passes quickly, and I am telling you, boy, when you come back with the two thousand dollars, she will forget all about this. If she is a good girl, she will think how much you can do with two grand, and if she is not such a good girl, she will think how much she can do with it. I am telling you, boy, and I am pretty old."

Jimmy said: "Who's Corvallis?"

"Maxey the Greek. He had a half interest in a night club one time, and he hired me to handle his singers. McCabe was a success, only it ain't much to McCabe, because he is under contract to Maxey. Now Maxey is on the legitimate, he runs a hotel, he makes money off of Hal McCabe's radio contracts, only some of his old ways he still has, like Utsy here and that ring. Well, boy, now we go to the hotel, and we practice. I can tell you this; you had better behave, just like I behave, because this Utsy he cannot be argued with. He is too dumb to get more than one idea in his head at a time, and all his ideas he gets from Maxey Corvallis. And that Maxey, he is a bad thinker. Come on, Jimmy White."

Madge Summers erased and typed, typed and erased. There were blue circles under her (*Continued on page 74*)

WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE AND WHEN YOU NEED MONEY TO GET MARRIED YOU'RE SOMETIMES TOO WILLING TO MAKE BARGAINS WITH DEATH!

ILLUSTRATION BY COLE BRADLEY

HE'S HIS NETWORK'S PROUDEST BOAST AND ITS BIGGEST HEADACHE—HE BELIEVES THAT RULES WERE ONLY MADE TO BE BROKEN

IF the learned gentlemen of the American Academy of Arts and Letters supplemented their annual diction trophy with a medal to radio's most unique personality, the chances are that Ted Husing would get the first award.

He's the only announcer who is able to demand and receive the right to preside over the microphone in his own way, with the minimum of supervision from network officials; who selects what football games he will report, and invites guest speakers of his own choice to talk between halves; who appears on any station he likes, whether it belongs to the Columbia chain or not—and does it all with the full approval of the Columbia network.

He's one of the few announcers who's also a star in his own right. His own new program, sponsored by Wildroot, on which he tells the vivid backstage stories of a long radio career, is proof of that.

And also he's the fellow who said to me; not long ago, "I'm getting ahead with less talent than any guy in radio!"

He has more freedom in his work than any other announcer on either network, for two reasons. One is that Columbia officials realize Ted is a man made up of frankness, stubbornness and initiative—the sort of man who works best without a check-rein. If they tried to hold him to the straight and narrow path of orthodox announcing, they know good and well that his frankness would boil over in unexpected places and very likely do some damage.

The other reason he has this freedom is that he just naturally takes it.

That frankness of Ted's! I've known him a good many years, off and on—ever since he was an announcer on WHN, a local station in New York City—and I've never

Below, an informal snap of Ted as he swaps radio gossip with some cronies. At right, he dons football attire and demonstrates some of his theories on the one sport he enjoys announcing more than any other, and in which fans recognize him as an uncannily sure prophet.

Ted Husing's heard on the Camel Caravan, his own show, and with Burns and Allen. See page 53 —9, 7 and 8 o'clock columns.

There's no holding HUSING!

By SAMUEL KAUFMAN

known him to mince words on an opinion. When he believes something is true, he says so, no matter what the opposition, no matter who holds a differing opinion, and no matter what trouble he is storing up for himself by speaking out in meeting.

His tall, lanky frame is filled with a nervous energy which shows itself in his quickness at reporting fast-moving sports events. Sometimes, in fact, he's even a bit ahead of the next move in a game he is describing to you over the air—listening in, you sense a touchdown before you hear the cheer which accompanies it.

I've even heard him announce a golf tournament and make it breathlessly exciting, a little trick that takes some doing.

But he says he has no talent. Well, it depends on what you mean by talent. Here is how Ted himself explains his success in radio.

"I love the business," he told me once, "just for its doggedness. There isn't any glamour to it. None at all. Just good hard work. I've been through a lot of it—and mostly it was digging ditches—but I've never got tired of it and I don't think I ever will. That's the only reason I've got ahead in radio—just because I like it so well."

That didn't entirely convince me that there wasn't at least one phase of his radio work which has always seemed glamourous to Ted. He loves football reporting with a love that comes pretty close to being idolatrous. If he looks unhappy around Thanksgiving Day, it's because there will be a wait of nearly a whole year before the next gridiron season begins. All of which is only natural, because it was his close association with football which brought him fame.

While he was connected with WHN he announced a whole season of Columbia University games, and created, while he was at it, a good-sized flurry among radio-football enthusiasts within range of the small station. He was introducing a new style of announcing—breezy and informal, accurate, and yet with a touch of emotionalism in it which took it out of the field of straight reporting. It scandalized some people, who thought Ted was too partisan in some of his remarks, but it pleased a great many more.

By the time the football season ended, Ted had made such a name for himself that he was in demand for other types of stunt broadcasts. The freakiest of these was his plan of giving a running account of a motion picture as it was being flashed on the screen. The picture was "Love"—the silent version of "Anna Karenina"—and Ted, without seeing it in advance, was to describe it at a special midnight showing. Just nutty enough, and difficult enough, to be the sort of thing he loved doing. But he never carried the scheme out. He resigned from WHN just before the date for the stunt broadcast was definitely set, and Nils T. Granlund (N. T. G.), then director of WHN, did the job instead.

After his resignation, Ted was out of a job for a while. By that time, radio was in his blood, and he didn't even try to find a different sort of work. He spent his time, instead, in visiting radio editors. He had frequent quarrels with them all, over differences of opinion, but somehow the quarrels never lasted long. Ted has the knack of regaining friendships, and in addition there was the fact that Ted was in those days a valuable news source. The industry was still in a chaotic state, stations changing hands with dizzying rapidity, new personalities being developed, and Ted always had the information on a news story before anyone else. That may have been one reason the writers swallowed his gibes at their criticisms of programs with which he disagreed.

He'd made too good a name for himself in his Columbia University broadcasts over WHN to be out of a job long, and eventually he was appointed assistant to Major J. Andrew White, veteran CBS sports announcer. At first Ted was second-string announcer, and was never used on any but sustaining programs.

It was partly through his outspoken criticism of something most of us would have been tactfully silent about that he started the climb in the Columbia network organization which was finally to make him one of the highest-paid announcers in the business. (*Continued on page* 66)

Left, a new portrait of the man who in 1915 was crowned "King of the Movies" at the San Francisco Fair. Above, returning to his home in Chicago after exercising one of his prize-winning dogs.

The True Story of RADIO'S

By DOROTHY ANN BLANK

TWENTY years ago he was the idol of America's movie-going public. Eighteen secretaries were kept busy full time, in the elaborate white and gold reception room of his Hollywood mansion. It was their duty to answer his fan mail and to mail out prints of the photograph which adorns the opposite page to girls and women who couldn't see enough of him on the screen.

He received more adulation than Clark Gable does today, because in that still slightly mauve decade, adulation—like swooning—was in fashion.

Ten years ago they said he was through. Talkies came in, and it was assumed that the flicker stars' voices would not suit this new medium. Also a new type of screen hero emerged, and a sensitive face was no longer considered a valuable attribute for a male star to possess.

So—Hollywood said he was through. And when Hollywood says you're through, it's apt to mean you're finished—in pictures. Many stars of the silents were forgotten almost over-night; today their names evade recollection and even their faces stir the memory but slightly, as a curtain is ruffled by an errant breeze on a sultry evening.

But you haven't forgotten Francis X. Bushman.

Arthur Brisbane once said of him, "His name and face are probably better known than those of any living American." . . . And this is still true—in spite of the fact that it is all of ten years since Bushman was starred in a picture.

His almost-too-perfect profile stamped on the head of a coin would be more recognizable to most of us, even today, than the heads of many past presidents of the United States. Hear his name, and try to keep from seeing his image on the screen of your consciousness. . . . . No, you haven't forgotten him. Nor will you have forgotten him ten years from now.

Yet today Francis X. Bushman works in comparative obscurity, making his living by the very quality which the movies scorned—*his voice*.

You can no longer see that leonine profile or watch those suave gestures on the screen. Bushman could be doing character bits in pictures, but he never has. For he has found a new world to take the place of the tinselled backdrop against which he once emoted.

"It's a strange world, radio," he booms, and his bright blue eyes shine like an eager boy's. "You act into a little black mouthpiece, and try to make a million people see what you're doing.

"Your face doesn't matter. We used to think that was the all important thing—looks. But I know now that we were wrong. An actor's true personality shows only in his voice."

Bushman believes this. That's why he doesn't mind starting all over again financially. The quality, whatever it was, which made him so popular in silent films, is still his. Only now he has but one way to transmit it: his voice as it comes to you over the air.

He has no bitterness in him against the industry which took his youth and energies and, finally, his fortune. For it was the lavishness with which Hollywood forces its darlings to live and give which impoverished the actor. He has gone through three immense fortunes, and would do it again if he had the chance. He believes in doing things in the grand manner.

Even now he cannot help surrounding himself with the quality of mystery. He is always difficult to reach in person. You phone him. . . *There is no Mr Bushman at this number.* You explain your mission. . . . *We might be able to get a message to Mr Bushman.*

In the end he calls you back. He has been out exercising his dogs in the park, probably. He is sorry he has been so difficult to reach.

He loves to talk, and his story, which covers a great deal of the history of the picture industry, reads like fantasy.

Francis X. Bushman has been thirty-six years in the theater, twenty of them in the movies. Counting the ten years which have passed since Hollywood elected him the Forgotten Man to be beaten down by a terrific majority, this takes us back thirty years in screen lore.

When Bushman was sixteen years old he left a Jesuit college because he hated to study. He worked at thirty-seven jobs in the next two years, but still had not found his niche. He could find no job in which he could successfully avoid work. And he frankly admits he is very lazy. That's one reason he likes radio; he doesn't have to learn a line.

He figured that the stage would give him an easy existence, so he joined a stock company in Baltimore, which was owned by George Fawcett. You may remember Fawcett in the silent pictures.

Bushman left the stock company as soon as movies loomed on the horizon. He quickly became the most popular male star of silent pictures. He was a non-professional "strong man" around New York at the time, and his muscles soon became known from Coast to Coast. He was, as you remember, gorgeous looking.

In those days Hollywood was nothing but a scrap heap. In fact there was no Hollywood, if you can imagine that. Bushman made dozens of pictures in New York and dozens more in the old Essanay Studios on Argyle Street in Chicago. His contemporary stars were William Faversham, Ethel Barrymore and her brother Lionel, the Drews—Sidney and wife—Emmy Whalen, May Allison and Elsie Ferguson. Not bad names for a baby industry.

Bushman was producer, actor and promotion man rolled into one. As the latter he was full of "stunts." He conducted a story contest in Ladies' World Magazine and then made an eight reel picture from the winning manuscript, acting in it himself. But he had difficulty in selling it, for it was too long. He cut it to four reels and it went over in a big way. It was one of the first feature length pictures.

Bushman holds the world's record in that he has played in more pictures than any other film star, living or dead. Four hundred and eighteen, to be exact. Three hundred and fifty of these were made in the East, B. H.—before Hollywood, that is.

He was making $25,000 a year with Essanay when they started a company called Metro. He joined with them in the venture. It was his suggestion that California might be a good place to shoot some scenes. (*Continued on page* 69)

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST GLAMOUR HERO CROWNED KING OF THE MOVIES, HIS STAR HAD APPARENTLY SET—UNTIL RADIO OFFERED HIM A NEW CAREER

Far left, Bushman in costume for his last picture, "Ben Hur." At the left, this picture was given to thousands of fans in the days when Bushman was a great Hollywood star.

For Mary Marlin and First Nighter, sponsored by Kleenex and Campana, see pages 52 & 56, 12 and 10 o'clock cols.

IF RED NICHOLS HAD KNOWN WHEN HE WAS LICKED HE'D NEVER HAVE WON HIS WIFE!

Dorothy, Red Nichols' little daughter, shown below with her mother, is older now than her father was when he made his stage debut in his home town of Ogden. Bottom, Red as he appeared then.

By NORTON RUSSELL

Red Nichols is on Kellogg College Prom. See page 56 8 o'clock column.

HE NEVER TAKES No FOR AN ANSWER

ERNEST LORING NICHOLS, much better known to his friends and several million other people as "Red," sat in the orchestra pit of the Earl Carroll theater and gazed yearningly up at the stage, where the chorus of the "Vanities" was dancing.

As far as Red was concerned, there was only one girl in that chorus.

She was the most stunning brunette on earth, and her name was Willa Stutsman.

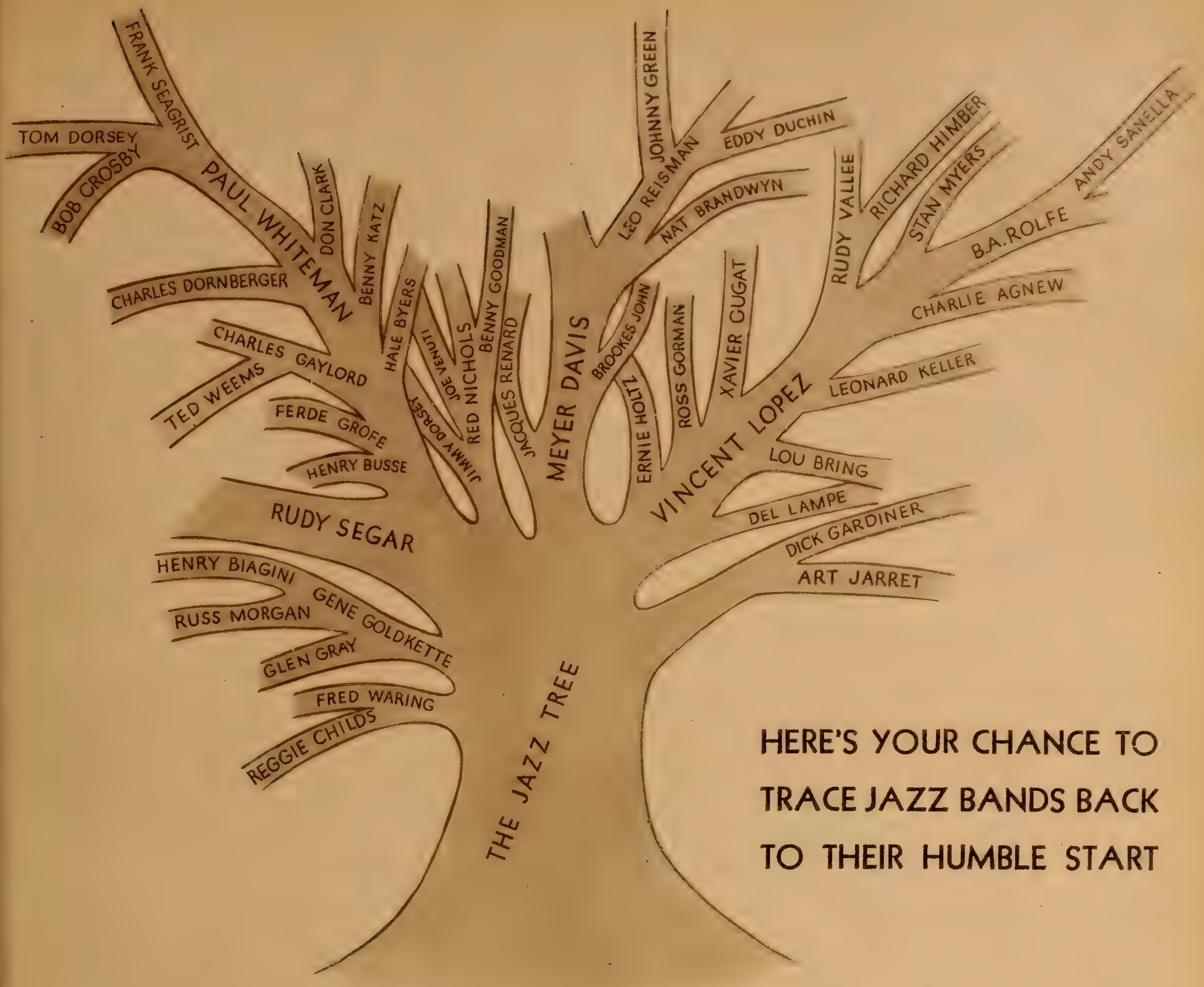
But as far as *she* was concerned, Red Nichols wasn't in the orchestra pit, or in the theater, or anywhere. He just didn't exist.

For months Red had been sending her notes by one of the other girls in the chorus. Pleading notes, kidding notes, serious notes, short notes and long notes. But when you boiled them down they all asked the same question: "Can't I have a date with you after the show?"

Not one of them had ever had an answer. Not once had Willa Stutsman showed even by a downward glance at the orchestra pit, that she'd ever received one of them.

Willa had ideas of her own about musicians. They were all erratic, and most of them were out-and-out crazy. There was no solidity to them; they were here today and gone tomorrow. Naturally, it followed that if all musicians were that

(Continued on page 68)



HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO TRACE JAZZ BANDS BACK TO THEIR HUMBLE START

The JAZZ TREE of radio

NOBODY knows exactly what little acorn this mighty oak grew from. Some say it was the primitive rhythms of savage people. Others that jazz developed out of the unwritten tunes men and women sang as they worked. And a few insist that it's simply the melodies composed by great musicians years ago for opera and symphony, dressed up with syncopated dance tempo.

Anyway, there it is, the Tree of Jazz, poking its branches into every corner of the world where men can go. They listen to jazz over the radio in Little America, and they listen to it on the phonograph in Tahiti.

The old tree has grown a good deal since the days when a cowbell and a tin pan were the most important features of a dance band. It has history and tradition now. Some leaders, by their talent and originality, have added new branches to it, and trained other men to add new branches in their turn. They're the big names in dance-music history.

Above, RADIO MIRROR presents the result of a tough spell of research into the genealogy of jazz. It meant a lot of hanging around places where musicians congregate, but we found out who the men were who pioneered in jazz, nursed it along, improved it, and passed their knowledge along to their pupils.

Of course, we may be getting ourselves into trouble. Somebody's likely to insist that this musician or that belongs on another branch entirely—and jazz enthusiasts can get pretty violent over a question like that. But our investigations tell us we're right, and that every branch is in the correct place.

Condensed into a couple of glances, the history of jazz is here for your information and interest. Perhaps you'll want to add a couple of branches of your own.

HIDDEN MOMENTS IN THEIR LIVES

EVEN TODAY STELLA FRIEND DOESN'T LIKE TO THINK OF THE NIGHT WHICH CHANGED THE COURSE OF HER CAREER

By MARY JACOBS

SHE'S the leader of Stella and the Fellas, vocal quartet featured by Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. Often you hear her as a soloist, too . . . Born in Anaheim, California . . . Unmarried . . . First studied painting, but switched to singing . . . Started singing with bands back in 1928, with Ida Pearson and June Shaffer . . . They composed the first girl trio to sing with jazz bands . . . Toured with Waring in vaudeville in 1931, but quit when her health broke down . . . Went home to California to rest . . . Returned to the air singing for Raymond Paige over KHJ, Los Angeles . . . Now she's back with Waring . . . Loves to design clothes, wants to be a good cook, but can't stand other types of housekeeping activities . . . Another of her pet aversions is posing to have her photograph taken, and for no specially good reason.

For Fred Waring's hour, sponsored by Ford, see pages 53 and 56—in the nine o'clock columns.

IF it hadn't been for a hold-up, in which Stella Friend's brother-in-law, Fred Ridge, was permanently crippled while protecting Stella, you wouldn't be hearing Stella and the Fellas on the air today, with Fred Waring. You wouldn't be hearing them anywhere. There wouldn't be any such group. For Stella Friend would not be a singer, but a restaurant owner.

She'd be operating a Mexican restaurant out in Laguna, California—one just like her sister's, *La Concinita* (Little Kitchen).

Four years ago, when this hold-up took place, Stella had definitely retired from the stage, determined to spend the rest of her life peacefully and quietly at home in California. Appearing in vaudeville had brought her nothing but disaster: a nervous breakdown so severe that for six months she lay on her back, a helpless invalid. Vaudeville and the stage, with their hustle and bustle, their tension and excitement, five shows a day, six days a week, were not for the delicate Stella.

This is the story of why she went back to singing, a story she has never divulged before. "I couldn't," she told me, her voice trembling. "It brings up too many vivid, horrible memories."

But let me tell you just how it happened.

Now lying around and doing nothing but resting for six months is enough of a good thing for any normal girl. As soon as Stella was on her feet again she found something to keep her busy. She'd go to her sister's Mexican kitchen in Wilmington, and help out. She loved watching the Mexican women prepare the steaming native dishes at the open hearth; she loved setting the crude wooden tables, shaped like tree stumps; she loved arranging and rearranging the colorful Mexican pottery against the brushed white, rough walls; she loved painting the chairs with brilliant designs. And most of all, she enjoyed meeting the tourists who dropped in, the famous Hollywood folk who stopped on their way to the San Pedro Harbor, where their yachts were moored.

It didn't take Stella very long to make up her mind. She, too, would go into the restaurant business. Since her long illness had eaten up her savings, her brother-in-law, glad that she had found something to be interested in, offered to finance her.

"All I needed to get started," she told me, "was $300. I found just the place—an old shack at Laguna Beach, in the heart of the art colony. The rent was only $20 a month, and since I've always been handy, fixing the place up was easy. I went around picking up bargains. In one place I got two dozen chairs with leather strips for $1 apiece; rude tables which I painted with bright, huge flowers. My floor was to be red tile, my curtains red and white checked. Everything was all set."

Then came that awful Saturday night, at her sister's place, *La Concinita*. "Mother, my sister, Fred, and I were sitting talking about my plans, enjoying a midnight snack before closing up. All the help and customers had gone. It was deathly quiet. The nearest house was a mile away from the restaurant, and Wilmington Boulevard, at this spot, is very dimly-lit. The lights in the store were dim, in keeping with the Mexican atmosphere.

"A young Philippine, wearing smoked glasses, came in and asked for two hot tamales. I got up and gave them to him. He handed me twenty cents and walked out. I rejoined my folks and thought (*Continued on page* 91)

pageant of the airwaves

CHARM TEACHER
MARY MORGAN

"NEW PENNY'S"
LEADING MAN

Above left, Mary Morgan, whose talks on charm and personality you hear on the First Nighter and Grand Hotel programs, with her two secretaries. She has been around the world three times, lived abroad fifteen years . . . Left, Joseph Bell, who plays Steve Van Brunt in Helen Hayes' serial, "The New Penny," on NBC. He was born in Kansas City, is a college graduate, was a lieutenant in the world war. He's dark, married . . . Left below, the Ford Symphony Orchestra's conductor, Victor Kolar. Born in Hungary, he speaks five languages, is married, likes to fish and cook . . . Louis Gress, below, used to lead the orchestra in the Ziegfeld Follies when Eddie Cantor was its star. Now he leads it on Eddie's air show. Born in New York, he studied music in Germany, where he conducted his first grand opera at the age of eighteen.

FORD MAESTRO KOLAR

CANTOR MAESTRO GRESS

ACTRESS-SINGER JOYCE

LET'S PRETEND STAR

RADIO'S STARLETS

Here are a few of the brand new crop of entertainers radio's producing for the future. Pat Ryan, above, twelve years old, was Columbia's first child actress when she made her debut six years ago. She writes and directs plays for the Let's Pretend programs besides acting in them . . . Above left, is Joyce Walsh, six, who's on the True Story, News of Youth, and Lux shows as well as Madge Tucker's NBC children's programs. Sings duets with her sister Jean, too . . . Walter Tetley, below left, started six years ago with Madge Tucker, doing Harry Lauder imitations. Now he works on Show Boat, Helen Hayes, Buck Rogers, and Fred Allen shows. He's sixteen, a constant cut-up in the studio, enthusiastic over his latest hobby, taking amateur movies . . . Eight-year-old Patricia Peardon, below, takes leading parts in Columbia's Let's Pretend series, and is also heard on the March of Time, World Peaceways, and Cavalcade of America. Besides acting, she also sings; came to radio when she was five.

COMIC WALTER TETLEY

MARCH OF TIME'S PAT PEARDON

pageant of the airwaves

LESTER JAY AND JERRY MACY

LYNN MARY OLDHAM

Lester Jay and Jerry Macy, above, play Terry and Chico in Columbia's Terry and Ted series. Lester made his debut in the movies when he was six, playing with such stars as Barbara La Marr and Ben Lyon. His hobbies are football and making model airplanes . . . Lynn Mary Oldham, right, came to New York from Louisville, Kentucky. You hear her in several of Madge Tucker's NBC shows . . . Below right, Estelle Levy, talented as both actress and musician. She takes old-lady parts in Let's Pretend, plays saxophone and piano, and sings. Eleven years old now, she entered radio when she was six. Like most of radio's child stars, she goes to the New York Professional Children's School . . . Twins Billy and Bobby Mauch are as alike as twins can be, but Warner Brothers picked Billy to play Anthony Adverse as a boy in the movie of that name. Bobby, to his disgust, is working as Billy's stand-in during the filming of the picture in Hollywood. They were born in Illinois ten years ago, have taken juvenile parts in many programs on both networks during the last three years.

TWINS BILLY AND BOBBY

CHARACTER ACTRESS ESTELLE

Derry, Hanna and Hale are The Three Cheers, the gang's harmonizing trio.

Al Pearce is sponsored by Pepsodent. See page 54—5 and 9 o'clock columns.

Left, Mabel Todd, singer and comedienne. Below, Cal Pearce is brother Al's assistant in producing and writing this program.

THAT time-honored institution, Lloyds of London, will insure you against practically anything from chilblains to triplets, but they would throw up their collective hands in dismay were you to ask them for a policy covering the traditional uncertainties of show business. Show business, where you are on top of the world today, borrowing cigarette money tomorrow, and higher than ever next week. Programs of social security may guard against the hazards of old age, unemployment, and illness, but there was no program of social security for show business—until jovial, boyish, blond Al Pearce set tradition by the heels and proceeded to lay forever that bugaboo of the entertainment world—the lay-off problem.

The professors in Washington may juggle with the alphabet to their hearts' content, but seven years ago, while they were still teaching freshmen to grasp the rudiments of life's sterner realities, Al Pearce had his own NLO—"no lay offs." And it worked. It brought Al and his gang out of the depression; a depression they were in following a series of set backs that would have disbanded forever the average entertainment group. It brought Al Pearce and His Gang to the enviable position of being the highest paid daytime show on the air.

Last April National Broadcasting Company talent scouts managed to impress upon network officials that here, at last, was a real find. From far-off California came the word that this variety show was setting coast listeners by the ears. The network officials went into a huddle, and emerged with an offer to Al Pearce to bring his gang to New York for a network spot—sustaining, of course.

There it was dangling before them, the prize to which all embryo radio stars aspire. To the average radio star, such an offer would mean, "Come on, show us what you have. Maybe you'll be lucky. Maybe a sponsor will like you. Maybe you'll go back where you came from. But here's your chance."

It didn't mean that to Al Pearce and His Gang, however. For Al, instead of snatching greedily at the offer, countered, "I'll trade you. You give us the time, a half-hour spot every day except Saturday and Sunday, and you can keep your money. We'll finance ourselves." Here, at last, was something new in show business. A unit that was not hard up for cash!

For five months, from May 7 to October 7, Al Pearce and His Gang broadcast every day waiting for a sponsor to evince interest. They never received a penny for their services, but every Saturday night each one of the fifteen

WHAT AL PEARCE HAS DONE FOR HIS GANG

THEY WORKED MONTHS WITHOUT PAY—YET TODAY THEY ARE FINANCIALLY INDEPENDENT

By RUTH GERI

men in the gang and Al himself received his regular pay check! Then came their present tooth-paste sponsor, and a commercial program for $10,000 a week. Broadway wiseacres smirked and said, "Sure, he's a smart guy. But anyone could have done the same if he had a gang that would stick by him."

It's true Al's gang stuck by him, but they stuck because they could afford to. Loyalty isn't such a rarity in show business; the rare thing is to find anyone in show business who can afford the luxury of loyalty. Hope won't pay the landlord. Promises won't feed the wife and kids. But Al's gang didn't have to rely on hope or promises, they relied on their weekly pay checks—and every week the checks were waiting for them. That's how the gang stuck.

The weekly payroll during that long period during which Al's gang worked without sponsorial recompense was about two thousand dollars. Approximately $40,000 Al and his gang gambled on their ultimate success. A wonderful thing to have such faith? Yes, but more wonderful still to have the $40,000 with which to gamble.

In case you have scented a rich uncle who chose a timely moment to bequeath Al Pearce a fortune, you are wrong. Nor was he born with the traditional silver spoon in his mouth. The answer to the riddle is far stranger. Al Pearce is that rarest of rare combinations—an entertainer with business acumen. To understand, you must go back ten years, to the very beginning, in San Jose, California.

Al and his brother Clarence (*Continued on page* 81)

Above, Al Pearce, head man and master of ceremonies, in search of an inspiration for a new gag. Below, left to right, Al, Mabel Todd, Cal, Arlene Harris, Morey Amsterdam and Andy Andrews.

Listen to the Met on both NBC networks every Saturday at 1:30.

Photos by Wide World

Invitation to

THE hour is approximately 1.45 P. M., on Saturday afternoon in New York. 1935 is old, 1936 is new. In far off Hawaii, luxuriating beneath tropical skies, people turn on their radios as they settle themselves for breakfast and the opera from the Metropolitan. Short wave sets prepare to send the music around the world. Some ten million people comprise the great audience. Most of them have never seen the historic opera house, some of them are not familiar with the romantic traditions concerning it, but music is ever the cosmopolitan spirit that steals into the hearts of men and joins them in one common interest.

For instance, among the fan mail that pours into the National Broadcasting Company concerning the opera, is a letter from a man in Idaho:

"I want to thank you for the season tickets to the Metropolitan. I have never heard an opera in that house, but the pure and undistorted broadcasting of the performances makes me feel that I am one with the audience there."

Today, the ever growing number of opera fans wait impatiently for television. But until that day, here is an invitation to the Metropolitan matinee. Our seats, through the courtesy of NBC, are in the box next to the broadcasting engineer and directly in the middle of the house. The view is excellent and, simultaneously, we can follow the performance on the stage and the mysterious business of broadcasting

WHEREVER YOU LIVE, THE ONLY TICKET YOU NEED TO AN ORCHESTRA SEAT IS A FLIP OF YOUR RADIO DIAL

An exclusive picture of the Metropolitan Opera on a gala opening night. Left, Lily Pons in her "Lakme" costume; next, Kirsten Flagstad, greatest discovery of two seasons; next, the Met's new director, Edward Johnson; bottom, NBC's engineers in the control room.

the Met

By CAMILLA JORDAN

A few years ago people said that opera was a thing of the past. Music lovers sadly shook their heads and waited for the fateful day when the Metropolitan would close its doors forever. Then suddenly, new blood and new hope were injected. Edward Johnson, newly elected and genial manager of the Metropolitan Association, himself a singer, has progressive ideas. When he took office last year, he put some of these ideas into work.

The old house was rejuvenated. New wiring for lighting and broadcasting was installed and, for a final touch, fresh paint was applied. Before all this, the old house had fallen into such bad condition that it was said that if someone slammed the stage door, the old stage sets would topple down on the singers.

So we are off to the opera, the old house with the new spirit. Filing through the doors onto red carpets, grandchildren stream in, tracing the footsteps of their parents' parents. Today, however, they step from taxis and subways. (*Continued on page* 85)

GET THE INSIDE STORY

OF HOW A CRAZY SONG

HAS SWEPT THE NATION

IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS

FACING THE MUSIC

WITH JOHN SKINNER

THIS is the stark, austere Alice in Wonderland fable of two Irish lads, the sensations of swing music, Eddie Farley and Mike Riley and how they came to write "The Music Goes 'Round and Around," that elfin tune which sneaks up and twists your tongue and brain about insanely. It's being told because it gives an inside picture of America in the grip of a new craze. Somehow it seems significant.

So many tales have gotten about as to how it all started, you should read the story as we got it from Eddie Farley himself. After that we won't say another word about it.

"We push our pencil down. The words go down and around, Whoa-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho, and they come up here."

If Eddie and Mike hadn't been on tour in Pittsburgh and hadn't gone into that shop there—well, anyhow, they came out with a musical instrument strongly resembling a combined trumpet, uncomfortable octopus and the scrawlings on a telephone pad. Now one night as they were playing with the other members of Riley's jam band in New York's Onyx Club, haunt of radio musicians and assorted celebrities, a girl dancer swept to a halt as Mike was wildly tootling this creation of some mad genius.

"What," she demanded with reasonable curiosity, "is that business?"

Riley bravely blatted out seven or eight bars of an unfamiliar strain, then started to sing, tracing the intricate curlicues of the horn with his index finger:

"I blow through here; THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND AND AROUND. Whoa-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho and it comes up here. . . ."

The band swung into the music, as jam bands will, and some thirty bars later, the tune was composed. Ah, but for some lyrics. Red Hodgson, another jam bander, leapt forward with pencil and paper. Ten minutes later the lyrics were scribbled down. One minute later the new song was being rendered—or rent, as you will—by the orchestra while Mike blew, blared, and took the horn apart and put it together again as he played. Two weeks later, a bewildered, delirious country was singing, dancing, playing the mad tune—and still is.

Every morning as we pass the doorman at one of the NBC Studio entrances in Radio City, he's humming the mad song. He keeps staring at the revolving doors as he does so.

Eddie and Mike call their silly trumpet a three-valve saxophone. You figure that out.

Above, the two Irishmen, Riley and Farley, who wrote "The Music Goes 'Round and Around." Left, Carl Hoff, the new maestro of The Hit Parade on Saturday evenings.

Sophisticated studioites were convulsed recently when David Ross recited the words to the crazy creation in his best Keats and Shelley manner. Perhaps you heard it.

Every new guest who comes to the Rainbow Room, the beautiful night club on the sixty-fifth floor of Radio City's RCA Building, points to the revolving dance floor. Poor things, they think they're saying something new when they titter:

"The music goes 'round and around. . . ."

Farley and Riley are now playing in New York theaters to capacity audiences. And it looks as though they'll be whirling 'round and around the stage circuits for some weeks. Perhaps they'll spin your way.

If you've seen that little spiral gadget which people are attaching to their lapels, you should know that it's really a paper clip. A representative of the firm which manufactures them saw the possibilities of a wide distribution early in the first wave of popularity of the song. Some ten thousand are said to have been distributed within a month.

And if all this gets your brain reeling go out and buy a record of "The Music Goes 'Round and Around" and play it backward. That ought to clear everything up.

ADD TO UNKNOWN FACTS

Her real name is Sarah Elizabeth Schermerhorn, and she's featured over the WEAF-NBC network as one of the singing stars of the Philip Morris Cigarette broadcasts.

Sarah was born in Glens Falls, N. Y., where the Schermerhorn family trace their lineage back to Hendrik Schermerhorn, one of the earliest Dutch colonists in America and an aide of Peter Stuyvesant.

Only three years ago she received her first opportunity to sing before a theater audience. As Sally Singer, she won a radio audition contest in Albany and a professional engagement of one week at the Palace theater in that city. An audition at WGY followed and she began her radio career.

Her voice won the attention of several nationally-known band leaders and in short order she was singing with such orchestras as Johnny Johnson's, Kay Keyser's and Teddy Black's.

In the summer of 1933, while attending a private party on a showboat on Lake George, Sally was invited to sing by Leo Reisman, famous bandleader, whose orchestra was engaged for the occasion. It proved a great opportunity. Reisman invited her to go to New York. Sally accepted and was soon auditioning for the Philip Morris Cigarette program. She got the job.

Although she has very little time to play, Sally can be found every morning, before breakfast, riding in Central Park. At the family estate in Glens Falls, she has a stable with two riding horses and several pedigreed dogs.

During rehearsals she loves to dance. Even during broadcasts she can't make her feet behave when the orchestra plays. Her greatest ambition is to become an actress. She plays a crackerjack game of polo. She's an early riser. She is not superstitious. She never gets mike fright. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 120 and has gray eyes and light brown hair.

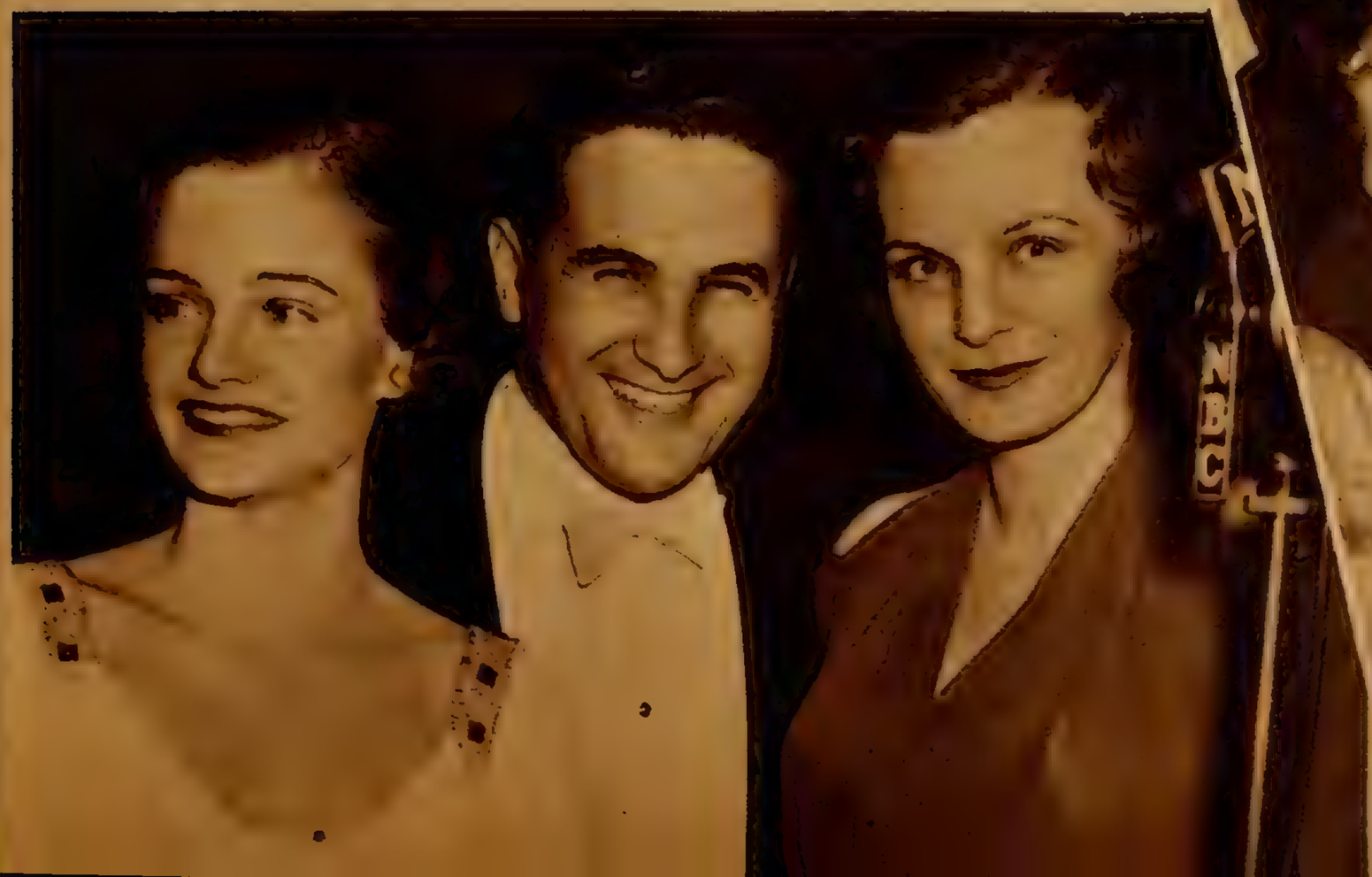
SHORT SHORT STORIES

Harry Reser, a broadcast veteran now returning to the popularity he once achieved, has great hopes for the pretty seventeen-year-old rhythm singer heard on his new series . . . He discovered her singing with a dance band in a New York hotel dance spot . . . Returning the next evening, he offered her an audition and a contract . . . Result—Lynne Gordon on with the Eskimos every Sunday night.

The true satirist among radio musicians is Mark Warnow. He can tuck a violin under his chin and look dreamy-eyed with the best of them . . . Despite his depth of feeling at any particular moment of playing, (*Continued on page* 71)

Right, Sally Singer gets the solo honors Tuesday nights singing with Leo Reisman's orchestra for the Philip Morris show.

Below (right), a quartet new to network fans. The Twin City Foursome, sustaining stars over NBC. Below, Ruby Newman, popular bandman, with two of the three Pickens Sisters, Patti and Jane.



"YOU CAN'T WIN BY

"DON'T try too hard!" is Goodman Ace's motto and advice to others. "Don't aim too high, or better still, don't aim at all, and don't give any task all you've got."

An heretical formula for success, and you glance at the author of Easy Aces expecting to see a twinkle in his blue eyes. But he is serious. He believes an over-zealous person is much more apt to bungle his work than one who takes it calmly, refuses to worry about anything, is even a bit flippant and devil-may-care about his job.

"The fellow who spends sixteen hours a day on his job and the other eight hours worrying about it isn't heading for success," Ace contends. "He's heading for a nervous breakdown.

"When comedy programs on the air fall flat, it isn't because they haven't had enough preparation. In most cases, it's because they've had too much. The comics are all punching too hard, trying to outdo each other. They have long conferences with a staff of writers and work themselves into a dither over whether it would be better to substitute the word the for a on page eight.

"Say, we couldn't work up a respectable dither if we *lost* page eight. Easy Aces isn't that important—to us or anyone else. We broadcast on the assumption that nobody is listening. The minute we're through, everything we've said belongs to the sparrows!"

It is no pseudo-modesty that makes Goodman Ace thus deprecate what many intelligent people believe to be the funniest script show radio has ever offered. He is perfectly honest in his don't-care attitude. The show is slapped together and broadcast with less ceremony than a weather report.

Goody spends about an hour banging out a script, if he is in the right mood and there are no interruptions. He never reads over what he has written until broadcast night, and he has never rewritten a script. He does Tuesday's and Wednesday's scripts the preceding Sunday night and Thursday's on Monday night, often sitting down to the typewriter without an idea in his head.

Many times he can't remember where he left off, and has to phone his advertising agency to find out. He can't be bothered to make a carbon copy, so if he forgets how much Jane paid for the desk in the last script—as he is very likely to—he has to call the agency again and have it looked up in the only copy he has written.

A script has never been lost on the way to the agency, but if one ever is, Goodman Ace won't even explode. He'll remark, "Isn't that awful?" and sit down and bat out another one. It will be an entirely different episode, because he won't be able to remember much about the other one, but he may remember then to buy some carbon paper.

The Aces arrive at the studio less than an hour before broadcast time, read the script through once with the other actors, who have never seen it before, time it, and then broadcast. They don't bother to take off their hats. They don't bother to stand up to a microphone—Goody had a mike built into a bridge table so they could sit down and relax. He is always smoking a cigar and chewing gum at the same time.

"I used to fret about these scripts quite a bit," Ace told me. "It took me five hours to write an episode and I would slave over every line to get the proper turn of each phrase. But I soon discovered that I was overshooting my mark. I worked my head to the bone to think of wrong words for Jane to use, and had the script so full of wise-cracks that the public got sick of them. Luckily we ran short of malapropisms before I had worried myself into an early grave or at least off the air.

"We settled into an even stride, going in more for character and situation humor than gags, and got along just as well without so much strain. The show has become a sort of marathon, but with the new system, instead of working my way through a lunatic asylum, I now have good prospects of outlasting the listeners.

"Some days our show is pretty good, and some days we tiptoe out of the studio after the broadcast and try to pretend we weren't there. Last week we had good scripts, this week they turned out terrible. But why worry? You're shooting in the dark, anyway. Peoples' tastes differ so much that, no matter what you write, someone may like it. There's no such thing as an 'unpopular' script show. It's impossible to write one so bad that *no one* will like it.

"Effort is a much over-rated virtue," Ace says. "By itself, it doesn't mean a thing. 'He tried hard' is in essence

THEIR ATTITUDE IS DEVIL-MAY-CARE AND THEIR WAY OF GETTING AHEAD IS HERESY! BUT THAT'S THOSE TAKE IT EASY ACES!

"TRYING" SAYS GOODMAN ACE

By WELDON MELICK

a condemnation for failure. I 'tried hard' the other night to think of something clever for a columnist who asked me point blank for a *bon mot.* I couldn't think of a thing. There was nothing praiseworthy about that effort, because it was barren. Had I tried a little harder, the effort would have been actually harmful, because I would have thought of a very bad pun, the columnist would have used it, and people would have said disgustedly, 'Does he think that's funny?' Instead, I changed the subject and forgot his request.

"Later, while we were discussing income taxes, I remarked that Jane and I had figured out that it would be cheaper to go to prison and pay the line charges for our programs from Atlanta for a year than to pay our income tax. The columnist laughed and used that in his column. You see, I wasn't trying to create a masterpiece. I was just talking.

"When you try too hard, you always spoil something. Remember the Kaiser? There's a guy who overshot his mark. *Too much ambition is always worse than not enough.* We have friend who was doing well with a garment concern until his wife nagged him into quitting his job and going into business for himself. He lost his shirt and all his other garments.

"I don't mean you should lie down on the job. Keep punching, but pull your punches. Save your strength if you want to stay on your feet. If you rush the game, you may get your big opportunity

Goodman and Jane relax at home and they never spend more than an hour when writing the show.

For the Easy Aces program, sponsored by Anacin, see page 56—7 o'clock column.

before you're ready for it, and make a colossal fizzle.

"We don't punch hard even on the air. When we do have a good line, we never point it. I write 'throw away' in the script, so it will sound ad libbed, spontaneous. The effect is better than if we made a big fuss over every joke."

I wanted to know how this delightful small-town sketch got to the air, if its originator didn't struggle to achieve success and thought the conventional tremendous struggle was a lot of wasted energy.

(*Continued on page* 78)

BEAUTY FOR REDHEADS

By JOYCE ANDERSON

SO you're a redhead! Lucky girl, to be blessed with that unusual crowning glory which carries its own marks of beauty and distinction with it. True, you do have your troubles when it comes to choosing your wardrobe, because color combinations becoming to coppery tresses are so limited. But, if you watch your costume and cosmetic color harmonies—which is just what we're going to help you with this month—you have a head start (no pun intended!) on the rest of femininity in the race for outstanding loveliness.

Of course, there are redheads and redheads. There's the strawberry blonde with red gold hair and blue eyes, like Deane Janis. There's the darker auburn beauty with mahogany colored hair and green eyes, like Carol Deis. And, in between, thousands of variations. Dark or light, you'll find your color harmonies bound by much the same rules, and this month we persuaded Carol Deis and Deane Janis to tell you about those rules.

First and foremost, *avoid all reds*. Carol and Deane say they couldn't impress this too strongly. That goes for pink, too. Ice cream pinks and baby pinks are absolutely out. The nearest to this shade which you can wear is flesh color, and both Carol and Deane are fond of this. The darker-haired Carol also wears peach shades, but Deane draws the line at any form of yellow as well as pink. However, Deane wears henna tones which complement the much lighter color of her hair, though these shades are not becoming to auburn heads. So it all evens up eventually!

Two different types of red-haired loveliness are Carol Deis, above, and Deane Janis, top.

Deane Janis is on Camel Caravan—page 53—9 p.m. Carol Deis recently on Log Cabin, now sustaining star.

"Actually, the color of your skin is most important in choosing the colors you should wear with auburn hair," says Carol. "For instance, the ruddy-complexioned redhead doesn't have the color range of the redhead with white skin. Blues and blacks, ordinarily the best of colors for this type of hair, might be very trying to pink or ruddy skins. I wear a great deal of black myself, usually relieved with white for daytime, and designed with very sophisticated lines for evening. And I wear a lot of blue, particularly light and electric tints, and aquamarine. I like golden and canary yellows, but I'm very careful to avoid any yellow with green in it, just as I avoid green with yellow in it. Green, though, is probably my favorite color—any shade except the yellowish ones like chartreuse or olive."

Deane, too, is very fond of black and green. "I feel very much at ease in black," she says, "and probably wear more of it than anything else. It's an excellent contrast to light red hair, of course, and because my hair is light (Deane is quite blonde in coloring, but with a definite coppery tinge to her hair), I concentrate mainly on dark shades. Green is excellent, too, but I choose the vivid or dark greens, never pastel tints. The same is true of blue. I wear white occasionally, but not much except in summer. And I nearly always have touches of white or color on my black costumes."

The only pastel shades which Deane has in her wardrobe at present are evening gowns in flesh and gray. She is very fond of steel gray, since bluish grays provide a becoming contrast to reddish blonde hair. She achieves this bluish effect in her present gray costume with accessories of navy blue. On the other hand, though Carol likes blue with gray, she wears oxblood accessories with her gray suit, an effective color combination which she discovered quite by accident.

As for brown, Deane wears a great deal of both tan and brown, which are apt to be a bit trying for auburn hair with its own hard-to-match brown tints. Carol likes brown, but she limits herself to golden and ginger shades. Generally speaking, the (*Continued on page* 80)

I'll be glad to tell you the name and price of the special shampoo and cologne Miss Carol uses and the eyeshadow and dependable mascara which Miss Janis finds so satisfactory. Send your enquiry or other beauty problems to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

BIRTHDAYS? PROGRAMS? ADDRESSES? THE ORACLE CAN GIVE YOU ALL THE ANSWERS

Leonard Berman, of Abe Lyman's band, was on the receiving end of Leap Year's first proposal, while his boss looked on. The bride was Martha Pomeroy.

GOOD NEWS: The Oracle is licked! Last month I asked you not to request personal replies to your questions but your pleas have won me over and I have changed my mind. From now on if your question is the same as several others, you'll find the answer published in these columns. Otherwise you'll receive a personal reply—that is, if you enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Helen S., Post Falls, Idaho—You'll find your stations listed in RADIO MIRROR's program guide, We Have With Us. For Nelson Eddy, see Voice of Firestone listed on page 56, in the eight o'clock column. Just a little above it, you will find Cities Service on which Jessica Dragonette is soloist.

Mr. M. J. V., New York, N. Y.—Harriet Hilliard is back from Hollywood now and is singing again with Ozzie Nelson on the Bob Ripley program, Sunday nights. Address your letter to Miss Hilliard in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York. Annette Hanshaw is not broadcasting at this writing so cannot give you a forwarding address.

Ida A. S., Washington, D. C.—Ireene Wicker plays the part of Eileen Moran in Today's Children and Mr. Wicker, who is also Ireene's husband in real life, plays the part of Robert Crane. There was a swell picture of the two in the March issue of RADIO MIRROR.

E. T. C., Richmond Beach, Wash.—Your letter to Dick Stabile has been forwarded. Don't mention it. I was glad to be of service.

Phillip T. S., Madison, Wisc.—You'll find the stations for the Tom Mix program listed in our program guide on page 54, in the five o'clock column. Tony & Gus are off the air now. Elsie Mae Gordon played the part of Mrs. Grange and Charles Flattery played the part of George.

Ed, Youngstown, Ohio—Address Shirley Bell in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.; Nancy Kelly, in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

Lura B. T., Mooreland, Okla.—The Maple City Four and the Sinclair Quartet are the same. The late Linda Parker of WLS was the wife of Art Janes, the quartet's baritone.

Mrs. Chas. A., Rockville Center, L. I.—Ray Heatherton is not married and as far as I know, is not that way about Lucille Manners. He's registered as being born June 1, 1909. For Ray's program, see page 56—10 o'clock column.

Butterfly, South Bend, Ind.—Lennie Hayton was born in the heart of New York City on a cold day in February—13th, 1908 to be exact. The theme song for the Hit Parade program is "Happy Days Are Here Again." He got married last year.

Mrs. E. D., Massillon, Ohio—Mrs. Billy Batchelor is played by Alice Davenport. Mrs. Raymond Knight is not a radio star but she and Raymond Knight who plays the part of Billy Batchelor, have two children in real life.

Betty F., St. Petersburg, Florida—The Honeymooners are Grace Bradt and Eddie Albert. Grace was born in Minneapolis, Minn., June 19, 1908 and Eddie was born in Rock Island, Ill., on April 22, 1908. Kathleen Wilson plays the part of Claudia in One Man's Family.

H. G. H., Lowell, Mass.—Joe Penner never attended Lafayette College and doesn't belong to any college fraternity.

Thomas M., Kansas City, Mo.—I'd suggest that you write to Pat Kelly, Supervising Announcer at National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York, outlining your qualifications and experience in detail. Best of luck, Tom.

Neil A. F., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—The above is for you too, Neil.

W. A. Van, Chicago, Ill.—The Carborundum Band has been on the air for some time. You'll find the stations listed in RADIO MIRROR's program guide on page 53, in the seven o'clock column.

Dolores S., Chester, Pa.—Gloria La Vay might have appeared on the Cheerio program as a guest but she is not a regular member of this program. Address her in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

Mimi P., New York, N. Y.—Lewis James is the Revelers' second tenor. Lewis hails from Ypsilanti, Mich. He won a scholarship to the Institute of Musical Arts and was Dr. Frank Damrosch's choice to sing with the Musical Art Society. Has sung with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and the N. Y. Philharmonic Orchestra, singing tenor solos.

Jack Sisson, Wharton, Texas—Ned Wayburn has only one dance studio and that is in New York—625 Madison Avenue.

Mooneen, Buffalo, New York—I'm sorry to have disappointed you. When I wrote that Tito Guizar was off the air, he was, at the time of writing. He returned to the air about the same time the August issue was published. Now, could I help that?

We Have With Us—

RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

LIST OF STATIONS

BASIC	SUPPLEMENTARY		
WAAB	WACO	WIBW	WREC
WABC	WALA	WIBX	WSBT
WADC	WBIG	WICC	WSFA
WBBM	WBNS	WISN	WSJS
WCAO	WBRC	WKBN	WSMK
WCAU	WBT	WLAC	WTOC
WDRC	WCCO	WLBZ	WWL
WEAN	WCOA	WMAS	WWVA
WFBL	WDAE	WMBD	KFH
WFBM	WDBJ	WMBG	KGKO
WGR	WDBO	WMBR	KLRA
WHAS	WDNC	WNAX	KOMA
WHK	WDOD	WNOX	KRLD
WJAS	WDSU	WOC	KSCJ
WJR	WESG	WORC	KTRH
WJSV	WFEA	WOWO	KTSA
WKBW	WGST	WPG	KTUL
WKRC	WHEC	WQAM	KVOR
WNAC	WHP		KWKH
WOKO			
WSPD			
KFAB			
KMBC	KDB	KGB	KVI
KMOX	KERN	KHJ	KWG
KRNT	KFBK	KMJ	KLZ
	KFPY	KOIN	KOH
	KFRC	KOL	KSL

CANADIAN

CFRB CKAC

HOW TO FIND YOUR PROGRAM

1. Find the Hour Column. (All time given is Eastern Standard Time. Subtract one hour for Central Standard time, two for Mountain time, three for Pacific time.)
2. Read down the column for the programs which are in black type.
3. Find the day or days the programs are broadcast directly after the programs in abbreviations.

HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR STATION IS ON THE NETWORK

1. Read the station list at the left. Find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, Coast, and Canadian; NBC—on the following pages—into Red and Blue Basic, and six supplementary groups—Southeast, Southwest, South Central, Northwest, Coast and Canadian.)
2. Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your group is included.
3. If your station is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour columns.
4. NBC network stations are listed on the following page.

12 NOON

12:00
Salt Lake City Tabernacle: Sun. ½ hr. WABC and network
Voice of Experience: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus WBT WCCO WHEC WOWO WWVA KLZ KSL minus WKBW WOKO KFAB KRNT

12:15
Musical Reveries: Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Basic plus coast plus WCCO WGST WWL KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSA minus WAAB WADC WGR WKBW WSPD
Jack Shannon: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network

12:30
"Mary Marlin": Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus coast WCCO minus WBBM WGR WOKO

12:45
Transatlantic Broadcast: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC and network
"FiveStarJones:" Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WBBM WFBL WHK WJAS WKRC WNAC KMBC KMOX WJR WBT WGST KRLD coast minus KFPY KGB KOIN KOL KVI

1 P.M.

1:00
Church of the Air: Sun. ½ hr. WABC and network
Hostess Counsel: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. KMBC plus coast. (Rebroadcasting to West): Eastern broadcast at 10:00 a. m.
George Hall's Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. WABC and network
Jack Shannon: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network

1:15
Matinee Memories: Mon. Thurs. ½ hr. WABC and network
Savitt Serenade: Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network

1:30
Musical Footnotes: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC WCAU WBBM WGR WHAS WJAS WJR WJSV WKRC WNAC KMBC KMOX KRNT WBNS WCCO WREC
Milton Charles: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Pete Woolery Orchestra: Wed. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Buffalo Presents: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

1:45
Between the Bookends: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Eddie and Fannie Cavanaugh: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WBBM WCCO WGR WJAS WJR WNAC KMOX
Alexander Semmler: Mon ¼ hr. WABC and network
Academy of Medicine: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network

2 P.M.

2:00
Leslie Howard: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDSU WHEC WLAC WOWO WREC KLRA KOMA KRLD KTRH KTUL minus WAAB WKBW
Between the Bookends: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

2:15
Happy Hollow: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

2:30
Jose Manzanares and His South Americans: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WBT WCCO WDAE WISN WMBR WQAM WREC WWL KOMA KRLD KTRH
American School of the Air: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network
Tito Guizar: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network

A new mid-day quarter-hour, called Musical Reveries and coming to you four times a week, stars Stuart Churchill, tenor; Orson Wells, actor; and Ken Wood's orchestra. Corn Products Refining Company sponsors, in the interests of several of its products, one for each day.

3 P.M.

3:00
Philharmonic Symphony of N. Y.: Sun. 2 hr. Entire network minus WGR WJSV KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT WCOA WDSU WGL WHP WNAX WOWO WPG WSFA WWVA KTUL
Manhattan Matinee: Mon. ½ hr. WABC and network
Al Roth: Wed. ½ hr. WABC and network
The Oleanders: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Bolek Musicale: Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network
Down by Herman's: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

3:15
Tito Guizar: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network

3:30
Hoosier Hop: Mon. ½ hr. WABC and network
National Student Federation: Wed. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Vivian della Chiesa: Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network
Isle of Dreams: Sat ½ hr. WABC and network
Do You Remember: Thurs. ½ hr. WABC and network

Just Plain Bill and Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch have traded schedules. The former is heard now at 11:30 a.m., the latter at 11:45 a.m., both Mondays through Fridays.

4 P.M.

4:00
Commercial Comment: Mon. ½ hr WABC and network
Cleveland String Quartet: Tues. ½ hr. WABC and network
Salvation Army Band: Thurs. ¼ hr WABC and network
Curtis Institute of Music: Wed. ¾ hr WABC and network
Eddie Dunstedter: Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

4:15
U. S. Army Band: Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

4:30
The Goldbergs: Mon Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAN WNAC WORC
Chicago Varieties: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Science Service: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Greetings From Old Kentucky: Thurs. ½ hr. WABC and network

4:45
Tea at the Ritz: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr WABC WBBM WCAU WGR WHAS WHK WJAS WJR WJSV WNAC KMBC KMOX WCCO WGST WISN KRLD plus coast
Three Little Words Trio: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network

A well-loved dramatic series, The Romance of Helen Trent, returned to the air late in January. It's on the air five days a week from 11:15 to 11:30 a.m. Virginia Clark, who created the character of Helen, continues in that rôle.

5 P.M.

5:00
Melodiana: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WCCO WHEC CFRB minus WGR
Terry and Ted: Mon Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WBNS WCAU WDRC WEAN WHK WJR WMAS WORC WWVA

5:15
Patti Chapin: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Jimmy Farrell: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Clyde Barrie: Wed. ¼ hr. WABC and network

5:30
Crumit & Sanderson: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WDSU WHEC WIBX WICC WMAS WORC WWVA KOMA KTUL minus WHAS WKBW WKRC WNAC KFAB KRNT
Jack Armstrong: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WCAU WDRC WEAN WFBL WGR WHK WJAS WJR WJSV WOKO WSPD WHEC WMAS
Jose Manzanares: Sun. ½ hr. Rebroadcasting to coast
Vincent Lopez Orchestra: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

5:45
The Goldbergs: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus coast plus WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDAE WDBJ WDBO WGST WHEC WLAC WLBZ WMBG WMBR WQAM WREC WTOC WWL KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSA KTUL KWKH minus WAAB WADC WEAN WGR WNAC WSPD

Glamorous is the word—or so at least it's hoped—for Columbia's new Paris Night Life show, broadcast every Wednesday at 7:15. Armida, tiny Latin movie star, and Pierre LeKreune are featured.

6 P.M. | 7 P.M. | 8 P.M. | 9 P.M. | 10 P.M. | 11 P.M. | 12 MIDNIGHT

6:00
Amateur Hour with Ray Perkins: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus coast, WBNS WBT WCCO WDSU WGST WHEC WLAC WREC KRLD minus WADC WEAN WGR WNAC WSPD KRNT CKLW
Buck Rogers: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WDRC WEAN WFBM WGR WNAC WSPD plus KRLD WCCO
Benay Venuta: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Vocals by Verrill: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Frederic William Wile: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network

6:15
Bobby Benson: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WAAB WCAU WDRC WEAN WFBL WGR WHEC WOKO
News of Youth: Tues. Thurs. Sat. ¼hr. WABC WAAB WADC WBBM WCAO WCAU WDRC WEAN WFBL WJAS WOKO KMOX WALA WBNS WBRC WDBO WFEA WHP WIBX WICC WKBN WLBZ WMAS WMBG WMBR WORC WSFA

6:30
Smilin' Ed McConnell: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus coast, WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDSU WHEC WLAC KFH KRLD minus WADC WFBM WGR WNAC WOKO WSPD KMBC KFPY KWG
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. WABC and network
Jack Armstrong: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs Fri. ¼ hr. WBBM WCCO KFAB KMOX

6:35
Vanished Voices: Mon. Wed. ½ hr. WABC WAAB WCAO WCAU WFBL WHEC WJSV WKBW WOKO WORC
Understanding Opera: Tues. ½ hr. WABC and network

6:45
Voice of Experience: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus WBT WCCO WHEC WWVA minus WGR WJSV WNAC WOKO WFAB KMBC KRNT CKLW
Imperial Hawaiian Band: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC WAAB WADC WCAO WCAU WDRC WEAN WFBL WFBM WHK WJSV WKBW WKRC WOKO KRNT
Kaltenborn Edits the News: Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Gogo de Lys: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network

7:00
Eddie Cantor: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDOD WDSU WGST WHEC WICC WLAC WOWO WREC KFH KLRA KLZ KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSA KTUL KWKH minus WAAB WKBW
Myrt and Marge: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic plus WBT WDAE WDBO WQAM WTOC WWVA minus WAAB WFBM WHAS WKBW KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT
The Atlantic Family: Sat. ½ hr. WABC WADC WCAO WCAU WDRC WEAN WFBL WGR WHK WJAS WNAC WOKO WBIG WBNS WBRC WBT WCOA WDAE WDBJ WDBO WHEC WHP WIBX WICC WMAS W M B G W M B R WORC WQAM WSJS WTOC WWVA
Buck Rogers: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Rebroadcast to coast

7:15
Ted Husing and the Charioteers: Mon. ¼ hr. Basic plus coast plus WCCO CFRB minus WAAB WADC WORC WHAS WHK WJR WKBW WSPD KMBC KMOX KRNT
Kreuger's Musical Toast: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC WCAU WDRC WEAN WFBL WGR WJSV WNAC WOKO KMBC WBIG WBT WDAE WDBJ WDBO WDNC WDOD WQAM WTOC WFEA WGST WLBZ WMAS W M B G W M B R WNOX WORC
Paris Night Life: Wed. ¼ hr. Basic minus WAAB WADC WJR WKBW WSPD KMBC plus WBT WHEC WORC
Lazy Dan: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WAAB W F B M W H A S WKBW KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT

7:30
Phil Baker and Hal Kemp's Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus supplementary minus W A A B W B B M W K B W S P D KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT WCCO WESG WIBW WISN WMBD WMBG WNAX WOC WOWO WPG KFH KGKO KOMA KSCJ KTUL KVOR
Singin' Sam: Mon. ¼ hr. Basic plus WCCO minus WAAB WKBW KMBC
Kate Smith: Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic plus WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDAE WDSU WGST WISN WKBN WLBZ W M A S W M B G WMBR WWVA KRLD KTRH minus WAAB WKBW WSPD
Carborundum Band: Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WAAB WADC WDRC WFBM WJSV WKBW WOKO WSPD KRNT plus WBT WCCO

7:45
Boake Carter: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus KOMA KRLD WBT WCCO minus WAAB W A D C W F B M WKBW WOKO WSPD KFAB KRNT

8:00
Free for All with Lois Long: Sun. 1 hr. WABC and network
Guy Lombardo: Mon. ½ hr. WABC WCAO WCAU WDRC WEAN WFBL WGR WJAS WJSV WNAC WOKO WBIG WBT WDBJ WDNC WDOD WDSU WHEC WHP WIBX WICC WLAC WLBZ W M A S W M B G WNOX WORC WPG WREC WSJS WWVA K L R A K W K H
Juan Haidrigo and His Americanos. Marimba Band: Mon. ½ hr. WBBM WCCO WOC KFAB KMBS KRNT KSCJ
Lavender and Old Lace: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WAAB WKBW CKLW
Cavalcade of America: Wed. ½ hr. Basic plus coast, WCCO WDSU WGST WLAC WMBG KRLD minus WAAB WKBW
Harvester Cigars: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WCCO WMAS WSMK minus WAAB WKBW
Red Horse Tavern: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WCCO WHEC WIBW WICC WLBZ WMAS WMBD WOC WORC KFH minus WAAB WKBW
Palmolive Beauty Box: Sat. 1 hr. Basic minus WAAB WADC WKBW WSPD plus WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDAE WDBJ WDBO WGST WHEC WLAC WLBZ WMBG W M B R W O R C WQAM WREC WTOC WWL KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSA KTUL KWKH KLZ KSL

8:30
Pick and Pat: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus WBT WCCO WGST WHEC WHP WICC WLBZ WMAS WMBG KSCJ
Packard Presents Lawrence Tibbett: Tues. ½ hr. Entire network minus WESG W F E A W M B D WOWO WPG WSBT WSMK WWVA
Burns and Allen: Wed. ½ hr. Basic plus supplementary minus WAAB WKBW
Broadway Varieties: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus coast, WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDSU WGST WMAS WMBG KOMA

Changing its name to the Sunday Night Free for All, Lois Long has moved her program to Sunday nights at 8, thereby showing just how much she and Columbia think of Major Bowes. This show started out as an afternoon program for the ladies, but since the time shift it's good stuff for men too. Mark Warnow and guest stars supply the music.

9:00
Ford Sunday Evening Hour: Sun. 1 hr. Entire network
Lux Radio Theater: Mon. one hr. Basic plus coast. CFRB CKAC WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDAE WDBJ WDSU WGST WHEC WICC WISN WLAC WNAX WORC WQAM WREC KLRA KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSA KTUL minus WAAB WGR
Camel Caravan: Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. Entire network minus coast. WAAB WGR WCOA WESG WISN WOC WSMK WWVA KVOR
Chesterfield Presents: Wed. Sat. ½ hr. Entire network minus Canadian, WAAB WGR WESG WSBT WSMK WWVA
Hollywood Hotel Fri. one hr. Entire network minus WAAB WGR WACO WALA WBIG WCOA WDNC WDOD WESG WISN WKBN WOC WOWO WSBT WSFA WSJS WSMK WTOC WWVA KGKO

9:30
Fred Waring: Tues. ½ hr. Entire network minus WAAB WGR WESG WSMK WWVA WMBG
Ray Noble, Connie Boswell: Wed. ½ hr. Entire network minus WAAB WGR WOKO WDNC WISN WMAS WIBX WSJS WNAX WKBH KVOR
Phil Cook, Just Another Amateur: Thurs. ½ hr. WABC and network
Along Rialto Row: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network.

Juan Haidrigo and his Americanos Marimba band make a new addition to the list of Latin-American musical offerings on the air. You can hear him on several CBS stations, Mondays at 8 . . . Everybody's pulling for the speedy recovery of Eleanor Powell, who was forced by illness to cancel her appearances in both the Flying Red Horse Tavern air show and the Broadway musical, "At Home Abroad." Water Woolff King, Broadway musical star, is the Tavern's new master of ceremonies . . . Phil Cook, radio's many-voiced comedian, and his wife Flo are the stars of "Just Another Amateur," Thursdays at 9:30. It's about a radio-struck shipping clerk and his efforts to crash the air waves.

10:00
Wayne King. Lady Esther: Sun. Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WCCO WDSU WIBW KRLD coast minus WBBM WEAN WGR WNAC KRNT
Mary Pickford: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus WACO WBRC WBT WCCO WDAE WDBJ WDOD WDSU WGST WHEC W L A C W M B G W M B R W Q A M WREC WTOC KFH KLRA KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSA KTUL KWKH KFPY KFRC KGB KHJ KOIN KOL KVI KLZ KSL CFRB minus WAAB WDRC WGR WSPD
Gang Busters, Phillips Lord: Wed. ½ hr. Basic plus coast plus WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDAE WDBJ WDBO WGST WHEC WLAC WLBZ WMBG W M B R W O R C W O W O W Q A M WREC WTOC WWL KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSA KTUL KWKH minus WAAB WADC WGR WSPD
Alemite Hour: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic plus coast, WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDBO WDSU WGST WISN WLAC WMBG WNAX WOC WQAM WREC KFH KLRA KRLD KTRH KTSA KTUL minus WAAB WADC WEAN WGR WSPD
Richard Himber with Stuart Allen: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WBT WCCO WGST WSBT KFH minus WEAN WGR WNAC KRNT
California Melodies: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

10:30
Freddie Rich's Pent-House Party: Sun. ½ hr. WABC and network
Jack Hylton: Sun. 1 hr. WBBM WFBM WJR KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT WCCO WIBW WISN WKBN WMBD WOC WOWO WSBT KFH KSCJ KVOR KLZ
March of Time: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus coast, WCCO WDSU WGST KRLD minus WAAB WGR
Public Opinion: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network

10:45
Clyde Barrie: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Patti Chapin: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network

Monthly bulletin on the March of Time; it's still to be heard nightly except Saturday and Sunday at 10:30—or was when this was written—but everybody insists it will soon become a half-hour weekly show. Columbia officials are keeping Thursday night's 8:30 spot clear for it.

Jack Denny's Orchestra: Sun. Mon. ½ hr. WABC and network
Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. WABC and network
GuyLombardo: Thurs. ½ hr. WABC and network

11:30
Press Radio News: Sun. WABC and network
Isham Jones Orchestra: Sun. Thurs. WABC and network
Vincent Lopez's Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr. WABC and network
Louis Armstrong's Orchestra: Tues. Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network
Abe Lyman Orchestra: Wed. Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

Rebroadcasts for Western Listeners:

11:00
Eddie Cantor: Sun. ½ hr. Coast
Myrt and Marge: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WBBM WFBM WHAS KFAB KMBC KMOX WALA WBRC WCCO WDSU WGST WLAC WREC WSFA KLRA KOMA KRLD KTRH and coast
Palmolive Beauty Box: Sat. 1 hr. Coast

11:15
Singin' Sam: Mon. ¼ hr. Coast
Paris Night Life: Wed. ¼ hr. Coast
Lazy Dan: Fri. ¼ hr. Coast

11:30
Voice of Experience: Sun. ¼ hr. Coast.
Pick and Pat: Mon. ½ hr. Coast
Camel Caravan: Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. Coast plus KVOR
Burns and Allen: Wed. ½ hr. Coast plus KVOR

12:00
Leslie Howard: Sun. ½ hr. Coast
Richard Himber with Stuart Allen: Fri. ½ hr. coast.
Fred Waring: Tues. ½ hr. coast

Mary Pickford is back on the air, under the sponsorship of a national ice manufacturing association. Parties at Pickfair is the name of her show, Tuesday at 10 the time. Broadcasts come direct from the most famous mansion in Hollywood, and every week Mary will have distinguished stars as her guests—and figuratively speaking, you and I will be her guests too, by turning the dial to the right station.

CASTING SYSTEM

BLUE NETWORK

12 NOON

12:00
American Pageant of Youth: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WCKY WMAL WSYR KDKA
Simpson Boys: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
12:15
Merry Macs: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.
Genia Fonariova, soprano: Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
12:30
Radio City Music Hall: Sun. Hour—network
National Farm and Home Hour: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. one hr. WJZ and network

1 P.M.

1:30
National Youth Conference: Sun. ½ hr. network
Gale Page: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Castles of Romance: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Old Skipper: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network

1:45
Dot and Will: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.

2 P.M.

2:00
The Magic Key of RCA: Sun. 1 hr. Basic Blue plus entire supplementary plus CFCF
Words and Music: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat ½ hr. WJZ and network
Metropolitan Opera: Sat. 3 hrs. WJZ and network
2:30
NBC Music Guild: Mon. Thurs. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Golden Melodies: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and network
National Congress of Parents and Teachers Association: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Clark Dennis: Fri. ¼ hr. Network
2:45
General Federation of Women's Clubs: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

3 P.M.

3:00
Your English: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic blue plus WLW, coast, south central, southeast, KPRC KTHS KVOO WFAA WKY WOAI KSTP WDAY WEBC WTMJ
Roy Campbell's Royalists: Mon. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Nellie Revell: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Rochester Civic Orchestra: Wed. 1 hr. WJZ and network
U. S. Marine Band: Fri. ¾ hr. WJZ and network

3:15
Pine Mountain Merrymakers: Sun. ½ hr. Basic blue plus northwest minus WCKY WLS
The Wise Man: Mon. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Meetin' House: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Eastman School Symphony: Thurs. ¾ hr. WJZ and network

3:30
Beatrice Mack: Mon. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

3:45
The King's Jesters: Mon. Tues. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

4 P.M.

4:00
Sunday Vespers: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Betty and Bob: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic blue plus northwest, coast, KVOO WOAI WFAA WKY minus WCKY WFIL WLS WMT WREN KSO

4:15
Songs and Stories: Mon. ¼ hr. network
Gene Arnold and the Ranch Boys: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

4:30
Design For Listening: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Let's Talk It Over: Mon. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Library of Congress Music: Tues. 1 hr. WJZ and network
U. S. Navy Band: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and network
NBC Radio Guild: Thurs. one hr. WJZ and network
Ward and Muzzy: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

4:45
Strolling Songsters: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

Have you tuned in yet on Gene Arnold and the Ranch Boys? They serve up comedy and music in the western style.

5 P.M.

5:00
Roses and Drums: Sun. ½ hr. Basic blue minus WCKY WLS

5:15
Junior Radio Journal: Mon. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Jackie Heller: Sat. ¼ hr. network
May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBZA WBZ

5:30
Singing Lady: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WFIL WGAR WHAM WLW WMAL WSYR WXYZ CFCF CRCT KDKA
Albert Payson Terhune: Sat. ¼ hr. Basic blue

5:45
Little Orphan Annie: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Blue minus WCKY WENR WLS WMT WREN KOIL KSO KWK

May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose, the Sweethearts of the Air, add another program to their list with their Monday-Wednesday - Friday show at 5:15 . . . James Melton has joined the Kellogg College Prom with Red Nichols.

LIST OF STATIONS

BASIC BLUE

WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WCKY WENR WFIL WGAR WHAM WLS WMAL WMT WREN WSYR WXYZ KDKA KOIL KSO KWK

BASIC RED

WEAF WBEN WCAE WCSH WDAF WEEI WFBR WGY WHIO WHO WJAR WMAQ WOW WRC WSAI WTAG WTAM WTIC WWJ KSD KYW

SUPPLEMENTARY

(Used by both Red and Blue networks)

SOUTHEAST
WFLA WIOD WIS WJAX WPTF WRVA WSOC WTAR WWNC

SOUTH CENTRAL
WAPI WAVE WJDX WMC WSB WSM WSMB

CANADIAN
CFCF CRCT

SOUTHWEST
KPRC KTBS KTHS KVOO WBAP WFAA WKY WOAI

NORTHWEST
KFYR KSTP WDAY WEBC WIBA WTMJ

COAST
KDYL KFI KGO KGW KHQ KLO KOA KOMO KPO

NATIONAL

3 P.M.

3:00
Clicquot Eskimos: Sun. ½ hr. WEAF WBEN WCAE WFBR WGY WRC WTIC KYW
Forever Young: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and network

3:15
Oxydol's Ma Perkins: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus coast northwest WLW WLS KPRC KVOO WBAP WKY WOAI KFYR minus WHIO WJAR WMAQ WSAI KSD WIBA

3:30
Metropolitan Opera Auditions: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE WCKY, southeast, southwest, south central, coast
Vic and Sade: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus coast WLW KPRC KVOO WBAP WKY WOAI KFYR KSTP WEBC minus WHIO WSAI

3:45
The O'Neills: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus coast, WLW WTMJ KSTP WEBC WDAY minus WHIO WSAI

4 P.M.

4:00
The Widow's Sons: Sun. ½ hr. WEAF and network
Woman's Radio Review: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. WEAF and network ½ hr.

4:30
Pop Concert: Sun. ¼ hr. WEAF and network
Girl Alone: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and network
Our Barn: Sat. ½ hr. WEAF and network

4:45
Grandpa Burton: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and network
Federation of Women's Clubs: Tues. ¼ hr. WEAF and network
Betty Marlowe and Californians: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WDAF WMAQ WOW, southwest, coast

Our Barn, listed above for 4:30, can't be counted on entirely—that is, not if the Metropolitan opera lasts later than that on Saturday afternoons—as it often does. The opera season is scheduled to end late in March, incidentally.

5 P.M.

5:00
Penthouse Serenade: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Red plus entire supplementary list. minus WHO KSD CRCT
Al Pearce and His Gang: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Red plus coast
American Medical Association Program: Tues. ½ hr. WEAF and network
Dreams of Long Ago: Wed. ½ hr. WEAF and network

5:30
Tom Mix Program: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus KSD WDAF WHO WOW WMAQ WTIC
The Dansante: Tues. ½ hr. WEAF and network
Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten: Sat. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WLW KFYR WIBA KSTP

5:45
Music by Richard Himber: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus WIRE
Terry La Franconi: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and network

"Forever Young," the Monday-to-Friday dramatic series, is by Elaine Stern Carrington, who wrote the popular "Red Davis." Camay is the sponsor, three o'clock the time, Curtis Arnall and Betty Wragge the stars.

RED NETWORK

11:30

Major Bowes' Capitol Family: Sun. one hr. WEAF and network

12:15
Honeyboy and Sassafrass Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and network

12:30
University of Chicago Discussions: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Merry Madcaps: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. Network

1:00

Road to Romany: Sun. ½ hr. WEAF and network
1:15
Lucille Manners: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
Orchestra: Tues. Wed Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. WEAF and network
1:30
Words and Music: Sun. ½hr. network only
Pat Kennedy: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WEAF and network
1:45
Breen and DeRose: Sun. ¼ hr. WEAF WFBR KYW WRC WGY WBEN
NBC Music Guild: Tues ¾ hr. WEAF and network

2:00

Melody Matinee: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Red minus WHIO WMAQ
NBC Music Guild Wed. ½ hr.
Matinee Musicale: Thurs. ½ hr.
The Magic of Speech: Fri. ½ hr.
Metropolitan Opera: Sat. 3 hrs.
2:30
Spitalny's Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr.
Rhythm Octette: Tues. ½ hr.
NBC Music Guild: Wed. ½ hr.
Three Scamps: Thurs. ¼ hr.
Airbreaks: Fri. ¼ hr. network
2:45
Mar-o-Oil Revue: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ CRCT CFCF

(*Please turn to page* 56)

The Girl who Married your Husband

Have gnawing fears and worries withered the bloom of her romance? Or did she discover "Lysol" in time?

LIKE every woman, you started out with certainty that *your* marriage would be different. No misunderstandings. All harmony.

Some marriages *do* succeed in preserving those ideals. You might be surprised to know how often they owe much of their success to "Lysol".

Doctors know that back of *most* marriage failures is the old, old story of a woman's fear—bred of misinformation and half-truths about marriage hygiene. Fortunately, more and more women today are learning the *facts*...that much of their fear is needless. "Lysol" has *earned* the confidence of the millions of women who have used it.

Two special qualities of "Lysol" make it exceptionally valuable in antiseptic marriage hygiene. First, it has the property of *spreading*, of reaching germs in folds of tissue where ordinary methods do not reach. And second, "Lysol" *remains effective in the presence of organic matter* (such as mucus, serum, pus, etc.)—when some other antiseptics lose their germ-killing power partly or even totally. Yet the dependability and gentleness of "Lysol"—in the solutions recommended—are such that leading doctors commonly use it in the delicate operation of childbirth.

You will find that the use of "Lysol" brings you a reassuring sense of antiseptic cleanliness. But more important—it relieves your mind of that constantly recurring worry, fear and suspense, which no husband ever *really* understands.

A booklet of valuable information on this important subject, is yours for the asking...just mail the coupon below.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. SAFETY..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is a *true germicide*, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, pus, etc.). Some other antiseptics don't work when they meet with these conditions.

3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually *search out* germs.

4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.

6. STABILITY . . ."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

NEW! LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP...
for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol". Protects longer against body odors, without leaving strong after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Get a cake at your favorite drug counter.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept.RM4
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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NATIONAL

RED

6P.M.

6:00
Velvetone Music: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network
U. S. Army Band: Mon. ½ hr. network
Animal News Club: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Temple of Song: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network

6:15
Animal Close-Ups: Tues ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Mary Small: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

6:30
Grand Hotel: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus KSTP WEBC and coast
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. WJZ network

6:35
Frank and Flo: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
King's Jesters: Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

6:45
Lowell Thomas: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WLW WMAL WSYR WXYZ KDKA WFLA WIOD WJAX WOOD WRVA WTAM CRCT
Jamboree: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Little Orphan Annie: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WBAP WKY WMC WMT WREN WSB WSM KFYR KOIL KSO KTBS

7P.M.

7:00
Jack Benny with Johnny Green's Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus entire supplementary list minus coast WCKY WLS WAPI WBAP KTHS
Richard Leibert, Carol Deis: Mon. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Easy Aces: Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic Blue plus coast minus WLS WREN

7:15
Captain Tim's Adventure Stories: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Blue minus WLS WREN
Nine to Five: Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic Blue plus WSAI
Home Town: Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

7:30
Bob Ripley with Ozzie Nelson: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus entire supplementary list minus WENR WFIL WIS WSOC WAPI WAVE KTBS KTHS WBAP
Lum 'n' Abner: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBZ WBZA WSYR WENR WGAR WLW
Message of Israel: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network

7:45
Lois Ravel: Mon. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Songs of the Harp: Wed. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Young New Yorkers: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

8P.M.

8:00
Leo Spitalny's Orchestra: Sun. 1 hr. WJZ and network
Fibber McGee and Molly: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus south central, southwest, northwest, and coast.
Eno Crime Clues: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW minus WCKY WENR KWK
Rendezvous: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus CRCT
Music Is My Hobby: Thurs. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Irene Rich: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Blue plus WAVE WMC WSB WSM WIRE KTAR and coast

8:15
NBC String Symphony: Thurs. ¾ hr. WJZ and network
Wendell Hall: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Boston Symphony: Sat. 1 hr. WJZ and network

8:30
Evening in Paris Mon. ½ hr. Basic Blue network
Welcome Valley, Edgar A. Guest: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW
Armco Ironmaster: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW minus WCKY WLS
Pittsburgh Symphony: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Blue
Kellogg College Prom. Red Nichols and James Melton: Fri. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus KTAR KFSD and coast

9P.M.

9:00
Life is a Song: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW
Sinclair Minstrels: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WJDX WMC WSB WSM WSMB KOA KDYL WLW, southeast, southwest, and northwest
Ben Bernie: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW southeast, southwest
Corn Cob Pipe Club Wed. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WIRE, coast
Death Valley Days: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW
Al Pearce and Gang: Fri. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus Coast

9:30
Walter Winchell: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic
Princess Pat Players: Mon. ½ hr. Basic
Helen Hayes: Tues. ½ hr. Basic
Warden Lawes: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus coast
America's Town Meeting: Thurs.1 hr. WJZ and network
Fred Waring: Fri. ½ hr. Basic blue plus network
National Barn Dance: Sat. Hour Basic Blue plus WIRE WOOD, south central, southwest.

9:45
Paul Whiteman: Sun. ¾ hr. Basic Blue plus WSAI

10P.M.

10:00
George Olsen, Ethel Shutta: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus network
John Charles Thomas: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WIRE and coast
Nickelodeon: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and network

10:30
Sunday Evening at Seth Parker's: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Russ Morgan: Mon. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Meredith Willson's Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and network
NBC Cinema Theater: Thurs. ½ hr. WJZ and network
The Other Americas: Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and network

10:45
Ella Logan: Wed. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

Irene Beasley is back on the air, with Clyde Lucas' orchestra on Life-Saver's Rendezvous, Wednesday at 8... George Olsen and his orchestra, with Mrs. Olsen (Ethel Shutta to you) as featured soloist, are back, too, Mondays at 10 on an NBC Blue network.

11P.M.

11:05
Dorothy Lamour: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.

11:15
Shandor: Sun. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Ink Spots: Mon. Wed. Fri. WJZ and network

11:30
Orchestra: Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network

12:00
Carefree Carnival: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Rebroadcasts for Western listeners:

11:00
National Barn Dance: Sat. 1 hr. northwest, coast, WLW KGU

11:15
Walter Winchell: Sun. ¼ hr. south central, southwest, coast, KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR
Lum 'n' Abner Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Coast

11:30
Jack Benny: Sun. ½ hr. Coast, KGU KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR
Paul Whiteman: Sun. ¾ hr. South west, South central, KGO KEX KECA KJR KGA
Rendezvous: Wed. ½ hr. Coast

12:00
Life is a Song: Sun. ½ hr. coast
Helen Hayes: Mon. ½ hr. coast
Fred Waring: Fri. ½ hr.

12:30
Eno Crime Clues: Tues. ½ hr. coast

1:15
Ben Bernie: Tues. ½ hr. Coast

BLUE

6P.M.

6:00
Catholic Hour: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Flying Time: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and network

6:15
Mid-week Hymn Sing: Tues ¼ hr. network

6:20
Orchestra: Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. WEAF and network
Connie Gates: Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. WEAF and network

6:30
Echoes of New York Town: Sun. 1 hr. WEAF only
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

6:35
Alma Ketchell: Sat. ¼ hr. WEAF and net work

6:45
Billy and Betty: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF only
Religion in the News: Sat. ¼ hr. WEAF and network

7P.M.

7:00
K-7: Sun. ½ hr. network only
Amos 'n' Andy: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WBEN WCAE WCSH WEEI WFBR WGY WJAR WLW WRC WTAG WTIC KSD CRCT.

7:15
Uncle Ezra's Radio Station: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Red minus WHO WTIC WWJ KSD.
Popeye, The Sailor: Tues. Thurs. Sat. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE and northwest. minus WEEI WHO WTIC WTMJ

7:30
Sigurd Nilssen, basso; Graham McNamee: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE minus WEEI WHO.
Edwin C. Hill: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and network
City Voices: Thurs ¼ hr. WEAF and network

7:45
Sunset Dreams: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus WLW WIRE CRCT CFCF minus WEEI WSAI.
Education In the News: Mon. ¼ hr. WEAF and network
You and Your Government: Tues. ¼ hr. WEAF and network
Hampton Singers: Sat. ¼ hr. Network

8P.M.

8:00
Major Bowes Amateur Hour: Sun. Hour Basic Red plus entire supplementary list plus WBZ WBZA WLW KTAR, minus WEEI WHIO WSAI WSOC WAPI KTBS KTHS WBAP WIBA
Hammerstein's Music Hall: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Red
Leo Reisman: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Red plus entire supplementary list minus coast
One Man's Family: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WLW WIRE KTAR plus entire supplementary list
Rudy Vallee: Thurs. Hour Basic Red plus WLW KTAR CRCT CFCF, coast, northwest
Cities Service: Fri. Hour—Basic Red plus CRCT KOA WIOD WRVA KPRC KTBS KTHS WFAA WKY WOAI KSTP WEBC WTMJ
Your Hit Parade: Sat. 1 hr. Basic Red plus supplementary WLW WIRE KGIR KGHL KFSD KTAR KGU

8:30
Voice of Firestone: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE CRCT CFCF, southeast, south central, southwest, northwest
Lady Esther, Wayne King: Tues. Wed. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE WTAR, south central, southwest, northwest

9P.M.

9:00
Manhattan Merry Go Round: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Red plus northwest, coast, CFCF
A and P Gypsies: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus WIRE
Vox Pop, Voice of the People; Tues. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE
Town Hall Tonight: Wed. Hour—Basic Red plus WLW, southeast, south central, southwest, northwest.
Show Boat Hour: Thurs. Hour—Basic Red plus supplementary plus WIRE KGHL KGIR KFSD KTAR
Waltz Time: Fri. ½ hr. Basic Red
Rubinoff and His Violin: Sat. ½ hr. Basic red plus all supplementary plus WLW WIRE KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR

9:30
American Album of Familiar Music: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Red plus all supplementary
Grace Moore: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WLW WIRE KFSD KTAR KGIR KGHL plus all supplementary
Texaco Presents: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WLW KFSD KTAR KGIR KGHL plus all supplementary
True Story: Fri. ½ hr. Basic Red plus coast KFSD KTAR
Shell Chateau: Sat 1 hr. Basic Red plus coast, northwest KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR

10P.M.

10:00
General Motors Concerts: Sun. Hour Basic Red plus WIRE KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR KGU and all supplementary minus KSD KVOO WFAA
Contented Program: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Red plus coast, southeast, CRCT CFCF WMC WSB WSM KPRC WFAA WKY WOAI
Swift Hour with Sigmund Romberg and Deems Taylor: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WLW CRCT, coast, northwest, southwest.
Cleveland Symphony Wed. 1 hr. WEAF and network
Bing Crosby: Thurs. Hour Basic Red plus all supplementary plus WLW KTAR minus WHIO WSAI WAPI
Campana's First Nighter: Fri. ½ hr. Basic Red plus coast WLW KTAR KFSD WFLA WIOD WJAX WRVA WWMC WMC WSB WSM WSMB KPRC KVOO WFAA WCKY WOAI KSTP WEBC WTMJ minus WHIO WSAI

10:30
National Radio Forum: Mon. ½ hr. WEAF and network
Jimmy Fidler: Tues. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus southwest, south central, coast WIRE
NBC Music Guild: Wed. ½ hr. WEAF and network

10:45
Ella Logan: Tues ¼ hr. WEAF and network

11P.M.

11:00
Melody Master: Sun. ½ hr. WEAF WBEN WEEI WFBR WGY WJAR WMAQ WRC WTAG WTAM WTIC WWJ KYW
George R. Holmes: Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and network

11:15
Orchestra: Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.

11:30
Magnolia Blossoms: Mon. ½ hr. WEAF and network
Minneapolis Symphony: Thurs. 1 hr. WEAF and network

11:45
Jesse Crawford: Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network
Rebroadcasts for Western listeners:

11:00
Sunset Dreams: Sun. ¼ hr. Coast, southwest, KFSD KTAR minus KVOO WFAA WOAI
Amos 'n' Andy: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Coast, south central, southwest, WMAQ WOW WDAF KSD WHO minus WAPI WAVE WJDX KTHS KVOO WFAA

11:30
Voice of Firestone: Mon. ½ hr. Coast. KGU KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR
Leo Reisman: Tues. ½ hr. Coast, KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR

12:00
True Story: Fri. ½ hr. coast
Town Hall Tonight: Wed. 1 hr. Coast

Show Boat Has a New Sweetheart

(*Continued from page* 19)

excitement. So when fall came, I decided I ought to go to Barnard College. I came in to New York, with a hundred dollars in my purse for the registration fee, and was on my way from the subway station to Barnard when I passed the Institute of Musical Art.

"I saw the sign, and right then I knew one thing—I didn't want to go to Barnard. I walked right into the institute and asked them what you had to do to study singing there.

"'Oh,' they said, 'you have to know a lot about it, and have a good voice to begin with.'

"Well, I didn't know a thing about it, and I hadn't any idea whether I had a good voice or not because I'd never tried it, but I bluffed them into letting me have an audition. The audition was for Dr. Damrosch—Walter Damrosch—and as soon as I started to sing he cried, 'Open de door!'

"I didn't know what he wanted me to open the door for, unless I was making so much noise the room couldn't hold it all, but I stopped and opened it for him. Then he began to laugh, and finally explained that he meant for me to open my mouth and sing out, not keep the sound bottled up in my throat.

I couldn't very well go on pretending that I knew anything about singing after that, but Dr. Damrosch said my voice was good enough to warrant lessons, so I gave them my hundred dollars and enrolled in the institute."

IT was at the Institute of Musical Art that Winifred met Mrs. Theodore Toedt, who has taught and helped her ever since—except for a year or two which I'll tell you about later.

At first, she didn't really have any intention of studying music seriously, as preparation for a career. She didn't think her voice was that good, for one thing. Studying at the institute was just an excuse to come in to New York twice a week.

But as she went on, and learned more, she became more and more interested, and finally her father cast the deciding vote by declaring that all this music business was nonsense, and he wasn't going to go on paying for it.

No restless modern girl, just beginning to find something which interested her, could be expected to stand for that.

"I told him he didn't have to pay for it, but I was going to go right on studying. I got the institute and Mrs. Toedt to help me find a few odd jobs of singing—churches and an appearance on a local station now and then—and the money I got from them was enough to cover my fees, if I was careful."

Then came her first big break. It was just luck, she herself admits; one of those Cinderella-like bits of luck I mentioned before.

Someone suggested that she write to Mme. Marcella Sembrich, who had been a famous opera star before her retirement, asking for permission to sing for her. Winifred didn't expect anything to come of it, but one day when she had nothing else to do, she wrote. For two months there was no answer. Then came a note asking her to come to tea.

"I walked in, expecting to see a big, imposing woman with a grand manner. Of

"Dolly . . . you've started a lot of gossip!"

1. **"Look at these panties,** Mother. They've got everybody on the block talking about dolly and you."

"Why, what's the matter? I wash dolly's clothes right in with my regular wash."

2. **"I told 'em** you do—and that nice new lady up the street said *that's* the trouble. She's afraid your washes have tattle-tale gray like hers used to. Even though you work hard, your soap leaves dirt behind and the clothes show it."

3. **"Dear me!** Is that all the new neighbor said?"

"Nope! She said you ought to change to Fels-Naptha Soap same as she did—'cause its wonderful *golden soap* and *heaps of naptha* chase out every teeny speck of dirt—and clothes look a million times whiter."

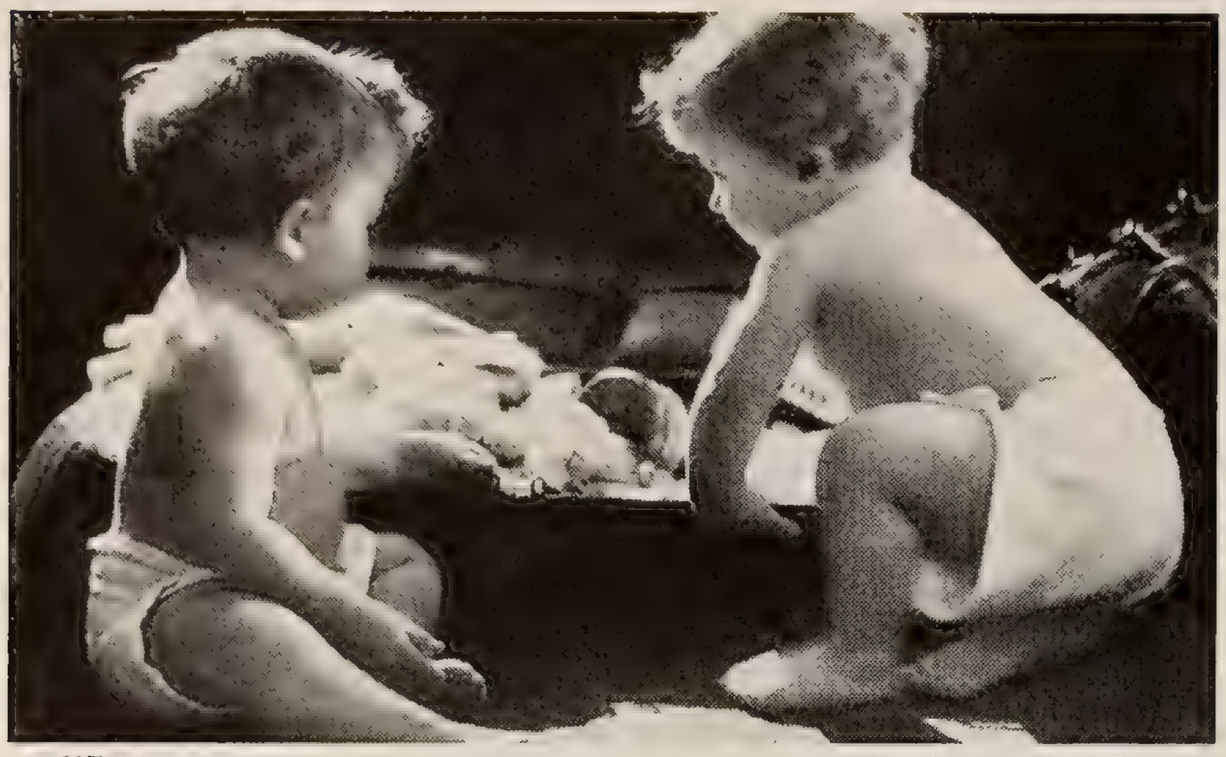
FEW WEEKS LATER . . .

4. **At the new neighbor's house.** "So Mother tried Fels-Naptha Soap just like you told me. And now her clothes look so swell she baked you this apple pie."

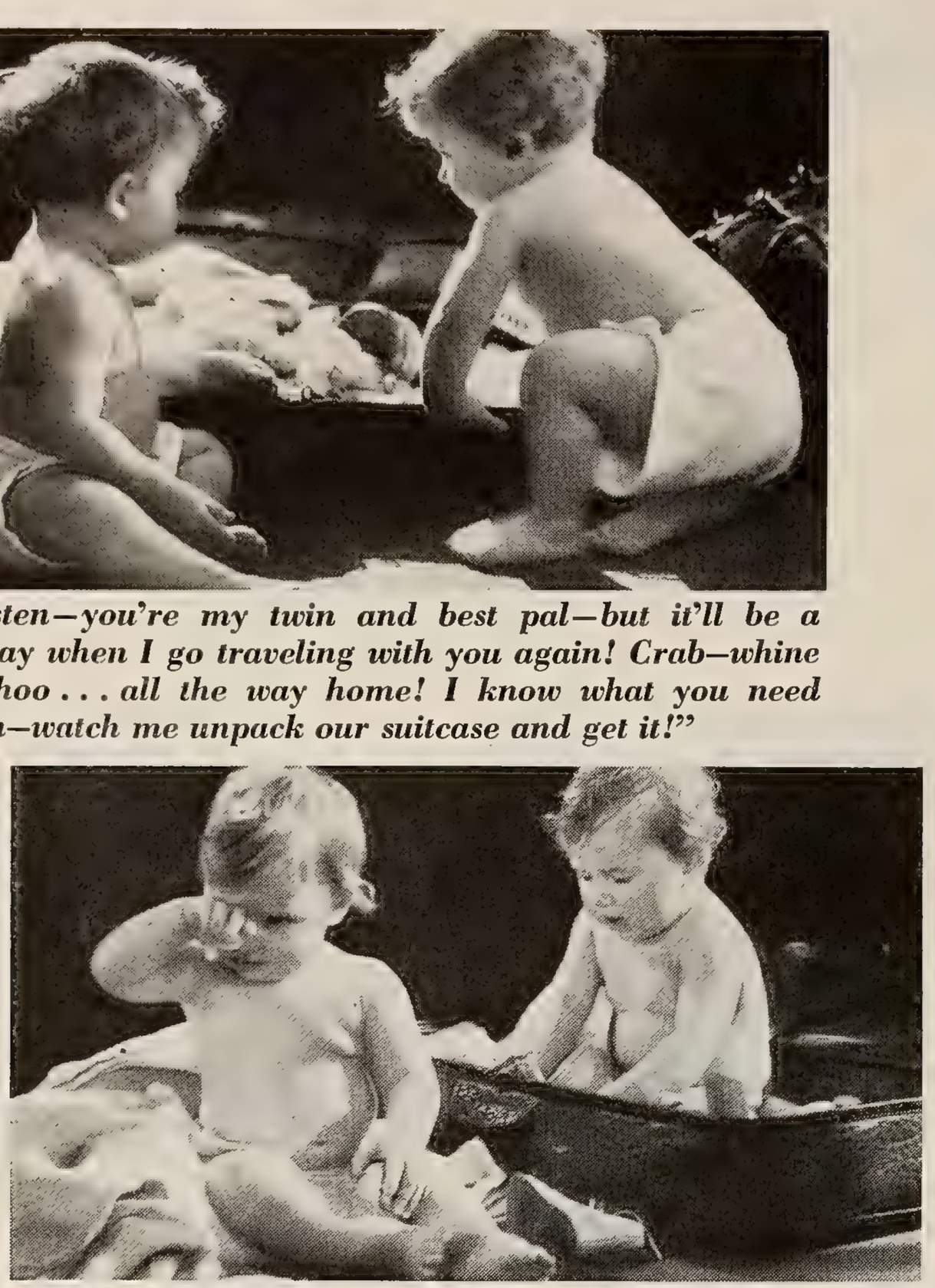
"Well! Well! Tell your mother that Fels-Naptha is a wonder for silk things, too—and maybe she'll bake me a big chocolate cake!"

© 1936, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" *with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!*



● *"Listen—you're my twin and best pal—but it'll be a cold day when I go traveling with you again! Crab—whine—boo-hoo . . . all the way home! I know what you need though—watch me unpack our suitcase and get it!"*



● *"Now stop your whimpering! I know you're chafed and hot and cranky—I don't feel any too comfortable myself. I am hurrying, aren't I? I'll find it if I have to dig clear through to China!"*

● *"There you are! Now will you take back what you said about me? Sprinkle yourself with that soft downy Johnson's Baby Powder and smile for a change. And then give some to Sister!"*

● *"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—I'll defend your baby's skin from chafes and rashes . . . I'll keep it soft and satin-smooth—I'm that way myself! No gritty particles in me as in some powders—and no orris-root. I'm made of the purest, finest Italian talc. (Your baby will like Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and Baby Oil, too!)"*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

course I was scared to death," Winifred confessed. "Instead, here was this little, sweet old lady, inches shorter than I, and tremendously gentle and kind. She didn't say a word about music. We sat and had tea and talked about different things, and then finally she said, 'Now you can sing for me, you are not nervous any more.'

"She smiled and nodded her head while I was singing. Then we talked some more, and she asked me a few questions about myself. And then, without any warning, just as I was leaving, she asked, 'Would you like to come and live here, in my home, and let me teach you?'

"So for nearly two years I lived with Mme. Sembrich. She was the loveliest woman I've ever known."

It was while she was with Sembrich that Winifred fell in love. Even today, years after it ended, it hurts her to speak of this chapter in her life.

He was a musician too, you see—like Winifred, faced with the problem of creating his career. Deeply in love as they were, there was still room in each of their hearts for the egoism no artist can be without and still succeed. There were clashes of temperament, periods in which each took a savage pleasure in making the other unhappy.

"I learned then," Winifred said, "that musicians must never marry. It was a continual fight for supremacy between the two of us. We never knew when there would be an explosion. It was hurting our work, too, and in the long run we both knew that it was the most important thing in the world to each of us."

THEY knew, too, that it would be years before they could marry; and that even marriage might bring them small happiness. In all likelihood it would mean nothing more than a repetition of the quarrels which were marring their love for each other even then.

One day, realizing that it was the only way out of their difficulty, they brought their romance to an end.

New York was unbearable to Winifred after that. She couldn't go out or meet her musical friends, for fear she might meet him too. The streets where they had walked together, bars of music they had listened to together, everything seemed to conspire to remind her of him. There was only one thing to be done: leave New York; and only one place, for a singer, to go: Europe.

"The way Mme. Sembrich acted when I told her I was going to Europe shows how big and generous she was. She knew that if she hadn't taken care of me and paid all my expenses I couldn't have saved enough money to go. I felt as if I were deserting her, but I was overwrought and hysterical. I *had* to go. The day before I left, we had a long talk.

"'You'll never see me again, Winny,' she said. 'I know that. I just want you to remember one thing. Whatever happens to you, don't ever stop singing.'

"I never did see her again, either. When I returned, she was in a coma, and soon after that she died."

By the time Winifred had bought her ticket and some necessary clothes, she had just thirty dollars, but she sailed nevertheless. Her father, still insisting that a musical career was nonsense and a trip to Europe even worse, had refused to help her, but while she was on the Atlantic he relented and cabled an additional $300.

She stayed in Europe for two years, singing in England and other countries and studying all the time. If it hadn't been for a mixup with British immigration officials, she might today be a star of

the British Broadcasting Company.

She had obtained a British labor permit, necessary for an alien before he can work in England, but in leaving England for the continent she allowed it to lapse, and didn't apply for a new one on her return. John Bull's laws are stern. One night when she was about to enter the BBC studios to go on the air, she was stopped by a policeman. Not only was she forbidden to work that night, but it turned out that she couldn't have a new labor permit. A contract to sing in a large suburban vaudeville theater had to be cancelled as well. Her career in England, which had been just about to bear fruit after a good many lean months, was definitely finished.

"And anyway," Winifred said, "I suddenly discovered I was homesick for New York."

Back in New York, she began the rounds of radio advertising agencies, giving auditions, trying to find work. There wasn't any. She caught a bad cold, and in her run-down condition, was really ill. And right at the end of her illness came a call from Benton and Bowles, the advertising agency which handles the Show Boat program for Maxwell House, and at that time was also producing the Log Cabin Inn show with Conrad Thibault.

THEY offered me a chance to sing on the Log Cabin program, and sick though I still was, I just couldn't turn it down. I accepted. And I was terrible! So terrible that on my one and only appearance on the air they cut my song down to about two bars, and even then had to ask the orchestra to play especially loudly to drown me out. They didn't ask me to sing again.

"It taught me a lesson, though. That was last March. I rested up, got into good physical condition again, and gave more auditions, and last fall I tried out at Benton and Bowles once more, for the new Show Boat part. There were three auditions, and I got as far as being one of three girls who sang in the third.

"When it was over, I felt terribly depressed. I was sure one of the other girls had been chosen. All fall I'd been working toward a recital at Town Hall, in New York, but a recital costs about a thousand dollars and I didn't even have fifty. I couldn't see how Benton and Bowles would ever let me sing on their program, after the terrible failure I had made before.

"I went down to my manager's office. 'Well, are you ready for that recital?' he asked. I told him I couldn't ever get enough money to pay for one. He laughed and said, 'That oughtn't to be hard. Benton and Bowles just called. They want you to come and sign a contract for the Show Boat.'"

The Town Hall concert was given, incidentally, last December, and immediately established Winifred Cecil as one of America's finest young sopranos. But she still insists that Benton and Bowles don't realize she is the same girl who was such a dismal flop on the Log Cabin hour.

The future? She has two definite plans. "I'm going to sing in grand opera some day," she said. "Not for a while, not until I'm ready for it. At least five years. To get ready I'm going to find a job in a musical comedy stock company somewhere and get some stage training."

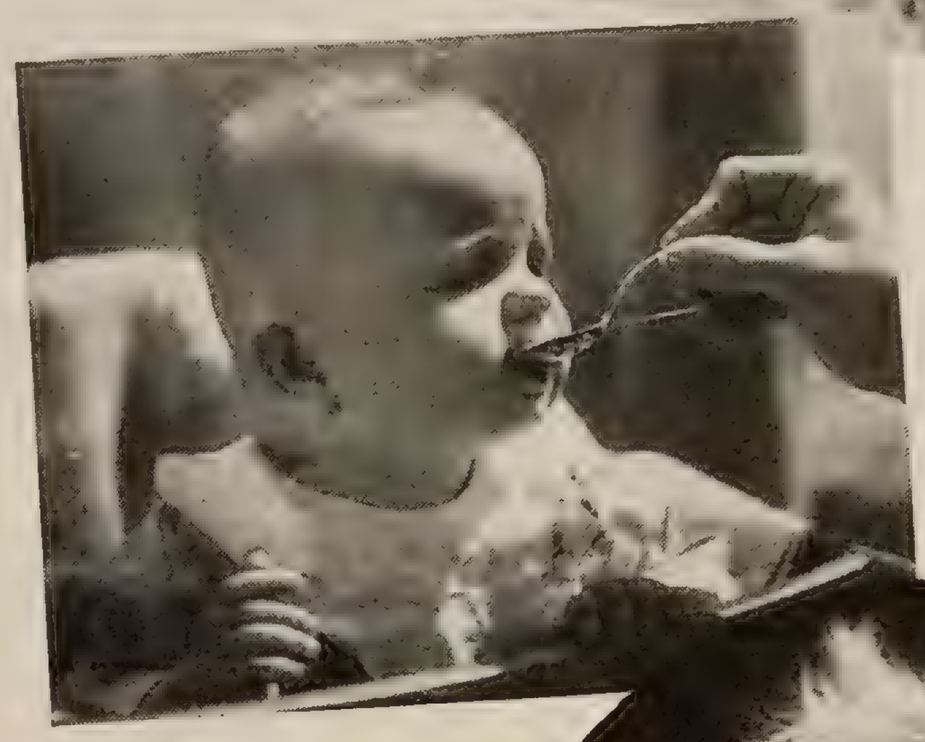
And the other plan? "In three years I'm going to be married—that is," holding up crossed fingers, "if nothing happens. No, I won't tell you who he is. I'll just tell you one thing. He's not a musician!"

Watch him grow...

HE'S A CLAPP-FED BABY

THOMAS MALEK
OF WESTFIELD, N. J.

Tommy—aged 3 months
He approves this modern idea of starting babies early on solid foods. At 10 weeks he started Clapp's Strained Wheatheart Cereal, Spinach and Carrots. Now he's having all of Clapp's strained vegetables and soups.



Tommy—aged 7 months
He has gained 4 pounds and grown 2½ inches in 4 months on Clapp's foods. He agrees with doctors that the texture of Clapp's foods is ideal for babies—finely strained, smooth, yet not too liquid.

Tommy—aged 11 months
He doesn't give a thought to the vitamins and minerals that pressure-cooking keeps in Clapp's foods . . . He just knows they taste good. But pearly teeth, firm baby flesh, and a record of steady growth testify that he's found the foods he needs on the Clapp baby menu.

Mothers—Read this Astonishing Story! A careful study of a group of Clapp-fed babies, in one community, has recently been made.

During this test, covering each baby's first year, a check-up and photographic record has been made at frequent intervals.

Not one baby has failed to show uninterrupted favorable progress.

FREE—a booklet containing the picture story of *every baby* who has completed the test to date, together with valuable information on vegetable feeding. Simply send your name and address to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. M4-36, 1328 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

16 VARIETIES

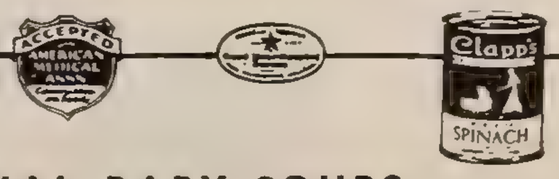
SOUPS: Baby Soup (Strained), Baby Soup (Unstrained), Vegetable, Beef Broth, Liver Soup.

FRUITS: Apricots, Prunes, Applesauce.

VEGETABLES: Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas, Spinach, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans.

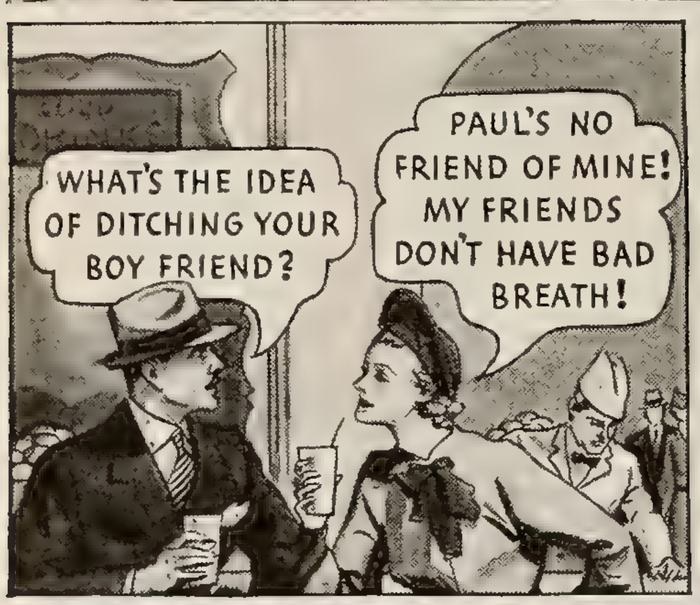
CEREAL: Wheatheart.

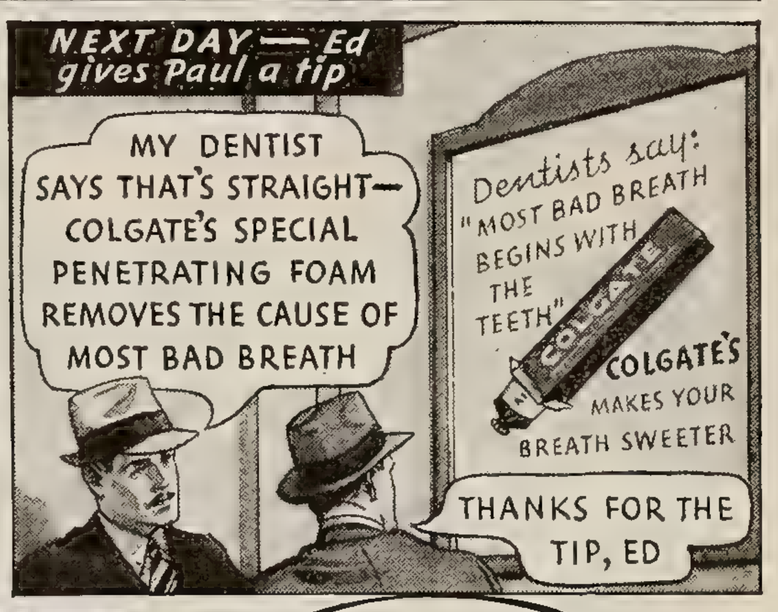
Accepted by American Medical Association and Good Housekeeping Institute



CLAPP'S ORIGINAL BABY SOUPS AND VEGETABLES

Paul wins the ring and the Girl





BOY! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO FRESH ...AND MY TEETH NEVER LOOKED SO BRIGHT!

Now-NO BAD BREATH *behind his* SPARKLING SMILE!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

How Helen Hayes Made Her Marriage a Success

(*Continued from page 23*)

yoke of coercion. And Helen had a temper that was already famous. Only her unbelievable tact and level-headedness helped her see her dreams come true.

When Helen first met him he had one foot across the threshold of dramatic fame. He had helped Edward Sheldon write "Lulu Belle." But always he worked as a collaborator, one who leaned on others, one who wasted more than he produced, giving away priceless lines of dialogue, epigrams, in his conversation which more canny writers learned to treasure.

THEY met at a party at the beginning of the 1926 stage season when she was a ranking comedienne and he was a movie critic on an evening paper who wrote plays in off moments. Their meeting of necessity was casual, inconsequential. But some spark must have struck between them even then, for Charlie began to call and ask her for dates.

Helen was prepared to be amused. She had heard of her future husband's eccentricities—as who on Broadway had not—and when she went with him that first night she had been amply warned.

She knew for instance of his latest bit of whimsy. Maddened by interviewers of Hollywood stars, because they always begged for autographed portraits, it seemed that Charlie, at interviews for his paper, would ask the star if she would like *his* picture. Trapped, the star would mumble a surprised yes. Thereupon Charlie would whip out a rubber stamp, a picture of himself, and endorse it whimsically, "I love you—Charles MacArthur."

And, she recalled, back in Chicago they still said that he had been accustomed to taking early morning rides with Dion O'Bannion, last of the midwest's great gun killers, with Charlie at the wheel, singing, and Dion shooting out arc lights for practice.

Helen's first clear insight into his true nature came the next time they met, when they discussed the possibility of her playing the lead in Sir James Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows."

Here was a curious circumstance. Charlie, who never considered himself worthy of a serious thought, gave Helen the advice which meant real, country-wide success.

"Take my word for it," he counselled, "the time is ripe for you to break away from comedy. Get into drama, take the lead in this play of Barrie's."

And Helen finally accepted. The play began out of town. When it arrived in New York, she was hailed as the best young actress in America. She saw Charlie for the third time in her life on the opening night when he fought his way backstage with his congratulations.

By now Helen realized that she was falling in love with this erratic genius. It was paradoxical, she knew, for a girl who had worked hard all her life to love a man who had never settled down for more than a month at a time. But there it was, and whatever forebodings she might secretly have had, she became engaged to him in the winter months of 1926.

She must have felt that some time, some way, Charlie would leave off his nomadic wandering, his sporadic plunges into work, set a goal for himself and strike out. And she would help.

Then he started his collaboration on

"The Front Page." Helen herself was starring in "Coquette," a dark tragedy which was sending audiences home from the theater, their eyes still wet with tears at her moving performance.

It was then, August 17, 1928, that they were married. And it was the wedding ceremony, unplanned, unexpected, that showed Helen how much was left before she could see the man she loved secure at the top, his instability left far behind.

One hot afternoon Charlie picked up Helen and they went out for a soda. Afterwards, they strolled into an office building on 42nd Street to escape the stifling weather.

"I've got a friend on the eighteenth floor. It's always cool there. Let's go up," Charlie suggested.

IT was pleasant, refreshing in the office. Helen sat down with a sigh of relief. Suddenly Charlie jumped to his feet, rushed to the phone with a great air of excitement. In the next five minutes he had called Helen's mother, Alexander Woollcott and Ben Hecht, urging them all to come over at once.

"Well, I mean—" protested Helen, "what's all this mystery?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," Charlie replied. "We're going to be married. Where's a minister?"

What follows sounds like the veriest kind of a fairy tale, but every witness in the room has vouchsafed for it. In the next few minutes Helen's mother and the two witnesses assembled. And at that moment, a magistrate of New York city, a mutual friend, strolled in. Charlie grabbed him by the arm.

"You're going to marry us—right now," he said.

At first, Helen couldn't believe he was serious. "But Charlie," she objected, "married this way—without any announcements, any attendants, not even in a church? Besides, I'm not certain I want to marry you."

"What!" Charlie exclaimed. "After making these people come all this way in such weather? You can't back out now." And then, riled by his mocking words, she made up her mind. She *would* marry him! And together, they would bring Charlie MacArthur down to earth. So, knowing full well the task she was assuming, Helen was wedded to Charlie without further delay.

Although there were no money worries for this young couple, far more serious problems came to them short months after the wedding.

A contract was in the mail one day, offering Charlie a stupendous salary to come to Hollywood and adapt stories for the screen. Charlie was inclined to turn down the offer. Hollywood, from which his friends returned with caustic comments, didn't sound at all enticing. He had also heard there was hard work to be done out there.

Helen realized that he would be away from her most of the year, if he accepted. But the work he would do was more important than the pain of their separation. Attendance, day in and day out, at a studio might bring him closer to a realization of his powers.

"I'm not even going to answer," he told her and got up to leave the room. "Wait a minute," she pleaded and then, with infinite tact, careful to avoid any pressure, she persuaded him to sign the contract. She went to the depot with him, saw him off and trudged back to work. She was not to hear from Hollywood in regard to her own services until later.

Before that, she was to have a daugh-

Now they whisper *to* her
...not *about* her

Fragrantly feminine
..SO DESIRABLE

since she uses this lovelier way to avoid offending . . . Since she bathes with exquisite, scented Cashmere Bouquet Soap

SUCH a lovely, *feminine* way to guard your personal daintiness!

Your luxurious bath with this fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap keeps you so immaculate. Its deep-cleansing lather frees you so *completely* from any danger of body odor.

And then—to make you more alluring—the subtle, costly perfume of this lovely soap clings lightly about you . . . leaves you delicately perfumed from tip to toe!

Hours afterward, when you dine and dance with *him* . . . how glamorously this exquisite, flower-like fragrance still surrounds you!

You will want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its rich, luxurious lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. That's why Cashmere Bouquet complexions are so radiantly clear, so alluringly smooth.

And Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢ a cake. The same superb soap which for generations has been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting... Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

Why not order at least three cakes of Cashmere Bouquet today! Sold at the beauty counters of all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

BATHE WITH *Cashmere Bouquet*

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

NOW ONLY 10¢ the former 25¢ size

As swift as light—

The Magic of the

LINIT BEAUTY BATH

Modern life demands much of women—in business, in the home, the club—and in social duties that are a part of her daily life. To meet every occasion, with a consciousness of looking her best, the smart woman tirelessly strives to cultivate every feminine charm. Today, one of the outstanding essentials of charm is a soft, smooth skin.

For many years, fastidious women have relied on the Linit Beauty Bath to give their skin the feel of rare velvet.

To those who have not tried the Linit Beauty Bath, why not do this today: Dissolve some Linit in the tub while the water is running. Bathe as usual and, after drying, feel your skin. It will be delightfully soft and smooth. And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath.

Make it a habit to use Linit in your tub water and join the thousands of America's loveliest women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

LINIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

for Fine Laundering

● Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

ter, blue eyed, flaxen haired, with her mother's frailty and her father's sense of humor. The child was born in February, 1930. Shortly after that, with Charlie already back on the West Coast, Helen was sent her first offer from the movies, a long term contract, with options for renewals.

She was reluctant to accept. Her first love was the stage, and she was not at all sure that she'd be anything but a flop in Hollywood. Still, she might be able to help her husband, being at his side more of the time.

So she sacrificed her own interest, risked her future on the stage, and went West. She was happy at first, because the picture she made was written by Charlie. It was "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Not enough can be said about the effort Helen made to insure the film's success for the sake of her husband.

For a while, working almost hand in hand with Charlie, Helen thought that he was straightening out on the road to permanent success. Then occurred the first of several incidents which shook her belief, nearly made her desert Hollywood.

An afternoon came when Charlie disappeared from his studio office. He was not to be found anywhere.

For two weeks, no one heard from him, had the least idea where he could have gone. Suddenly, he reappeared, just as quickly as he had departed.

He explained to Helen, who was in tears with fear and worry:

"A decorator came into my office and wanted me to pick out some drapes. It sounded too darn much like permanence, so I got out."

Charlie and his closest friend, Ben Hecht, who was also on the Coast, shared a genuine dislike for Hollywood. Soon they began to cast longing eyes towards the legitimate stage. Charlie became more and more restless.

Finally, roused to working pitch, the two of them left for New York, where they wrote the play, "Twentieth Century," at Hecht's home in Nyack.

After a successful run, Charlie sat back, content with a Broadway life of handshaking, shop talk, cocktail parties, and first nights, with an occasional flurry of work.

It was not, however, what Helen wanted for him.

FROM her work in Hollywood, she had a growing faith in the film industry. Its possibilities seemed limitless. Charlie should be on hand, ready for a chance when it came.

Then she heard that he and Hecht were wanted in Hollywood for the adaptation of "Twentieth Century" to the screen. Again Charlie balked at work in the movie capitol. Summoning up all her faith in him, Helen quietly, unobstrusively, persuasively, once more led him to accept the job.

In the meantime, taking advantage of her contract which allowed her six months out of every year for stage appearances, Helen went back to New York.

It was not until the next spring, in 1932, that she and Charlie took their first real vacation since they married.

They went abroad for five weeks, touring England and France at their leisure. During the past winter, Charlie had not only adapted his play with Hecht, but had produced other work. He had actually kept busy most of the time.

Now, in Europe, he and Helen were closer than ever. Gone, it seemed, was his restlessness, his inability to stick long at any one thing. He appeared almost anxious for his return.

They talked over plans for a house,

a more permanent structure than their Manhattan apartment. Enthusiastically, Charlie agreed that a place far from the city would be the thing to have.

Upon their return, Helen took him by the hand and led him up into the country, at Nyack. There she pointed out a huge, ramshackle house she wanted to buy and rebuild. And Charlie consented.

No one would believe Helen when she came back to New York and said that Charlie MacArthur was spending money to buy a house. She had never been more happy. Her dream of furnishing a real home was coming true. In the midst of moving, Charlie was recalled to Hollywood.

Even then he was not yet ready for the work Helen knew he could do. Inertia again seized him at the studio, where he sat for days without turning out a page of copy.

Called upon one day by his supervisor to produce what he had been paid to write, he hastily wrapped up several sheets of blank paper in the likeness of a manuscript and went into the producer's office.

"I'm sorry," he began hurriedly, "but I've decided that that is not up to my standard for scripts."

Without another word, he tore the blank pages into tiny pieces, threw them temperamentally into a wastepaper basket, and strode out.

To Helen, when she heard this, it was almost the last straw. Would Charlie never do real work? She had waited five years. She wondered a bit shakily on just what she had based her faith and confidence.

It did not surprise her that he and Hecht, a few weeks later, dramatically canceled their contracts which called for approximately $1000 a day and left Hollywood the same afternoon.

When she met him at the station on his return, she knew that they were rapidly approaching a climax in their marriage. She herself was still working in the Theater Guild production of "Mary of Scotland," hailed as the finest piece of drama on Broadway. Charlie, straight from Hollywood, seemed to have no plans for the future.

WORDS of reproach came tumbling to her lips. He had thrown away all his chances. What was left him? How could he expect to go on? But still she could not quite believe that her faith in him was really lost.

"Welcome home," she greeted, and Charlie caught her in his arms. Cheerfully, tenderly he kissed her and hurried her into a cab. Not a frown crossed his tanned face. Driving home he chatted aimlessly about inconsequential things.

"Something's coming up," he said, but Helen, discouraged, didn't encourage him to go on. She did not see him often in the next few days. He was gone all the time, mostly with Ben Hecht. Always he was gay, happy. He seemed not to have a worry in the world. She thought a lot those days. More and more her battle seemed lost. She was close to tears those days.

Suddenly, one day, he came racing home, just after lunch, his face broken in a wide, triumphant grin. Breathlessly he told Helen the good news.

He and Hecht were going to produce their own movies! They had rented the old Paramount studio on Long Island and had come to terms with the former owner. Paramount would release all their productions.

At last! Her husband his own producer! With no outside help, by his own decision, Charlie had arrived at productive work,

At certain times it is far from wise,
To be unrestrained before female eyes,
Or say what you really want to say,
With adequate words in a colorful way!
So try to pretend that you still like dogs,
That there isn't a tear in the Sunday togs—
Be calm . . collected . . pull down your vest,
Let the yellow package put nerves at rest,
It costs you no more to enjoy the best, *to* . . .

Compose yourself
with
Beech-Nut
the **QUALITY** *gum*

and plunged willingly into a job which took all his time and energy.

Somehow, all her doubts, her worries, vanished into thin air. And it mattered not whether the first production were a success or not. It only mattered that Charlie was doing the work, wanted to do the work. She knew, then, that the marriage was a success.

The surprising record they made in shooting their first film, "Crime Without Passion," proved that Hecht and MacArthur were no amateurs in the field. These two madcaps, the bad boys of Hollywood, cut a day off their shooting schedule, spent $30,000 less than they had anticipated — almost unheard of in movie circles.

The night of the preview on Long Island, when the curtain was rung down and the audience applauded wildly, Helen stood proudly by, willing to wait until later to offer her private congratulations. It was enough just then to share the ovation.

As a happy sequel, Helen left shortly for Hollywood with the knowledge that her next picture would be "What Every Woman Knows," the play that marked the beginning of her love affair with Charlie.

When she left, Charlie was at the station to say goodbye. His plans had already been made for his next picture, a comedy starring Jimmy Savo. They parted with that perfect understanding and complete security which was Helen's six-year-old dream come true.

Wide World

Is this the way you expected Tizzie Lish to look? Oh, it is, is it? The eminent cooking and beauty expert of Al Pearce's gang is Bill Comstock when he—or she—is off the air. The gang's in Chicago now, broadcasting twice a week for the Pepsodent Company on the NBC chain.

Your hands

WILL LEAD A LOVELIER LIFE

ALL . . WEEK . . LONG!

GLAZO IS WORLD-FAMOUS FOR BEAUTY AND LONG WEAR

WOMEN are becoming more critical, more discriminating in the beauty preparations they use. They expect a nail polish not only to be outstandingly lovely but to apply easily without streaking and to wear for days longer than polishes they used to know.

Because Glazo has these virtues, its fame has circled the world. It is famous for its glorious fashion-approved shades. It is famous for solving the streaking problem and for amazing ease of application. It is famous for giving 2 to 4 days longer wear, without peeling or chipping.

Glazo shares its success with you, and is now only 20 cents. Do try it, and see how much lovelier your hands can be!

Just 20 CENTS

IN CANADA, 25 CENTS

GLAZO

. . The Smart Manicure

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT!

CAPRA'S NEWEST TRIUMPH!

Gary Cooper

A GENTLEMAN GOES TO TOWN

JEAN ARTHUR

George Bancroft • Lionel Stander • Douglass Dumbrille • Raymond Walburn • Margaret Matzenauer • H. B. Warner • Warren Hymer

A FRANK CAPRA PRODUCTION

Screen play by Robert Riskin From the story by Clarence Budington Kelland

GOLDEN-VOICED STAR IN HER GAYEST AND GRANDEST PICTURE!

Grace Moore

THE KING STEPS OUT

FRANCHOT TONE

Walter Connolly • Raymond Walburn

Victor Jory

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

Glorious Music by FRITZ KREISLER *Screen play by Sidney Buchman Lyrics by Dorothy Fields*

WONDER SHOW OF 1936!

STORMING AMERICA IN A MIGHTY SONG CRESCENDO!

THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND

HARRY RICHMAN

ROCHELLE HUDSON

WALTER CONNOLLY

FARLEY and RILEY

and their 'Round and 'Round Music

Douglass Dumbrille • Lionel Stander

Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER

Screen play by Jo Swerling Story by Sidney Buchman

Music and Lyrics by Lew Brown-Harry Akst and Victor Schertzinger

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Which is best for your child?

YES . . . you can *make* your child take a nasty-tasting laxative by sheer physical force.

But is it wise? Is it good for him?

Doctors say forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can upset his entire nervous system.

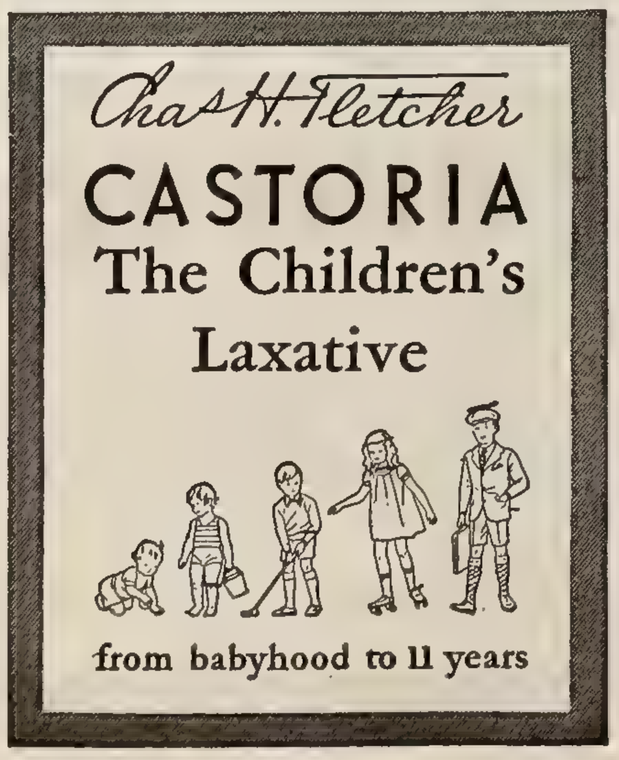
The easy way is to give him a laxative with a pleasant taste—a laxative he'll take willingly—FLETCHER'S CASTORIA.

FLETCHER'S CASTORIA is made especially for babies and little children. There isn't a harsh or harmful thing in it. FLETCHER'S CASTORIA is safe—and gentle, too. Its one and only purpose is to

thoroughly clear the wastes from your baby's system.

Use only FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. For your baby—for your other children . . . all the way up to 11 years of age. We suggest that you get the Family-Size bottle. Not only because it lasts longer . . . but because you get more for your

money. More than 5,000,000 mothers depend upon FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. Get a bottle today at your drug store.



There's No Holding Husing!

(*Continued from page* 31)

The late Morris Littmann, a New York retail merchant and one of Ted's closest friends, had set a precedent in radio by buying up all the time on WHN. His was the only commercial program the station carried for a long period of time. All day long, WHN's listeners would hear the repeated strains of the Littmann theme song, interspersed with announcements of bargain offers at the Littmann store.

That was too much for Ted. When Littmann asked him his opinion of his broadcasts, Ted gave it to him. "They're blatant and over-commercialized," he said. "You're taking advantage of the listeners by buying too much time. Besides, it isn't good business. You're antagonizing a lot of prospective customers by plugging at them too much."

Littmann rewarded Ted's bluntness by telling William S. Paley, president of CBS, that the chain wasn't fully realizing the announcer's value by keeping him on sustaining programs. The result was that Ted got a raise.

He's similarly outspoken in his football broadcasts, and for a very good reason. He believes that good sports announcing demands frankness.

"I try to be honest with myself as well as with every listener," he says. "I've been criticized for being partial to one team in a game, but a radio announcer, like a newspaper reporter, can't be impartial and frank at the same time!

WHEN I enter a stadium I just unleash myself, let go of all restrictions. Sports announcing is all emotional, and my emotions must be free. Impartiality would kill the flavor of a broadcast. If a player looks good to me when he comes out on the field, I'll say so, and if I don't like the brand of football a team is playing, I'll say that, too."

Just once, you'll remember, this policy of Ted's got him into difficulties. In the 1931 Harvard-Dartmouth game he characterized two of Dartmouth's plays as "putrid." He was ruled off the Harvard field. Although he usually sticks to his opinions, Ted realizes now that the term was excessive, and is sincerely sorry he used it.

Unpleasant as the incident was, it still had its good effects. It gave Ted what amounted to a publicity scoop. There was talk of a mechanical gadget to delay announcers words after they had entered the microphone long enough for a copy-desk of "editors" to delete objectionable phrases. Most of the editorial comment was in a similar jocular vein, and did Ted no real harm.

Today, gridiron fans look forward to Ted's prophecies, and respect them. He never makes predictions on hunches, but takes into consideration the physical condition of individual players, comparative ability, and, whenever possible, his own first-hand observation of competing teams.

You know his ability to prophesy football results, but he has another talent, equally valuable, known only to those intimately connected with the radio world. Behind the scenes, he's known as radio's best picker of future stars.

When Rudy Vallee was tooting the saxophone on a local jewelry store program over WMCA, New York, Ted told his friends, "This Vallee fellow has the best orchestra on the air. Watch that guy. He's going to be one of the biggest names in broadcasting."

It was the same with Amos 'n' Andy. When the two blackface comedians were

signed by Pepsodent for their first network job after a long period of local Chicago broadcasting as Sam and Henry, it was Ted who called the attention of New York radio scribes to the new stellar show looming on the horizon. His persistent boosting in the early days was a large factor in both Rudy's and Amos 'n' Andy's success.

He's especially sharp at picking hit bands. Freddie Rich, Duke Ellington, Jack Denny and Red Nichols are some of the musical maestros he praised long before you or I had ever heard of them.

I asked him, the other day, who were the coming stars now.

"There are loads of youngsters who are headed for stardom," he said. "For example, Irene Beasley, of the networks, and a kid named Larry Taylor, of WAAT, New Jersey. But the days when unknowns skyrocketed, as Vallee and Amos 'n' Andy did, are past. Radio's gone beyond creating its own stars now. Instead, we're headed for a period of big names from other fields—in it now, as a matter of fact, to a large extent."

Ted's independence in his relations with his bosses, the Columbia network, is responsible for the breaking of a number of radio taboos. He never draws network lines, in or out of working hours. He's likely to pop up anywhere in radio, whether or not there is a tie-up with his chain. When NBC opened its old Times Square studios Ted, who was present unofficially, drew as much attention from the premiere audience as any personality of the chain running the event.

He even broadcast, once, over both networks simultaneously. When Milton J. Cross, the NBC announcer, won the first radio diction medal in 1929, both CBS and NBC broadcast the proceedings from the Academy of Arts and Letters. Ted presided over the CBS mike while Phillips Carlin handled the job for NBC. The two mikes were side by side in a small room, and it was obvious that "cross-talk" couldn't be avoided. So Carlin stepped aside and Ted's words, aimed at the CBS mouthpiece, actually went out over both networks—and radio was treated to the unprecedented spectacle of an announcer reporting an honor being given to an announcer of a competing organization, over the competition's own stations as well as his own!

Ted often goes on local stations, whether they are CBS outlets or not, in the cities he visits on assignments for his own network. And when he had his own weekly sports commentary spot, he broke the rules by inviting sports announcers of competitive stations to his program.

For a long time Ted was in demand as a master of ceremonies at band openings in New York hotels. But there was likely to be rough going when Ted presided over a premiere. The last time he officiated in such a job was at the Taft Hotel. He had just given a complimentary introduction to some celebrity when somebody in the audience yelled derisively, "So what?" Ted told him what, and although his remarks were greeted with applause from the audience, he swore off master-of-ceremonying from that day on.

"I'll leave that job to someone with entertainment value," he says.

Cooking for Lent

(*Continued from page* 11)

top-of-the-stove rice pudding, which is quicker to make than the old-fashioned baked rice pudding.

"The proportions are one cup of rice to five cups of milk," she told me. "Soak the rice in warm water for half an hour, then dry it in a towel, or in the oven with the flame turned low. When it is entirely dry, heat the milk and add the rice, rubbing it between your hands over the cooking milk. In this way the grains of rice will be separated. Add a pinch of salt and sugar to taste—I use two mixing spoonfuls of sugar, but many people will find this too sweet. Cook slowly until the rice is cooked through, when it should have absorbed all the milk. If the milk hasn't all been absorbed, pour off the excess, for you want the pudding to be firm, not liquid. Remove from the fire and add a teaspoonful of vanilla, then pour into a dish which has been rinsed with cold water and let the pudding cool. When it has cooled, set it in the ice-box until ready to serve. Before serving, sprinkle with cinnamon or grated chocolate, or cover with a puree of chestnuts which has been made by boiling chestnuts until tender and running them through a food chopper. Serve with whipped cream."

Lenten dishes or no, no interview with Fritzi Scheff would be complete without her recipe for Hungarian goulash—"Real Hungarian goulash," she insists, "not one of those stews done up with tomatoes and all sorts of other vegetables and spices"—but there just isn't room for any more. So if you will write to me I'll be glad to send you her recipe, as well as those for the creamed soups and scalloped oysters mentioned in the article, and a delicious caramel custard I'm sure you will love. Fritzi is also famous for her candy recipes, and I'll send those, too, if you will mention them when you write me. Address your letter to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, care of RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Join a Treasure Hunt!

Join a treasure hunt for real pirate gold, buried on a tropical island off the coast of Florida. Go aboard John Charles Thomas' private yacht and speed with him over the bounding main in as rollicking an adventure story as you'll ever read. It's all yours in the May issue of RADIO MIRROR.

You would see some of the fields where the vegetables for Gerber's Strained Foods are grown—fertile gardens under our own control to produce the finest possible specimens for feeding your baby. Raising "Home Grown" vegetables is not enough. Harvested exactly when they offer the highest food value, they are rushed to our kitchens to prevent the loss of vitamins that occurs when vegetables are exposed to the delays of transportation and storage. And every one of our farms is less than an hour's trucking distance away!

Add to this care in growing, a process that protects the essential vitamins and minerals, and you have the reasons why Gerber's wins the praise of experts on baby feeding. Ask your doctor about Gerber's.

Gerber's Are Shaker-Cooked

For the same reason that you stir food as you heat it, every can is shaken during the cooking process to insure thorough, even temperature throughout the can, thus permitting a shorter cooking time and giving Gerber's a fresher appearance and flavor.

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Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

STRAINED TOMATOES, GREEN BEANS, BEETS, CARROTS, PEAS, SPINACH, VEGETABLE-SOUP. ALSO, STRAINED PRUNES AND CEREAL.

Your Baby Will Enjoy the New Gerber Doll

Send 10c and Three Gerber labels for this little sateen, stuffed Doll. Specify whether boy or girl doll is desired.

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"Mealtime Psychology", a booklet on infant feeding sent free on request. "Baby Book", on general infant care, 10c additional.

no appetite? nervous?
losing weight? pale?

—there is usually a definite reason for these

DON'T try to get well in a day... this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and run-down . . . a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food... sound sleep ... steady nerves... a good complexion... and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today. © S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

He Never Takes No For An Answer

(*Continued from page 34*)

way, one who played the brand of insane, pulse-wracking jazz that Red Nichols produced on his trumpet must be that way multiplied by two.

The life of a chorus girl isn't the gay, glamourous butterfly affair you may have been led to believe. It's hard work, hard, physical work. When she goes home at midnight, a chorus girl is likely to be a lot more tired than a typist when she goes home at five. That's one reason why chorus girls aren't any more anxious to fall in love with crazy, unstable playboys than typists are.

The months went on, and Willa went on not answering Red's fervent notes.

She didn't know Red. She didn't know, for instance, just how persistent he could be, nor that thus far in his life he'd always managed to get what he wanted. There were a lot of things she didn't know.

Red's father was professor of music at the University of Utah. He loved music so much that he had made it his profession. He taught Red to play the trumpet when he was three years old, and took him with him to play in the State Industrial School Band, which he directed.

BUT though he loved music, he was determined that Red and his other children must not be professional musicians. It was his own experience that brought him to this determination. His income from his duties at the university, plus that from directing the Industrial School Band, amounted to exactly $18.50 a week. Eighteen-fifty on which to bring up a family of four children. As far as Professor Nichols could see, poverty was the only future in music.

As a sideline, music was a different matter. You could use it to give yourself and your friends pleasure, and to add, now and then, to your regular income.

Red made his first public appearance in the Civic Auditorium of his home town, Ogden, when he was five years old. He played "America" on his trumpet. After that he was in constant demand around Ogden, at local entertainments and now and then in vaudeville theaters. He still has the yellowed clipping from the Ogden Standard of February 8, 1916, telling of his appearance at an Elks' show:

"Master Loring Nichols, Ogden's precocious eleven-year-old cornetist, was required to play two numbers, instead of one. In fact, the audience did not wait for the conclusion of either of his numbers to express its appreciation, but applauded almost continuously while he was playing."

Summers, Professor Nichols, Red, and his two sisters helped out the family pocketbook by traveling through Utah, appearing as a vaudeville act in various theaters. The professor could play almost any kind of instrument you'd care to mention; and Red sang and danced in addition to his trumpet solos.

One thing, though, was always taken for granted. Red's real business was going to school, not playing the trumpet. Whenever it was a question of missing a day of school to play somewhere, school always won out.

When he was fourteen, Red won a scholarship to Culver Military Academy, in Indiana. It was a musical scholarship, too, and at Culver he played in the band, which was the best thing about his two years there, to his way of thinking. He didn't care much for military training, maneuvers and tactics. He cared so little for them that it was a tragedy to him when he passed his examinations for West Point. He hadn't expected to pass them, hadn't wanted to, and had only taken them to please his father, who had settled on the army as practically a perfect career for his son.

Red graduated from Culver and went back to Ogden, ostensibly to wait until time to enter West Point. All the time, though, he knew he wasn't going to West Point. Neither was he going to follow the career his family had mapped out for him —West Point, army, and a progression to the rank of general by easy stages. And, by golly, he wasn't going to limit his musical activities to playing in a military band!

They argued about it at first, Red and his father, and the arguments had a way of getting noisier and more bitter every time. Finally Red quit arguing. He borrowed a few dollars where he could, saved a few more, and succeeded in scraping fifty of them together. Then he quietly boarded a train for a small town in Ohio, where one of his former Culver schoolmates lived. He was seventeen years old.

During the year and a half that followed, Red and four ex-members of the Culver band, all of whom lived in neighboring Ohio towns, barnstormed through Ohio and Indiana, calling themselves the Syncopating Five and playing for dances. From the first they were popular, and sometimes after a night's engagement the profits would amount to as high as sixty dollars each.

All the time, though, Red was working toward an invasion of New York. He'd won his point with his father—a few weeks after he'd landed in Ohio a letter had come, with the key of the Nichols home enclosed. "You can use this whenever you like," Professor Nichols had written. "I still don't think music is any profession for you, but if you want to follow it so much, I guess you'll have to do it."

Red saved up enough money to keep him in New York for several months if he didn't work, and left the Syncopating Five—which, deprived of its guiding spirit, promptly disbanded.

HE needn't have worried about finances, though. He'd been in New York only a few months when he got a job playing in Harry Susskind's orchestra at the Pelham Heath Inn, and from then on Red Nichols' progress was one of those things you dream about. He was nineteen when he organized an orchestra called The Redheads, with Jimmy Dorsey, Miff Mole, Arthur Schutt, Vic Burton, Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang and himself in its personnel, and made his first phonograph recording.

Red Nichols and his Five Pennies burst upon a startled world in 1925. The Five Pennies were the same as The Redheads, minus Joe Venuti. In his Five Pennies records Red introduced the kind of hot jazz music which has become his trademark. Even today "to go Nichols" is a bit of musicians' slang meaning to play the Nichols type of music.

The Five Pennies recording of "Ida" is a classic; it sold a million copies, and it's still selling. It illustrates Red's method of taking a tune which had been popular years before and rearranging it, making it virtually his own. When you think of "Ida," you think of Red Nichols.

And that brings us—and Red—up to 1926, the "Vanities" and Willa Stutsman. He hadn't got that far, you see, by being an erratic, crazy musician. He'd known all along just what he wanted, and how to get it.

Not knowing this, Willa paid no attention to his notes. For nine months, through one entire edition of the "Vanities," he went on sending them to her. Then a new edition of the show was prepared, in which Earl Carroll tried the new and revolutionary idea of using the chorus girls as ushers and program girls. They had to come down into the auditorium before the show and get their programs.

That was exactly the chance Red had been waiting for. One night he suddenly popped out at Willa as she came into the lobby.

"Say," he said, "is it possible for a fellow to have a date with you tonight after the show?"

Willa looked at him, hesitated, then relented. "All right," she said. "You've certainly tried hard enough."

"And after that," says Red, "it was strictly romance." They were married a few months later, with Paul Whiteman, whose orchestra Red had just joined, as best man.

Today they have a lovely home in Forest Hills, which they took when their little daughter Dorothy was old enough to want to run around out of doors. Red, with his band, is star of Friday night's Kellogg College Prom. Professor Nichols admits that it's possible for a musician to be a financial success—and Willa admits that a musician can settle down to being a good husband. That is, except when it's a question of airplanes. They terrify her, but Red loves them. If he has to make a trip he'll agree to go by train, to please her, but somehow it always happens that he just misses the train and has to go by plane instead.

But then—all musicians are erratic.

The True Story of Radio's Francis X. Bushman

(*Continued from page 33*)

Shortly thereafter the whole outfit packed up and went out and founded Hollywood.

Bushman made half a million dollars in that first year. This was during his Lavender Era. He drove around in a magnificent lavender limousine, attended by a chauffeur and footmen uniformed to match; he wore lavender suits and orchid fedoras and his great house was a symphony in shades of purple.

He was crowned "King of the Movies" during the World's Fair in 1915, and also at the San Diego Exposition. He traveled abroad a great deal, and enthusiastic crowds greeted him wherever he went. In those days American movies were the only movies there were, so the whole world was his audience—and his oyster.

He may be said to have started the custom of divorce in the movie colony. At least he was the first to indulge in that luxury. It was not known generally that he was married. With women all over the world kissing his picture good night, the studio felt that Bushman's wife and five children should be kept very much in the background.

But Bushman insisted on having them near him, so the family lived in a great house close to the studio. When Francis X. used to carry an infant around in the conventional happy fade-out of his films, more often than not it was one of his own children.

It finally got out that The Great Lover had been married for a number of years. His fan mail dropped perceptibly, and from that moment on his popularity waned.

His last picture was "Ben Hur" and in

YES! DENTYNE IMPROVES YOUR TEETH. Dentists know *why* Dentyne is such an aid to sounder, more beautiful teeth. Because, they say, Dentyne's specially firm consistency induces more vigorous chewing — gives your gums and mouth tissues stimulating exercise and massage. It stimulates the salivary glands, too, and promotes natural self-cleansing. Chew Dentyne — make it a daily health habit — and see how it helps *you* to a healthier mouth, and teeth more lustrous-white!

A "DIFFERENT" AND DELICIOUS FLAVOR! A tingling delight to your taste! A little spicy — a lasting flavor — altogether refreshing and *satisfying!* The Dentyne package is different, too — made conveniently flat in shape, to slip handily into your pocket or handbag (an exclusive feature).

Keeps teeth white — mouth healthy

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RAYON NOW *Stabilized*

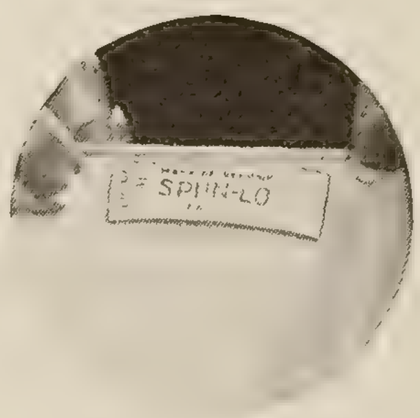
TO RESIST RUNS...SHRINKING ...FADING!

Just ask for undergarments made of Spun-lo

IT'S the talk of women everywhere! A new, luxurious rayon fabric that has been *stabilized.* Its name is Spun-lo. You'll find it in lovely underthings in stores everywhere! It has been made stronger yet finer . . . due to rigid selection of finest rayon yarns, scientifically controlled in every step of the making.

Spun-lo has no weak spots that often cause runs. You'll marvel at its improved, dull texture, too . . . which is unchanged with washing!

Yet this stabilized Spun-lo costs no more. As always, the price depends upon workmanship and styling. Ask to see the lovely new underthings made of this *stabilized* Spun-lo rayon. Also available in men's undergarments.



Look For This Label When You Buy Undergarments

A number of leading underwear manufacturers are licensed to use the Spun-lo fabric. In addition to the brand name of the maker, look for this label which identifies the Spun-lo fabric in underthings.

Spun-lo
The Stabilized Rayon Fabric

INDUSTRIAL RAYON CORP., Cleveland, Ohio

that almost all of the shots in which he figured prominently were cast aside. He had not worked all those years to become the face on the cutting-room floor. He couldn't understand it then, but could tell you the reason now. He makes no secret of the fact that he is blacklisted in Hollywood.

For a while he cared. He stayed on in Hollywood, not working, raising fancy live stock of one kind and another—pheasants, pigs, horses, dogs. Victor McLaglen's famous wolfhounds came from his kennels, as did Marie Dressler's. He used to bring his pets home from fairs dripping with blue ribbons.

The major studios would not hire him. Finally even the independents couldn't use him. And so his third fortune dwindled away, and he found out who his real friends were. . . . But he spent his money anyway, because he had the habit.

He worried then. He doesn't mind any more, because he doesn't care for Hollywood as it is today. This is not sour grapes.

"It used to be a lot of fun," he remembers, "when none of us knew what it was all about. We had a great gang in those days. But now it's just a cold, grim business proposition.

He went East with a vaudeville act, the hardest work he had done in years; finally he was playing stock in outlying theatres. It was in one of these houses in Chicago that he was first tapped for radio appearances. When they tried to reach him for an audition he was hard to find. But when they found him he liked the idea of more pay for less work than he was doing in vaudeville or stock. So he appeared on the Armour Hour for fourteen weeks, and has been on the air more or less steadily ever since.

NBC wanted him to sign an exclusive contract, but he refused because they wanted him for bits until something better would turn up. There is something in Francis X. Bushman which balks at bits.

More to his liking is the gallant, tear-wringing role of Michael Dorn in The Story of Mary Marlin in which you hear him, mornings, over CBS. For NBC, he enacts the role of the First Nighter in the weekly programs of the same name. Also he has his own favorite broadcast, Hollywood Mask, a fifteen minute gossip feature about cinema stars at WGN, which he would not have been able to keep. So he remains a free lance actor.

And a great actor, Hollywood or no. There is a fire, an earnestness in his radio work which must be contagious to younger actors who appear on the same casts with him. It may be old school acting, but it's tremendously effective.

How does he look? He looks like Francis X. Bushman. He's a bit hefty, which annoys him. His hair is a little thinner and has a coppery glint, which annoys us because he would be so utterly grand looking with a silver thatch. He has shoulders like a stevedore, and wears blue shirts to match his eyes. He has lines in his face—but who hasn't?

And there's something about him I can't forget and you haven't forgotten either.

ATTENTION, LOMBARDO FANS!

Coming soon—the story you've been waiting for—the story of the secrets the Lombardo Brothers have never told.

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 47*)

he can laugh about it a moment later . . . Perhaps that accounts for the amusing criticisms of music which he expresses through his orchestra on the Lois Long broadcasts Sunday evenings . . . His boyhood friend, you should know, was John Corigliano, now assistant concert master of the New York Philharmonic orchestra under Arturo Toscanini.

There is one theme song which won't be affected by all the copyright to-do about which we wrote last month . . . It is the oldest song used on the air today as a signature . . . "Auld Lang Syne," it is . . . So far as that's concerned, Guy Lombardo has no copyrights to worry about.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

For years listeners have been reading how Rubinoff rehearses his orchestra in sections before he tries it out as a whole. None of them, however, have ever been told exactly what it is that makes up the complete orchestra. We found out and we're going to tell you. Were you to stand in the studio during a rehearsal, you would be able to count:

Nine violins; four saxophones; three trumpets; three trombones; two pianos; two cellos; two violas; two drummers; and one each of harp, bass, guitar, flute, oboe and tuba.

Even before Rubinoff goes into rehearsal, his program of music has gone through the hands of his five special arrangers.

THEME SONG SECTION

Long as we're talking about the musician and His Violin, we should add that Rubinoff's theme song, "Give Me a Moment Please," is the one he has been using since Vallee brought him to the microphone five years ago.

IN REPLY WE STATE

Benny Gordon, Bristol, Conn.—Suggest you write Tommy Dorsey care of Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. *Shirley Baumgard, Chicago; Elsie Irish, N. Y. C., and J. A. Case, Hamburg, Ill.* We published a photograph of Hal Kemp's orchestra in the January issue of RADIO MIRROR. We took his orchestra apart and put it together again in the issue before that. We're sorry, but it's impossible for us to send photographs ourselves. *C. E. Hall, Cincinnati*—You can write Glen Gray at the address given above for Tommy Dorsey.

FOLLOWING THE LEADERS

Perhaps some of your favorite orchestras listed below will be nearby enough for you to go and dance to their music. At any rate, we give you the schedule of where some of them plan to be during the month of March. If you don't find one or two of them where they're supposed to be, don't get mad at us—growl at the booking agents.

Berrens, Freddie—Floridian Hotel, Miami Beach, Fla.
Busse, Henry—Chez Paree, Chicago.
Cugat, Xavier—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, N. Y. C.
Dorsey, Jimmy—Palomar Ballroom, Los Angeles.
Fio Rito, Ted—New Yorker Hotel, N. Y. City.

HE'S SO IN LOVE WITH HER NOW— AND YET...

Only a year ago everyone felt so sorry for Ellen. She was terribly in love with Bill, yet she knew how indifferent he was.

I was the one who had courage to be frank with her—"You have really lovely eyes and hair, but I'm afraid you're getting Cosmetic Skin"...

I told her this complexion trouble develops when powder and rouge are not *thoroughly* removed. She began to use Lux Toilet Soap...

Her skin began to improve, and Bill was almost the first to notice. They're going to be married in June...

Don't risk Cosmetic Skin!

LOVELY skin wins romance. *You* don't want to lose out!

If you're worried about Cosmetic Skin—coarseness, dullness, tiny blemishes—use Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes cosmetics *thoroughly*, guards against dangerous pore choking. Use it before you put on fresh make-up—*always* before you go to bed.

USE ROUGE AND POWDER? YES, OF COURSE! BUT THANKS TO **LUX TOILET SOAP**, I'M NOT A BIT AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

JOAN BENNETT

Do you know anybody who deserves this tag?

MEN avoid her. Girls refuse to bother with her.

"A careless, untidy person who is unpleasant to be with"—that's the way they think of the girl who carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

Too bad. For she misses so many good times. Her real friends would like to tell her what the trouble is, but after all, they feel, the girl of today should be alert to the danger of underarm odor in herself.

She should know that the underarms need *special daily* care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And the modern girl knows the quick, easy way to give this care. Mum!

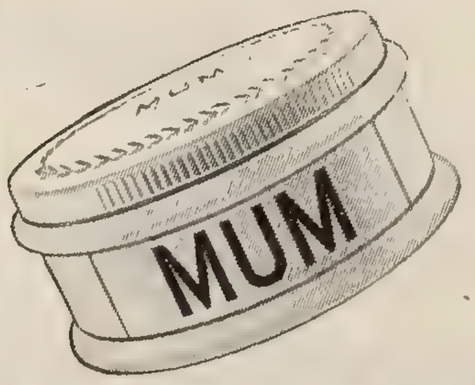
Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as *"the girl who needs Mum."* Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

Halstead, Henry—Park Central Hotel, N. Y. C.
Johnson, Johnny — Commodore Hotel, N. Y. C.
Kassel, Art—William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh.
Kemp, Hal—Arcadia International House, Philadelphia. (Due in early March after Eddy Duchin and Buddy Rogers have played there. To be followed by Ted Fio Rito.)
Little, Little Jack—Morrison Hotel, Chicago.
Messner, Dick—Essex House, Newark, N. J.
Noble, Ray—Rainbow Room, N. Y. C.
Osborne, Will—Blackhawk Cafe, Chicago.

YOU'RE ASKING US

We can't possibly tell you everything you'd like to know about music on the air—but we can tell you a good deal of it if you'll let us know by the coupon below:

John Skinner,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42 Street,
New York City.

I want to know more about:

Orchestral Anatomy .....

.....

Theme Song Section .....

.....

Following the Leaders .....

.....

Or .....

.....

Name .....

Address .....

The hatchet isn't buried yet! Walter Winchell just brought it along with him when he went to the station to say goodbye to Ben Bernie.

PRIZE WINNERS

Jack Benny "Broadway Melody Contest"

First Prize—$200.00

Helen C. Barker, Philadelphia, Pa.

Second Prize—$100.00

Mrs. Ethel McLanahan, Detroit, Mich.

Five—$10 Prizes

Margaret Butler, Providence, R. I.; Harry E. Haynes, Baltimore, Md.; Ethel Matthews, Gibsonburg, Ohio; Mrs. Helen Pickett, Atlanta, Ga.; H. A. Stambaugh, Seattle, Wash.

10 Prizes, Each $5.00

Walter A. Diederich, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. Mary Ferzacci, New York, N. Y.; Sophia F. Gray, Gloucester City, N. J.; Mrs. A. H. Hadaway, Montgomery, Ala.; Anna E. Johnson, Youngstown, Ohio; John McLean, Walkerville, Ont.; Gertrude Morrison, Des Moines, Iowa; George L. Pugh, West Asheville, N. C.; Lucie M. Wiltshire, Washington, D. C.; Virginia M. Kelley, Louisville, Ky.

50 Prizes, $2.00 Each

W. W. Altman, Bellingham, Wash.; Mrs. Wilma Baade, South Bend, Ind.; Dorothy O. Bauer, Millvale, Pa.; Pearle A. Baxter, Watertown, Mass.; Elizabeth W. Berrey, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. R. Bertelson, San Francisco, Calif.; Vivian E. Bertrand, Lockport, N. Y.; Wesley S. Bird, Columbus, Ohio; Frank Bowman, West Warwick, R. I.; Grace E. Brackett, Portland, Maine; Mildred A. Bradley, Sheldonville, Mass.; Mrs. Fay C. Burke, Denver, Colo.; Anna R. Clancy, Haverstraw, N. Y.; LeRoy E. Clark, Omaha, Nebr.; Ross Clarke, Windsor, Ont.; Gertrude L. Crum, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. E. G. Davis, Peoria, Ill.; E. G. Davis, Peoria, Ill.; M. Dewey Doan, Jacksonville, Ill.; Harriet E. Ferguson, Richmond, Va.; Roberta Forgey, Wichita, Kans.; Margaret E. Foster, Stottville, N. Y.; Viola Fuggi, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Ida Mae Gill, Roanoke, Va.; Mary Goll, Pueblo, Colo.; E. D. Hedden, Charlotte, N. C.; Julia Jarvaise, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Anna L. Lambrecht, Winfield, Kans.; Robert W. Lang, Kansas City, Mo.; John F. MacDuffee, Portland, Maine; G. J. Marshall, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Jennie B. Martel, St. Louis, Mo.; Betty J. Miller, Scranton, Pa.; Emily B. Myers, Hornell, N. Y.; Leon Nurnberg, Omaha, Nebr.; L. W. Pattillo, Jacksonville, Fla.; H. H. Powell, Tulsa, Okla.; Billy Rankin, Paterson, N. J.; Ada L. Reiva, Denver, Colo.; Alice Roe, Portland, Ore.; Mary R. Sale, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Frances E. Smith, Wood River, Ill.; Robert W. Spicer, Lexington, Ky.; John E. Thayer, Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Andrew Valler, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Lucille Van Landuyt, Kenosha, Wisc.; Mrs. Lena H. Volkert, Detroit, Mich.; W. J. Whitney, Clermont, Fla.; Charles E. Wyckoff, Keyport, N. J.; Mrs. Hathaway M. Gorsline, Indianapolis, Ind.

If you had X-Ray Eyes

you'd never again take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic!

Be sure the laxative YOU take is correctly timed

You don't need to be a professor of physiology to figure this out. When you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that races through your alimentary tract in a couple of hours, you're shocking and jolting your system. No wonder its violent action leaves you weak and exhausted.

Unassimilated food is rushed through your intestines. Valuable fluids are drained away. The delicate membranes become irritated. And you have stomach pains. Drastic purgatives should be employed only upon the advice of a doctor.

What a correctly timed laxative means:

When we say that Ex-Lax is a correctly timed laxative, this is what we mean: Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to act. You take one or two of the tablets when you go to bed. You sleep through the night . . . *undisturbed!* In the morning, Ex-Lax takes effect. And the effects are thorough and complete, yet so gentle and mild you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

No stomach pains. No "upset" feeling. No embarrassment during the day. And Ex-Lax is so easy to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Good for all ages

Ex-Lax is equally good for grown-ups and children . . . for *every* member of the family. It is used by more people than any other laxative in the whole world. The next time you need a laxative ask your druggist for a box of Ex-Lax. *And refuse to accept a substitute.* Ex-Lax costs only ten cents—unless you want the big family size, and that's a quarter.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(*Paste this on a penny postcard*)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 F-46
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Age.....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

IF Perspiration were a TIGER

— you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarifying claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this *surest* form of perspiration protection is now the *easiest* also! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, *without any sewing*, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily swished through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for "Kleinert's" at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, $1.00 and up.

Kleinert's
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
DRESS SHIELDS

Guaranteed by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Microphone Masquerade

(*Continued from page 29*)

reddened eyes, from fatigue, and her hands shook so that she could hardly hit the keys of the typewriter. She typed a line, looked at it, and saw that it made no sense at all. She tore up the page and started all over again.

The phone rang, and the head stenographer answered. She put down the phone and called Madge. "They want you in the music library, Summers," she said. Madge gasped, and her hands went to her throat. Then, without a word, she turned and ran out.

The head stenographer looked after her curiously. "I wish someone would invent a stenographic machine," she sighed. "Girls!" She made the word an epithet. It was some years since it would have fitted her.

Madge's heels drummed on the composition flooring, irregularly. She felt terribly warm and icy cold at the same time, and this was silly, because she had gone to the library plenty of times to take dictation. But maybe they'd heard from Jimmy. Maybe he was back, with some simple explanation for what had happened. Maybe—

The girl receptionist in the library was waiting for her. "In the head arranger's office," she said. She looked a little shaky, too.

MADGE nodded, her hopes dying. She made a fierce effort to compose herself, jerked her dress smooth with an automatically feminine gesture, pushed her hair into place, and fumbled for the door knob. The other girl got up and opened the door for her, and gave her arm a squeeze. Madge didn't notice.

This head arranger looked up from his desk as she came in. There was another man with him. Madge raised her notebook, the badge of her office. The chief arranger said: "Miss Summers? Sit down, please."

Madge sat down.

"I understand," the arranger said, "that you were—that you are a friend of Jimmy White's, one of our filing boys here."

Madge told herself: *"I'm not going to faint, not going to faint."* Out loud she said: "Yes."

"Engaged?" the chief asked. When Madge hesitated, he said with a little smile: "I see. Well, Miss Summers, did you see White last night?"

A voice that must have been hers whispered: "No."

The other man cut in. "I'm Flaherty of the building police. When did you see Jimmy White last? Under what circumstances—anything you can tell us. We have to know, miss."

Madge said: "If I could have a glass of water? Yesterday. We went to lunch together."

Flaherty said: "Where did you eat—the drugstore? And then what?"

Madge said: "We went for a walk. Around the city."

Flaherty barked: "What did you talk about? What sort of a mood was he in?"

The arranger said: "You're scaring the girl, Flaherty. Let me handle this. Don't be frightened, Miss Summers. We're trying to help you, trying to find Jim. He's disappeared. What Flaherty was trying to get at was: Did you and he have a fight?"

"No. Oh—I see what you mean. He asked me to marry him. I said I thought we ought to wait until we had more money. That was all."

"And then you fought?" Flaherty said. "And he said you'd never see him again?"

"No," Madge said. "No. I was to meet him in front of the building when we both got out last night. He never showed up."

The arranger said: "Fifteen minutes before quitting time he walked out without his hat. Goldstein, one of the arrangers, was calling him at the time. He said White just looked at him and stamped away, through the door. That's all we know."

Madge wondered if she should tell about old Danny, and what he had said about Jimmy going to the big shot's office. About the man with the gun there. But before she could say anything, Flaherty cut in. "It's open and shut," he said. "When I was on the cops, we handled 'em all the time. His girl throws him down, and so he doesn't see any sense in working any more. So he goes on the bum. Two years later, he turns up in Denver or on the Bowery. Open and shut. I'll tell the Missing Persons Bureau. What did he look like?"

"Like this," the arranger said. He went over to a filing cabinet and got out a sheet of popular music. It had a picture of Hal McCabe on the cover. He handed it to Flaherty.

Flaherty picked it up, swore. "This is Hal McCabe, the singer."

"That's right," the arranger said. "The kid's almost a double for him with twenty years off."

Flaherty said: "Oh. That McCabe—Listen. Maybe I shouldn't say this. I was on night duty the other night. See? This McCabe came in the artists' entrance. He was with Maxey Corvallis, and a gorilla of Maxey's named Utsy Goldberg. A guy that would trail with muggs like that—hey, maybe some of the people that don't like Maxey started after his friend and got this kid instead. You get it—what we cops call mistaken identity. Now—"

A PAGE boy came in and laid a sheaf of memos in the head arranger's desk. He started to push them aside, but something on the top one caught his eye. He laughed, harshly. "A morning wasted for nothing," he said "The kid was fired last night. He walked out because he didn't want to talk to the boys about it. Look." He handed the slip to Flaherty. Madge read it over the detective's shoulder.

Memo to the Chief Arranger:

James White, an employee of the music library, forced his way into an executive's office last evening and was unprecedentedly rude to those present. Therefore I took the liberty of discharging him on the spot. If he reports for work, pay him off up to the day of dismissal.

A. L. Tulin,
Ass't to the Vice President.

"That's that," Flaherty said. He rose, dusted off his knees, and went out.

"But," Madge said, "why hasn't he gotten in touch with me? Why?"

The head arranger reached out and patted her hand. "He will, my dear. Think it over. At noon, you said you'd marry him if he got a raise. In the afternoon, he lost his job altogether. He's ashamed to see you. He'll get over it, he'll call you up. When he does, tell him to see me. I think I know where there's a job for him."

Madge nodded, and stumbled out. Maybe the arranger was right, maybe that's all there was to it. But she still felt sick and scared. The head stenographer

took one look at her and sent her home.

JAKE Loeb said, sharply: "Utsy, don't you know no other expression? Isn't there any other way you can hold those features of yours? I tell you I am sick and tired of looking at that face of yours."

Utsy looked up from the match which he was industriously whittling into little shavings. Then he looked down again, and said nothing. Utsy never said anything, except "Oke," and he only said that to Max Corvallis.

Jimmy White got up off the hotel bed, and said: "Do you want me to go through the song again, Mr. Loeb? I think I have it now."

Jake Loeb shook his head. "No, boy. Already you are better than Hal McCabe, and if you was to practice some more, you would be so much better the audience would know it. I am telling you this, me, Jake Loeb who never says nothing nice if he can help it; but do not get a swelled head, because even if you was twice as good as Hal McCabe, that would not mean you would get ahead very fast; he could not get a job in Minsky's singing strip songs the way he sings now. But once he was very good; do not forget it."

Jimmy felt a flush of pleasure. But then he happened to look at Utsy. The gorilla was grinning; and Jim did not like that grin. Jimmy said: "What's the idea of all this, anyway?"

"No," Jake Loeb said. "Boy, it is not that. Now you go take a nap, Jimmy, because tonight you make your first appearance."

Jimmy nodded. He pushed open the connecting door into the other room. There was a loud speaker in there; for three nights, now, Jake had had him singing through a mike in the other room while Jake listened, and corrected him. Jimmy threw himself down on the bed. He groaned as he landed; he was still sore from the time the other night when he had tried to phone Madge and Utsy had caught him and knocked him down.

He shut his eyes and tried not to think about Madge. Maybe she was not worrying any more, maybe she believed that he had run away because he was tired of her. Jimmy hoped so, hoped so. He would rather she thought anything of him than be worrying about him, and as Jake said, when he showed up with the two thousand dollars and the explanation, she would forgive him; they would get married. Jake was going to get him a job singing, and surely that would pay more than being a file clerk had.

Exhausted, he fell asleep.

HE woke up later, with noises in the next room. The doors and walls were nearly soundproof; but in his sleep he had rolled over and his head was resting against the wall. He could not make out the words, but two men were talking.

He sat up. His eye lit on the loudspeaker; and he wanted to know what was going on. He went across the room, turned the loud speaker on as low as possible, and threw the switch. After a minute voices began to come through.

Jake Loeb said: "I am telling you, me, Jake Loeb, that the boy is perfect. He is a find, Maxey. When this is over, even, we will fix him so he does not look so much like Hal, and we will have a new singer we can build up when Hal finally loses his voice. I tell you, that McCabe will not last much longer the way he is going."

Maxey Corvallis's voice came through: "Yeah? When we can get rid of Hal, we're through. This business of having a famous guy mixed up in your affairs is not so hot. If there weren't too many people knew Hal, I'd have removed him a long time gone."

"O. K.," Jake said. "Then it is all over. If you are not going to own any pieces of singers, then you will not need me. Me, Jake Loeb, you know will keep his mouth shut. I will take this boy and be a manager again like I used to be . . Utsy, why do you grin that way?"

There was a pause, and then Maxey Corvallis said, slowly: "Utsy may be dumb, but he's got more brains than you, Jake. He knows we won't be able to keep that kid in this spot two weeks without him tumbling wise to what this is all about. And when he does, Jake you will not have any singer to build up."

Jimmy held his breath. Finally, Jake said: "You would not kill this kid for a little—"

"What do you think?" Maxey Corvallis asked. "What do you think, Jake? You're a wise guy."

Will the gangsters who hold him prisoner let Jimmy escape with his life—or does he know too much? Will he learn too late that a thousand dollars a week is never easy money? Don't miss the next installment of MICROPHONE MASQUERADE in the May RADIO MIRROR.

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle: "The minute Pond's Vanishing Cream touches my skin—roughness goes!"

Melt ROUGHNESS

BRING OUT NEW FRESH SKIN —SMOOTH FOR POWDERING

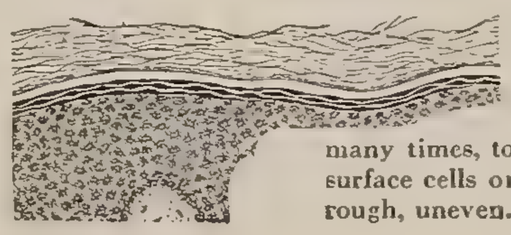
EVEN when your skin is rough "just in spots"—it's enough to spoil your whole make-up. And ruin your evening, too! You feel so self-conscious—you just *can't* be your own gay self.

Yet you can *melt* rough spots smooth!

That roughness is only a dead layer hiding the smooth skin beneath. Look at skin magnified—you see the flaky particles sticking out. Really old dead skin cells!

As a leading dermatologist says: "Surface skin is constantly drying out, thickening with horny cells. Yet, once the old dead cells are melted away, the young underlying cells become the surface skin—smooth and soft. This melting can be done with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream)."

Try Pond's Vanishing Cream to see this melting principle in action. The instant it touches your skin, roughnesses melt away. New skin comes out—smooth, nice to touch! This shows why Pond's Vanishing Cream is such a perfect powder base.



Outer Skin The epidermis, magnified many times, to show how dead surface cells on top make skin rough, uneven.

For a smooth make-up—Put on Pond's Vanishing Cream—just enough to film your skin faintly. You can't help but like the new pearly softness of your skin—and the smooth way powder clings!

Overnight for lasting softness—After cleansing, leave Pond's Vanishing Cream on overnight. Greaseless, it won't smear the pillowcase. All night long, it brings your skin a finer softness, a more youthful look.

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept.D135,Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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Amazing Gains in Weight With New "7-Power" Ale Yeast Discovery

EVEN if you never could gain an ounce, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh this new, easy way—*in just a few weeks!*

Not only has this new discovery brought normal, good-looking pounds to hosts of skinny men and women, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building, digestion-strengthening Vitamin B is ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 *times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Try it—guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If you're not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 224, Atlanta, Ga.

Posed by professional models

Fred Waring—Benevolent Tyrant

(*Continued from page 25*)

but he has one more quality that soothes the small wounds his sarcasm leaves where gifts couldn't. Waring's intense loyalties to those he believes in have won a greater admiration than even his exceptional generosity and artistry deserve.

For Fred is, above all else, a loyal friend. Two people, Kay Thompson and Hal Kemp, have reason to know. They have benefited by his faith to an extent that has never before been known.

I doubt that you ever heard of Kay Thompson before she came to the Pennsylvanians as conductor and star of her own girl choir. Three months before that night you first heard her (and sat up to say "Ah!"), she told Fred she wanted to organize a chorus of girl voices for his program. Fred liked the idea. He told her to go ahead.

Kay went ahead all through those three months, trying voices and blending them together. She tested high school students and college co-eds, ribbon clerks and stenographers, until she finally found fifteen who combined to make a fit companion for Fred's own male chorus.

They fitted flawlessly, except for the fact that, on their first appearance, their dresses didn't blend as well as their voices. Fred gave them a dressing down for that. Then he ordered one of New York's better designers to dress them up. At his expense.

FOR several months, the light swing of their harmonies, together with Kay's tantalizing voice, wove an intricate and delightful pattern through the Waring broadcasts. Then Kay, who (like all of Waring's artists) was not under contract, signed as featured soloist on a new Saturday night series.

Fred was happy that his belief in her ability was being upheld. It was a little different several weeks later when Kay came to him and said her new sponsors would prefer it if Waring did not use her name in his broadcasts.

That explains pretty well the mysteriousness that cloaked Kay's sudden departure from the Waring hour. She didn't *really* depart until long after you thought she had; for Fred kept her on. Her voice meant more to him than her name. When she finally did leave, of her own volition, to devote her time to her new job, Fred did his best to replace her so that he could hold together the girl choir she had collected. It was impossible. So now a few of the ribbon clerks and stenographers and students have gone back to their ribbon counters and typewriters and books. About eight are still trying hard to make the grade. You hear their high, sweet harmonies once in a while.

To Hal Kemp, Fred is probably the very Prince of Loyalty. It was Fred's belief in Hal's capabilities that hurried the Southerner's arrival at the peak.

They met in 1925, when Fred was visiting Hal's home town, Charlotte, North Carolina. Fred took an immediate liking to the tall, serious-minded young man. Kemp talked about what he hoped to do and dwelt for long minutes on his theories of dance music. Before Fred left Charlotte, he said, "If ever I can do anything for you, Hal, I will."

It's a nice thing to promise help like that. But it's much nicer, because it's so much rarer, to come through with the help.

Fred's opportunity to make good his

promise didn't come for almost a year. He was playing an engagement at a theater in Buffalo, New York, when it did. The manager came to him two nights before he was to close.

"Mr. Waring," he said, "I haven't anyone to take your place. Would you like to stay over?"

Fred Waring remembered. "Why don't you call Hal Kemp in?" he asked.

"Never heard of him," said the manager.

"I'll get him," offered Fred. "You'll like his stuff."

So Hal Kemp, the drawling Southerner, moved into his first big engagement. And, though all the versatility and cleverness that marks his music now may have been present then, he failed to click.

"Don't be discouraged," Fred advised. "You're new. I've arranged things so that you follow me into a theater in Toronto."

He did more than that. He left Fred Culley, who is still his assistant conductor, behind to help Hal polish up his presentation. They worked hard for a week. Their second successive failure was even more bitter.

BUT if Fred, as I have said, had nothing else to offset his acid criticisms, there would still be his faith in his friends. He had a month's vacation coming. He used to take Hal Kemp and Hal's whole band back to his own home in Tyrone, Pennsylvania. There, he acted as host while Hal and the boys went to work. He advised them; then he secured local dance jobs for them so that they could test their ideas. Host, nothing! He acted as godfather in general.

Fred continued to build for Hal during the years that followed. He was instrumental in bringing Hal to New York and in securing his first radio account. When you had only a vague idea of the Kemp style, Fred announced songs this way: "*Broadway Rhythm,* as Hal Kemp would play it." He imitated Hal's band more than any other, and after a bit you began to want to hear Kemp in the original.

But that's the kind of guy he is: acid-tongued when it counts; patient when it counts; loyal, whether it counts or not.

He is married. He has a year-old daughter named Dixie for whom he would cheerfully cut off his right arm. He met Evelyn Waring, his wife, in 1928 when she came to New York to appear in "Hello Yourself," the musical in which he was featured. They eloped to Chicago and were married there on September 24, 1933.

And, incidentally, though five years elapsed before they married, it must have been love at first sight. For, she tells me, never once during all the time she appeared with the Pennsylvanians, did Fred give her a good, sound, Waring bawling-out.

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When you hear Mary Pickford on her new program, do you wonder what her secret of entertaining is? In the May issue you'll find the story straight from Hollywood that gives you the real lowdown on Pickfair Parties.

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Mail coupon *today!* Orders are pouring in. Two huge factories working at top speed—1800 busy employees—are filling these orders for 24 hour shipment to all parts of the U. S. A. Everybody is insisting upon Kalamazoo Quality.

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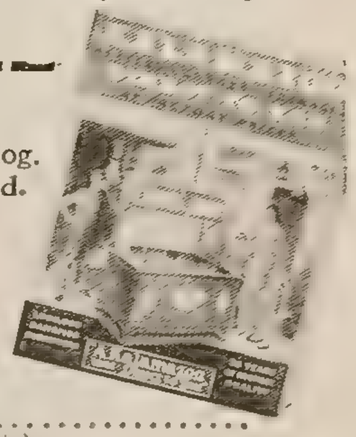

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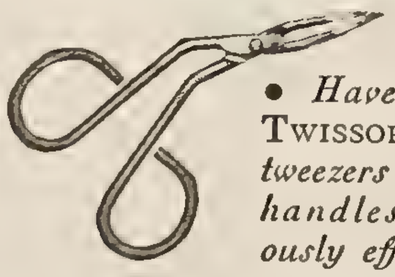
NINE women out of ten turn their backs to the light because they think it unflattering; but make this test; you'll never do it again!

First, make up your face. Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of *one eye*. Touch them with LASHTINT and put a little SHADETTE on the upper lid. Now take your hand mirror and seek the full light of your brightest window. You'll find that one side of your face seems infinitely better looking . . . softer, lovelier in coloring, with starry eye and sweeping lashes.

You'll know then why the loveliest women use KURLASH daily. ($1 at good stores.)

At the same window you'll have a chance to see how naturally LASHTINT darkens and beautifies your eyelashes . . . without looking "made-up" either! It comes in 4 shades, in a special sponge-fitted case to insure even applications. $1, also. And the same holds true of SHADETTE. Even in the daytime it isn't obvious—just glamourous. In 10 subtle new shades at just 75c each.



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Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept.* MG-4.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

"You Can't Win By Trying," Says Goodman Ace

(*Continued from page* 49)

He got famous to spite Jane, his wife. Tie that one if you can! He loves to prove she is wrong. She said he couldn't write a column. So he started a daily column in a Kansas City paper. She said it wouldn't last. It lasted twelve years. And only stopped then because she said he couldn't write a radio act. He wrote Easy Aces. She said that wouldn't last. It's in its sixth year and going strong. Proving Jane wrong is sometimes a laborious business. But a profitable one. And somehow I've a sneaking hunch she isn't as dumb as the character Goody makes her in the script.

At first Easy Aces ran on a local station for a year. It added $30 a week to the columnist's income. When he got tired of doing it, he asked for a $50 a week raise. The station squashed his plans of retiring from radio by forking over the $80 a week without a murmur. Almost before he could recover from his surprise and raise the ante, he had a network offer to take it to Chicago for $500 a week.

He was beginning to agree with Jane now that it wouldn't—couldn't—last beyond the first option. He would take the offer; it would enable him to pay off all his debts in Kansas City. But he wasn't going to be left jobless after that first option. He obtained a leave of absence from the paper and sent his column back every day without salary, just to keep his job open.

The first option was renewed in thirteen weeks, and he felt independent enough to wire his paper that he was going to send his column in only twice a week thereafter—still without pay, however. He didn't resign from the paper until the second radio option was taken up, and then he settled down in earnest to prove how wrong Jane was about Easy Aces not lasting.

IT was in Chicago that Marge, the third permanent member of the cast, was acquired in a most peculiar way. They needed a girl with a distinctive laugh. The studio sent Ace a seasoned Thespian who fit the part like a glove—on your foot.

"She's terrible," Ace complained to the boss as they strolled through the lobby of WGN. "I could take a rank amateur—I could take *any* girl and get a better performance than she gave. I could take that girl there," and he pointed to the hostess at the information desk! So he took her, just to prove his point, and Mary Hunter, who had never before

Here he is, as jovial in real life as he is on the air—Irving Kaufman, known to millions as "Lazy Dan." You hear him in his own show over the Columbia network and as part of Hammerstein's Music Hall on the NBC net.

EYE MAKE-UP

done in good taste

Beautiful eyes are the most important feature of any woman's charm—that is why fastidious women who wish to be exquisitely groomed in eye make-up demand *Maybelline* eye beauty aids. They know that the modern magic of these fine cosmetic creations gives them the *natural* appearance of beautiful eyes. Not to use Maybelline eye beauty aids is sheer neglect of charm. When you see what lovely long, dark lashes, softly shaded lids, and gracefully formed eyebrows Maybelline eye beauty aids can give you, you'll adore these exquisite eye cosmetics. You will want the entire line of Maybelline eye beauty aids to effect a perfect harmony in your complete eye make-up. Try them today—they will open your eyes to new beauty—eye make-up done in good taste!

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The Mascara in BLACK, BROWN, *or* BLUE.

Ten cent sizes obtainable at all leading Ten Cent Stores.

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spoken into a microphone, now draws just ten times the salary she did when destiny—and Goodman Ace—pointed a finger at her.

Ace's big struggle is just starting. It's not how to be a success, but how to avoid being a success—or rather, a celebrity. He has a horror of being a big shot in radio, being followed by autograph hounds and having to make personal appearances. He's proud of the fact that he and Jane aren't sufficiently in the public eye to be recognized in a crowd, and that they receive only about ten fan letters a week. They usually start "This is the first letter I've ever written to a radio star" and are sent by doctors, lawyers and professors.

Goody related with glee an incident that happened the evening before while he was talking to Fred Allen after the latter's broadcast. A boy approached and asked for his autograph.

"Who shall I make it from," asked Ace.

"Just Herb," replied the youth.

"No, that's *your* name," Ace explained. "I mean whom do you want it *from?*"

"You've got me there, stranger," replied the kid and vanished in confusion.

Ace has turned down eight offers since last February to star in more pretentious programs at more money than he is making now—one of them at twice as much—because the change would throw them more into the limelight. He doesn't want the limelight, he doesn't want to be a celebrity and sit uncomfortably on a pinnacle.

LAST year Goody took a half-page ad in Variety to advertise that fact that Easy Aces had never (up to that time) been among the twenty most popular programs in a national popularity poll.

But this year, during such a poll conducted by a radio magazine, a representative called him up and told him his program was twelfth on the popularity list. "So what?" asked the comedian. It seems that Easy Aces could be moved up to sixth if he was interested. Was he interested?

An emphatic "No!" nearly shattered the receiver. The fellow didn't know Goodman Ace. Had he offered to shove him back to eighteenth, he might have done business.

Ace recently turned down an offer of $4000 a week for personal appearances because of his creed against punching too hard. He felt his other work would suffer if he accepted. Being Goodman Ace on the radio already pays better dividends than being President of the United States, and there is also a sizable income from a movie short every month. So he says to all tempting offers, "We're doing all right."

He's seen too many stars lay an egg because they killed the golden goose. He's seen radio writers turn out five insipid scripts a day where they could really shine if they concentrated on one. Greed—or punching too hard—call it what you will, but Goody will have none of it. He knows when he's well off. He says no other agency or sponsor or film studio (yes, some of his offers emanate from Hollywood) could be nicer even if they paid him more money.

He is one of the fortunate radio stars who is never harassed by mandatory "suggestions" from his sponsor. He's never even met his sponsor! He is allowed full rein to run the show as he sees fit, and doesn't hanker to change that ideal setup.

Only twice has he been asked to change a script. Once the objection was to a line of dialogue which read "What do you think of the Ethiopian question?" That provocative subject was taboo.

Has

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Lips that look kissable . . . and *are* kissable must be satin smooth. Never rough! Yet some lipsticks seem to dry and parch!

Coty has ended all danger of Lipstick Parching with a *new* lipstick.

Coty "Sub-Deb" is truly indelible . . . warm and ardent in color . . . yet it actually *smooths* and *softens* your lips. That's because it contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how *soft* your lips feel, how *soft* they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.

Come to a new world of beauty . . . with the new Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder!

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50c

JOAN MARSH in "DANCING FEET," a Republic Picture

EYES . . . *that fascinate!*

YESTERDAY a wallflower. Today the most popular girl in her set—with invitations, dances, and parties galore. It's the same story over and over again, whenever a girl first discovers the secret of fascinating eyes.

Every day more girls are realizing how unnecessary it is to have dull, lifeless eyes. A touch of WINX Mascara to the lashes gives eyes the sparkle, the radiance, men love!

WINX Mascara makes the lashes appear longer, softer, and more lustrous. It brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes. Try WINX today and see for yourself how quickly it enlivens your whole appearance, how its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in black, brown and blue—and in three convenient forms—Creamy, Cake and Liquid. All are harmless, easy to apply, smudge-proof, water-proof, and non-smarting.

You can obtain WINX Eye Beautifiers in economical large sizes at drug and department stores—or in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

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If you find it more convenient, you may order a trial package of WINX direct. Send 10¢ to Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City. Check whether you wish

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"Would it be all right to substitute, 'What do you think of the Baer-Louis fight?'" he asked, and was assured the revision would pass the censors. "Well," he remarked dryly, "That's still the Ethiopian question."

"What was the other change?" I asked.

"Some reference to babies, I think."

"I think I read a report that you were going to adopt some children. Is that true?"

"You must have read that about the Dionnes. It wasn't us."

I noticed that he had about forty-five seconds until broadcast time. He noticed it too but said there was no hurry. I practically pushed him through the studio door, saying that I didn't want again to be responsible for such a catastrophe as that which occurred once when I was interviewing Will Rogers backstage at a theater between acts. When the cowboy's cue came, he discovered that he had forgotten to change his costume while he was talking to me, and an impatient audience waited twenty minutes for the show to go on.

Ace said if I could delay him twenty minutes, the radio audience would never know what a bad script he is capable of writing. He felt it was a new all-time low. The only reason he didn't break his rule and rewrite it was because Jane likewise felt ashamed to give it and "Jane is always wrong, even when she agrees with me."

He arrived at the mike barely in time for his well-known low chuckle and "Ladies and Gentlemen—E-e-easy Aces." And the episode which followed was in my opinion, since verified by several other listeners, one of the funniest he has ever written. If you folks out there heard any inexplicable titters—I'm sorry, but I did my best to keep quiet.

Ace has a quaint idea of what is bad.

Beauty for Redheads

(*Continued from page* 50)

light redhead can wear a greater variety of browns, including henna, but the dark redhead can wear more pastel tones, including yellow.

But, if the two agree on many points in choosing hues for their wardrobe (and they both like simple tailored lines for their clothes), they disagree most amicably but thoroughly on coiffure styles and cosmetic color harmonies—and quite rightly. "The simpler the coiffure, the better," says Carol. "The beauty of auburn hair depends upon the lights, and the value of these lights is lost by too much fluffiness. To bring out this rich, burnished quality, I believe in lots and lots of brushing. Loose, wide waves, smoothly brushed, are probably most becoming to this type."

For red gold hair, Deane likes a halo type of hairdress, one which gives a fairly smooth effect on top but a fluffy arrangement at the nape and around the ears. It's all quite simple, really: to get the full value out of auburn hair, the light should shine *on* it, but red gold tones are more like blonde hair and look best with the light shining *through*. Deane and Carol choose their shampoos with these same principles in mind. Deane follows her plain shampoo each week with a lemon rinse to bring out all the sunny glints of light hair, and Carol uses a soapless oil shampoo to protect the deep richness of darker hair. "This shampoo," says Carol, "is like nothing else in the world and I'm a very staunch supporter of it."

THEIR choice in cosmetics is entirely different. In keeping with her blonde coloring, Deane uses orange shades, not only in her rouges, but in her powder as well (but not pink, mind you!). Because her skin in so very fair, she says, "I use dark powder to take away that anemic look—but I certainly wouldn't use suntan tones because they would give me a ruddy skin, which a redhead must avoid. The powder I wear is brunette, deeper than the usual rachel tints." She uses a truly blonde rouge, appropriately known by the French name for "brick." She has a lovely iridescent eyeshadow which is called mauve, but which is really more of a bronze gray; she also wears gray eyeshadow occasionally.

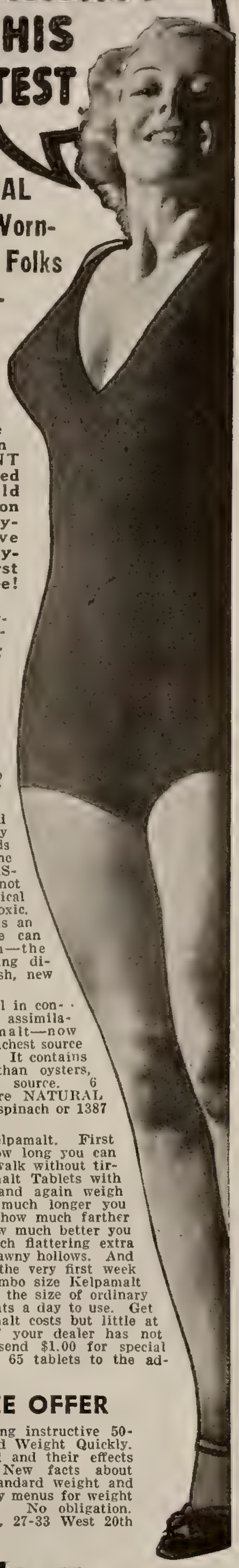
Carol prefers the bluish red tones in her make-up and is careful to avoid any tinge of orange. Her lipstick is dark with lots of blue in it, and she matches the coloring of her nail polish to this. Her eyeshadow is an exotic violet shade, though she sometimes wears blue. Both Deane and Carol use black mascara. Carol seldom uses an eyebrow pencil, but when she does it's a black one, while Deane uses a brown pencil.

Both girls realize the value of a clear, fresh skin with this distinctive hair coloring and both take exceptionally good care of their complexions. Carol has discovered a lotion-like cologne for this purpose which any girl, no matter what her type, would love to use. Deane washes her face well with soap and water every night and follows this with another gentle scrubbing, for which she uses a complexion brush—a grand aid in keeping the skin healthy and clear, free from oiliness, sallowness and blemishes, because it stimulates the circulation.

Would you like to know more about the cosmetic aids these two lovely singers have discovered and used? I'll be glad to tell you the names and prices of all their cosmetics and creams, the shampoo and special cologne which Carol is so enthusiastic about, and the iridescent eyeshadow and dependable mascara which Deane finds so satisfactory. Just send your inquiry about these or any other beauty problem which is troubling you, to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City—and don't forget to enclose a good-sized stamped, self-addressed envelope.

IT'S been almost seven months since radio's favorite tenor was married. What has marriage meant to him? In the May RADIO MIRROR comes the first story of the decision Lanny Ross has made regarding his future. It will give you an entirely new and intimate glimpse into the private life of a great star.

IF YOU ARE WEAK, PALE RUNDOWN AND SKINNY MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST



See How NATURAL IODINE Builds Worn-Out, Pale, Sickly Folks Into Strong, Red-Blooded Men and Women

Kelpamalt, New Mineral Concentrate from the Sea, Rich in NATURAL PLANT IODINE, Feeds Starved Glands—Must Build Good Red Blood, Put on Lbs. of Solid, "Stay-There" Flesh, Give Steady Nerves and Day-Long Energy in First Week or Trial Is Free!

As the result of tests covering thousands of weakened, run-down, nervous, skinny folks, science now claims that it is GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE that keep you pale, tired-out, underweight and ailing. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into "stay-there" flesh, new strength and energy.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE — not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested foods into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get this vital mineral in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1387 lbs. of lettuce.

Make this test with Kelpamalt. First weigh yourself and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without tiring. Then take 3 Kelpamalt Tablets with each meal for 2 weeks and again weigh yourself and notice how much longer you can work without tiring, how much farther you can walk. Notice how much better you feel, sleep and eat. Watch flattering extra lbs. appear in place of scrawny hollows. And if you don't gain 5 lbs. the very first week the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt costs but little at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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Kelpamalt Tablets

What Al Pearce Has Done for His Gang

(*Continued from page* 41)

weren't concerned with radio then. They liked to sing and play the guitar and cut comedy capers, to be sure, but that came under the head of amusement, and could not be let to interfere with the serious business of life, which was making money in real estate. At twenty-five, Al was nearly a millionaire. At twenty-eight, he was penniless, with a wife and little girl to support. It is not only in show business that you meet ups and downs. It's just that they come faster in show business. It cost Al nearly a million dollars, just to learn one lesson, but he had learned it well. He had learned that it isn't enough to make a lot of money; but that the important thing is to hang on to at least some of it. Then and there he took a vow that the next time, if there was to be a next time, he had any money, he would put a part of it, no matter how small a part, away.

Al and Clarence soon found that job hunting when there aren't any jobs is a pretty futile undertaking, so they decided to cash in on what hitherto had been merely a social asset. They tucked their guitars under their arms and set forth, singing and playing at banquets, social affairs, and small cafes. Finally they managed to land a spot on an obscure radio station, an achievement which, while significant now, wasn't very important at the moment. In those days, radio performers took out their pay in glory.

WHEN Al heard that the Fresno Auditorium wanted a variety show, he gathered together the odds and ends of poorly paid talent around the studio and offered them $25 each. Admission was fifty cents, and the show, to Al's amazement, grossed $3000, which left him with $1000 profit after the auditorium had taken its cut and the performers' salaries and other expenses had been paid.

That was the first thousand dollars Al had seen since the palmy real estate days, but it looked a lot bigger now than a thousand dollars had looked then. However, he had learned his lesson, and he kept his vow. He took $500 of the thousand and tucked it safely away in the bank.

Obviously, he reasoned, the public wanted and was willing to pay for shows put on by radio talent. Why not try the same thing on the air? And so what Al claims was the very first radio variety show was born. That was seven years ago. Week by week, month by month, Al Pearce's Happy-Go-Lucky Hour grew in popularity until it became the most famous air show on the West Coast.

In addition to their radio work, they toured up and down the coast giving shows, and frequently obtained theatrical bookings. At one of the shows, Al met the present Mrs. Pearce, who came as a spectator and went away with a song in her heart. He had been divorced from his first wife, whom he had married when he was a mere boy, and had the custody of their little girl, whom he sent to school while away on tour.

The faster the money came in, the more of it Al tucked away against the rainy day he knew would one day come along. The term "rainy day" is used figuratively, for at this time, you will remember, Al was in California. Summer was coming, and with summer would come idleness in show business. Al didn't want the gang to

ANY NOSE IS CONSPICUOUS without *moisture-proof* powder

Combat shine, floury streaks, clogged pores with Luxor, the truly *moisture-proof* and *shine-proof* face powder 6,000,000 women use!

So many women are cheated of poise and charm by shiny nose, floury streaks, clogged pores! Yet a simple change to Luxor, the moisture-proof face powder, often clears up these conditions like magic!

The secret is simple. Tiny pores on your face give off moisture. If face powder absorbs this natural skin-moisture, a paste results. Nose and face look shiny, floury streaks form, and often pores themselves clog up.

So discard, today, whatever face powder you may be using. And try Luxor on our money-back guarantee.

Make this test. Put a little Luxor powder in a glass of water. Note how it stays soft and fine—won't mix into paste. Thus you know Luxor won't mix with skin moisture and cause shine and blemishes. To induce you to try this marvelous face powder in a range of smart modern shades, we offer this gift at any cosmetic counter:

A Free 2-dram Flacon of Perfume

La Richesse by name, and selling regularly for $3 an ounce. Both powder and perfume are wrapped together, and sell for the price of the powder alone, 55c. Small sizes of Luxor powder at all 10c stores. Try it today.

55c moisture-proof FACE-POWDER Luxor

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

Try Amazing New Luxor Hand Cream

This marvelous new skin softener keeps hands soft, white, smooth. It is guaranteed non-sticky and dries instantly. At all cosmetic counters.

LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st Street
Chicago, Illinois Dept. K-3

Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check,

POWDER: Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐

ROUGE: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐ Sunglow ☐ Pastel ☐ Vivid ☐ Roseblush ☐

Name .....

Address .....

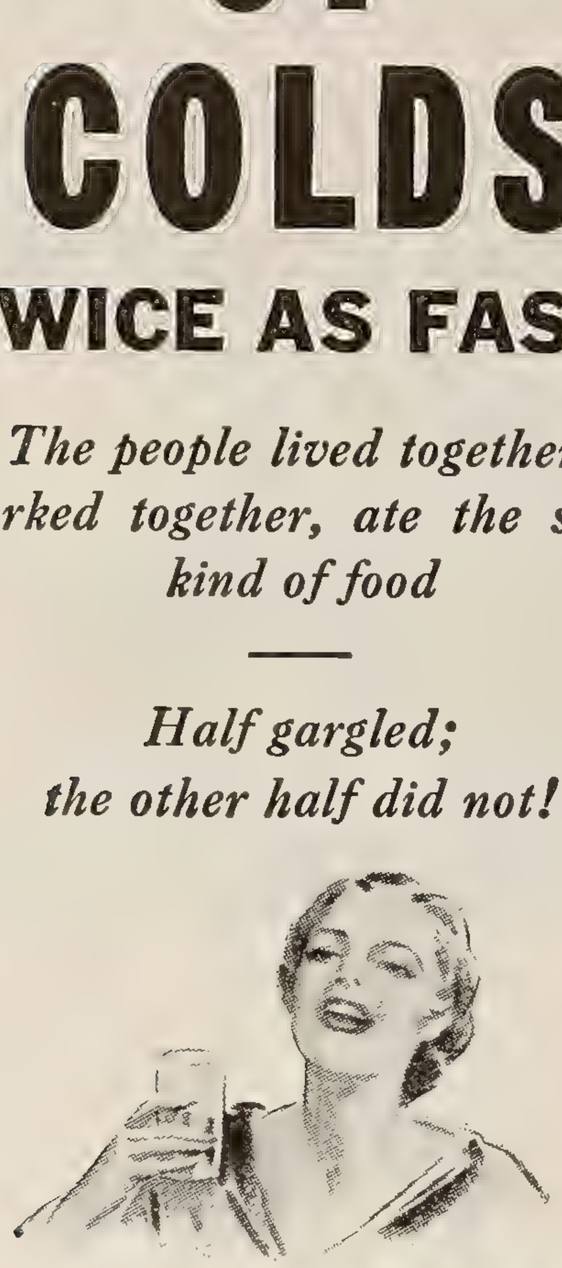
City .....

How Pepsodent Antiseptic helped 774 Illinois people to

GET RID OF COLDS TWICE AS FAST!

The people lived together, worked together, ate the same kind of food

Half gargled; the other half did not!



PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

reduced number and duration of colds!

● A Doctor made this famous test—he proved that Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce the number and duration of colds!

He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. The people lived together. They worked together. They ate the same foods. Half of them gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not.

The doctor's report

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent, had 60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

Those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, got rid of their colds twice as fast as the others.

That's proof! Pepsodent Antiseptic actually reduced colds! And cut the average length of a cold in half!

Goes 3 times as far

To kill germs, ordinary mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. But Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water!

For "Breath Control"—Pepsodent keeps breath pure 1 to 2 hours longer

break up. So, to insure its permanence, he signed each member to a contract. Summer, which to the average entertainer, means enforced lay off, would mean to Al's gang merely a summer vacation, with pay. Of course, as the fame of Al's gang increased, earnings increased proportionately, and so did salaries—but so, too, did that weekly accumulating surplus in the bank.

Three years ago the value of Al's system was brought home forcibly. Al and the gang had spent their summer vacationing, as usual, of course with pay. That fall, as they were about to open a series of vaudeville appearances that promised to be highly lucrative, an epidemic of infantile paralysis broke out. The bookings were cancelled. Vaudevillians were panic stricken, and broke. But Al and the gang merely returned to their vacations, and for sixteen more weeks, until the paralysis was checked, remained idle with their pay checks coming regularly from the surplus fund.

When Harry Stuart collapsed backstage after a theater performance, and was forced to spend ten months in bed in an effort to stave off tuberculosis, his salary continued. Last spring, when the gang came East for the big opportunity, Bill Comstock had a tonsil operation. A hemorrhage developed, and for eight weeks while he convalesced, Bill had no financial worries, and knew that his job was waiting when he recovered.

THERE is much more to Al Pearce and his gang than you hear over the air. There is an extensive administrative office, moved here from California when the show came East. A staff cares for all the business affairs of the whole gang. Their insurance premiums are paid, the installments on their cars taken care of. If a member of the gang wants a portion of his pay invested, the office sees to that. Their accounts are kept individually, and each member of the gang may draw money as he needs it or, if the need arises, may secure an advance to tide over a sudden emergency. Not only financially does Al act as mentor and, to some extent, Father Confessor, to the members of the gang. In several instances, he has drawn upon his own experience to steer them along the right course in their personal affairs. In more than one case has he saved a member of the gang from committing some youthful folly, and then watched the protege become a happily married and settled member of the little community.

Yet Al is far from a czar. Indeed, his jovial boyishness would seem to belie that his shoulders can carry the burden of responsibility he assumes, yet with it he remains "just one of the boys." All decisions affecting the group must be concurred in by all. For instance, I was in Al's office when the question arose of engaging a girl trio. A hunt had been in progress for a trio whose voices would blend with those of the group's male trio, the Three Cheers. Al was telephoning feverishly to the NBC studios, to nearby drug stores and restaurants, to apartments in an effort to round up the gang. He wanted to have them hear a record of a girl trio sent down from Canada, and to help decide whether or not the girls would fill the bill. Al himself was enthusiastic, but the gang must make the decision when it came to the question of admitting new members. In particular must the Three Cheers themselves place their final okay on the aspiring Canadian girls.

"You have to sing with them," Al reminded Hale, Derry, and Hanna, who comprise his male trio.

The gang eventually was rounded up,

Relieves Teething Pains WITHIN 1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

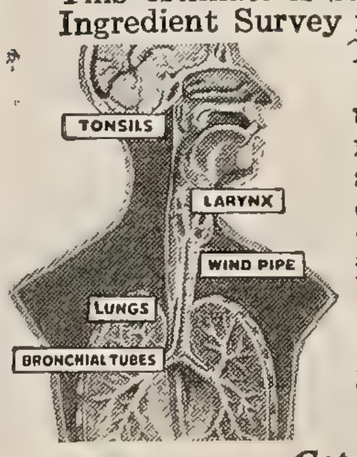
NERVE TROUBLES

Do symptoms of **Constipation, Indigestion, Dizzy Spells, Sweating** and **Sleeplessness** keep you irritable, exhausted and gloomy? Medicines, tonics or drugs probably will not relieve your weak, sick nerves. My wonderful book "*Watch Your Nerves*", explains a new method that will help you regain healthy nerves. Send 25c for this amazing book. Money back guaranteed. **ROBERT HOLMES, 14 Fuller Bldg., Jersey City, N.J.**

In a single year . . . OVER 1,000,000 PRESCRIPTIONS were filled for PERTUSSIN

—because it relieves Coughs safely

OVER a million doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year. This estimate is based on the Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by the American Pharmaceutical Assn.



When you cough, it's usually because tiny moisture glands in throat and bronchial tubes have clogged or dried. Infectious phlegm collects, irritates—you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out natural moisture freely. Sticky phlegm loosens and is easily raised.

Get a bottle. All druggists.

PERTUSSIN

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N. Y. C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!

Name_____

Address **RM-4**

"Yes, Madam—
NOT ONLY THAT, THEY GIVE ADDED PROTECTION, AND ARE SO CONVENIENT AND DEPENDABLE."

PAR-I-O-GEN
(Pronounced PAR-I'-O-JEN)
• TABLETS •

Sound reasoning and common sense recommended the form, the convenience, and the dependability of PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets, features which are often so difficult adequately to describe.

They are neatly packaged in tubes, each tube containing twelve convenient tablets which are immediately effective and dependable. PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets have been available for years and are sold by progressive drug stores nearly everywhere.

A tablet dissolves in a few moments and the solution thus formed has been found by thousands to be entirely adequate and dependable without the use of water or other accessories.

PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets are non-caustic, stainless, greaseless. They provide an effective deodorant although practically odorless. It is a long-acknowledged fact that they offer the practical, common-sense answer to the problem of

FEMININE HYGIENE

The Price of the Regular Size Tube of 12 Tablets Is $1.00

FREE OFFER: If you can find a Druggist who does not have PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets when you ask for them, *send us his name and address* and we'll send you a trial package FREE. Simply address:

AMERICAN DRUG & CHEMICAL CO.
Dept. 164, 420 S. Sixth Street
Minneapolis, Minn.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM

PSORIASIS

ECZEMA, ACNE OR SIMILAR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Let **PSORACINE** help you. This remarkable, stainless easy to use ointment has brought real relief from skin suffering to many people who thought their cases hopeless. To obtain quick relief from the misery and embarrassment of YOUR skin disorder, try **PSORACINE**. Write us for interesting FREE information on skin disorders.

ILLINOIS MEDICAL PRODUCTS, 208 N. Wells D-65, Chicago

LARKIN *invites you!*

HERE'S an invitation to be a Larkin Club Secretary. Just by introducing our new Edna May Dress Club you can earn charming frocks for yourself, as well as other big Rewards. Get our new Edna May Dress Folder just off the press! It brings you America's greatest dress bargains like the smart little street frock in this advertisement.

Mail a postcard to-day. Just say: 'Send me the Edna May Dress folder and Club information."

Larkin Co Inc
666 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

heard the record, and voted to bring the girls to New York for a trial. If they fit in with the troupe, they will be given contracts, and will become shareholders, as it were, in the Pearce enterprise. It isn't enough merely to be a competent artist. To qualify as a member in good standing of Al Pearce's gang it is necessary, first and foremost, to enter into the spirit of "all for one, one for all."

How does the system work?

Well, Tony Romano, Monroe (Lard Bills) Upton, Bill (Zeb) Wright, and Johnny Johnson have been with the gang for seven years, since its inception; Morey Amsterdam, Mabel Todd, the Three Cheers, Harry Foster, and Bill (Tizzy Lish) Comstock for four years; and Arlene Harris for three years.

And they all feel pretty secure with this current thirty-nine weeks commercial at $10,000 a week—and with $4000 of that being salted away every week to form a reserve fund that will see them through a long period of adversity, if one ever happens along unexpectedly.

What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 9)

Mary's" was spotted on his first concert program as his *pièce de resistance*. After the concert a friend, so moved by McLaughlin's singing of the number, declared: "If I had the choice of selecting my time of death and knew that this were the day, I'd like to die after hearing Tommy sing 'The Bells of St. Mary's'." An hour later the speaker dropped dead!

Two years ago the young soloist was appearing at the Roxy Theater, New York. He sang "The Bells of St. Mary's" and left the stage to be handed a telegram. It announced the death in Detroit of Leo, the brother who had taught him the song!

A few weeks ago McLaughlin was in the World Broadcasting studios making a recording of "The Bells of St. Mary's." Before he could finish the number he was called to the telephone by an urgent message. It was from his father announcing that his mother was gravely injured by a fall and was not expected to survive!

Overcome with emotion McLaughlin didn't try to finish the recording at that time. He did try, however, several weeks later. Then his voice broke, coughs racked his body and Tommy made preparations to go away to that drier climate the newspaper item mentioned. He never wants even to hear "The Bells of St. Mary's" again, let alone sing it.

* * *

POSTSCRIPTS

THIS department is advised by a man in position to know that the income of Lily Pons this season from opera, screen and radio engagements will reach the amazing sum of $400,000. . . . A gorgeous mink coat, a snappy roadster and lingerie too sublime to be mentioned here were gifts bestowed upon Harriet Hilliard by husband Ozzie Nelson—the maestro was that pleased when she returned to him from Hollywood whence she had gone to make a movie practically on their honeymoon night.

AFTER all the hullabaloo over claims of "fake and misleading advertising" on the air, the Federal Trade Commission reports only ten per cent of the radio continuities examined can be construed as coming within that classification. The Commission analyzed 376,539 broadcast

TO CLEAR UP SKIN TROUBLES

***Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's* EASY TO EAT**

IN case after case, pimples, blotches, and other common skin troubles are caused by a sluggish system. That is why external treatments bring you so little lasting relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets an easy way to correct skin blemishes caused by digestive sluggishness.

Science now knows that very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons, accumulating in your system, cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should soon restore your eliminative system to healthy function.

With the true cause of your condition corrected, pimples and other common skin troubles disappear. And you *feel* better as well as *look* better.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And pasteurization makes them utterly safe for everyone to eat. *They cannot cause fermentation* and they contain nothing to put on fat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Free! **MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**
You may paste this on a penny post card

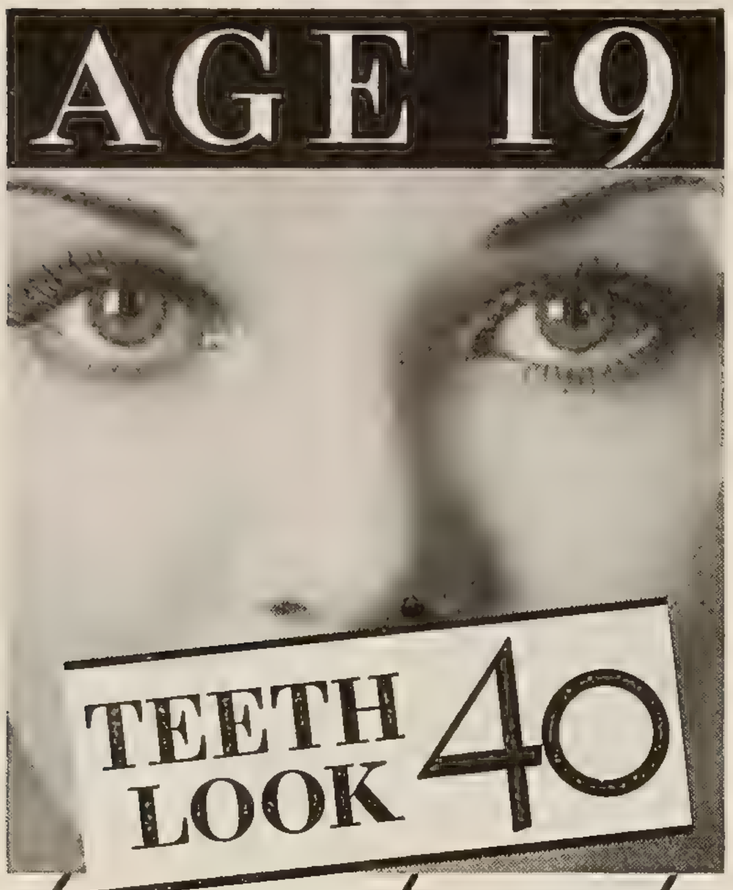
NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. R.G.-4-36
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



because she used a
HALF WAY *tooth paste*

Don't waste another day on half way dental care. Superficial cleansing may keep your teeth white—*for a while!* But when your neglected gums grow soft and tender, all the half way measures in the world won't preserve your teeth.

Now—while your teeth are still firm and sound—replace half way care with the tooth paste that does both jobs. Forhan's whitens your teeth and fights the menace of spongy gums at the same time.

Why quit half way in caring for your teeth when Forhan's gives *two-fold* protection at the price of most ordinary tooth pastes? Be safe. Get Forhan's today!

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by Doctor R. J. Forhan SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY NEW YORK

Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH / SAVES GUMS

..and **so easy** *to Safely Tint*

GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

scripts to arrive at that finding . . . Twenty-five secretaries are employed to assist Josephine Gibson, the Heinz Hostess Counsel, in answering her mail.

THE Honeychile heard with Bob Hope on the Frank Parker Saturday night program on CBS is not the original Honeychile. The creator of the role, Patricia Wilder, who didn't have to apologize for her Southern accent, being a true daughter of the Southland, is making pictures for RKO. . . . Sales of receivers in the United States last year exceeded 5,000,000 sets, the biggest year in the history of the radio industry. A million of these were auto-radios.

KATE SMITH likes to go shopping for good investments to take care of her surplus income but hates to shop for clothes for herself. But in the natural course of events, and especially with one of Kate's activity and avoirdupois, dresses, stockings and undies wear out and it becomes necessary to renew her wardrobe. So twice a year Kate barges into these emporiums specializing in stylish stouts and stocks up for a semester. But, gosh, how she dreads it!

VINCENT LOPEZ is still very much concerned about numerology although you don't hear much about it any more. Sensing his interest in the occult was misunderstood by the public, he has soft-pedalled reference to it. But in camera Lopez carries on with numerology. Even to the extent of applying the science—or whatever it is—to song titles to determine hit potentialities. If a ditty which fails to meet the maestro's number test proves popular nevertheless, Lopez charges the phenomenon up to his bad arithmetic and lets it go at that!

YOU'VE been listening to Parks Johnson and Jerry Belcher ask their dizzy questions for quite awhile now, on their Vox Populi program Sundays over NBC. A little while ago they sent this column their favorite answers from the man on the street. Here's a sample:

Q: Is a spouse a fresh-water fish or a salt-water fish?

A: (girl)—I don't know—I haven't cooked very much.

Q: Who is Emily Post?

A: The daughter of the aviator who flew over the North Pole and was killed.

Q: How many one cent stamps are there in a dozen?

A: Twelve.

Q: How many three cent stamps are there in a dozen?

A: Four

CAPTAIN TIM HEALY has just started his third full year of broadcasting, and his press agent records for us some astonishing figures. Since he began conducting his Stamp Club, he's started off as collectors more than two and a half million people, young, old, and middle aged. Even his control engineer, production man and his announcer have taken up the hobby.

There's a hidden moment in the life of Eddie Cantor, that brings you a clear insight into the character of this beloved comedian. Watch for it in the next issue.

The Shampoo That Beautifies Your Permanent

Lucky Tiger
FOAMLESS
OIL SHAMPOO
Basically Olive and Other Fine Oils

YES . . . this luxurious miracle Shampoo enables you to shampoo your hair as often as you like . . . and with most delightful results. Cleanses and rinses perfectly. Increases tensile strength and beauty sheen of dry, brittle hair. Actually pre-conditions for Permanents . . . and most amazing, it can be used after Permanents with marvelous results. Insist upon getting Lucky Tiger Foamless Oil Shampoo at your dealer or beauty shop, or send 10¢ for postage and packing of generous "One Shampoo" size.

LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO.
Dept. 503, Kansas City, Mo.

Accepted and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

ELECTRIC HAIR WAVER Only $1.95 COMPLETE

Wave your hair in 20 minutes at home by electricity, with **SAFE-KURL.** Safe, gentle heat dries hair as it puts in soft, beautiful natural waves, ringlets, curls, that last. Uses any household current. AC or DC, or home light plant. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman only $1.95 plus few cents postage. Nothing else to buy. Satisfaction *guaranteed* or money back. Order today.

SAFE-ELECTRIC CO.
Dept. Z-219 Cincinnati, Ohio

AGENTS! MAKE BIG MONEY

GIVING AWAY PICTURES of JOE LOUIS

A Full Size Specially posed photo FREE with every can of Sweet Georgia Brown Hair Dressing

Every colored person wants this picture, so "clean-up" Big Money taking orders from colored folks everywhere. Autographed Photo (9" x 12") of JOE LOUIS FREE with each can of Sweet Georgia Brown Hair Straightener. Don't wait! Write today for Free Samples, Sample Case Offer and Special JOE LOUIS free Picture Offer. Hurry! Do it now!

VALMOR PRODUCTS CO.
2241 Indiana Avenue Dept. 741 Chicago, Illinois

Wife Wins Fight with Kidney Acids

Sleeps Fine, Feels 10 Years Younger — Uses Guaranteed Cystex Test

Thousands of women and men sufferers from poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder have discovered a simple easy way to sleep fine and feel years younger by combating Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Neuralgia, Burning, Smarting and Acidity due to poor Kidney and Bladder functions, by using a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-tex). Works fast, safe, and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality, and is guaranteed to do the work in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists. The guarantee protects you.

IT'S no secret out in Hollywood that more than one famous star has lost her job because of constipation.

Movie directors simply can't stand for lack of pep, dull eyes, pimples, sick headaches caused by constipation.

That's why you should follow Hollywood's example and *not let a second day pass* without coming to nature's aid with a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are popular in Los Angeles, and everywhere else, because they are dependable, mild and non-habit-forming. And because they gently help Nature restore normal action in the intestines.

Keep a box handy on the bathroom shelf. Three sizes—15¢, 30¢, 60¢. At all druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
OLIVE TABLETS
THE *Beauty* LAXATIVE

GIANT ZINNIAS 20 COLORS 10¢

Grow our **Giant Zinnias**—We offer a **Rainbow Collection** of over **20** dazzling colors and many pastel shades, which make a gorgeous color display. **Large Pkt.** (over 200 seeds) **10c, 3 pkts. 25c.**
Packet Giant Asters Wilt-Resistant (8 colors) free with each order.
1936 **Seed Book free**—155 kinds Vegetables & Flowers in colors.
F. B. MILLS Seed Grower, Box 99, ROSE HILL, N. Y.

TYPEWRITER ½ Price

Now Only 10¢ a Day
AFTER 10 Day FREE Trial
Fully GUARANTEED
No Money Down

Positively the greatest bargain ever offered. A genuine full sized $100 office model Underwood No. 5 for only $44.90 (cash) or on easy terms. Has up to date improvements including standard 4 row keyboard, backspacer, automatic ribbon reverse, shiftlock key 2 color ribbon, etc. The perfect all purpose typewriter. Completely rebuilt and FULLY GUARANTEED.

Lowest Terms—10c a Day

Learn Touch Typewriting
Complete (Home Study) Course of the Famous Van Sant Speed Typewriting System—fully illustrated, easily learned, given during this offer.

Money-Back Guarantee
Send coupon for 10 day Trial—if you decide to keep it pay only $3.00 a month until $49.90 (term price) is paid. Limited offer—act at once

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
231 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill., Dept. 403

Send Underwood No. 5 (F. O. B. Chicago) at once for 10-day trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it express collect. If I keep it will pay $3.00 a month until I have paid $49.90 (term price) in full.

Name.....Age.....
Address.....
Town.....State.....

Invitation to the Met

(*Continued from page 43*)

where their grandparents had stepped from elegant carriages. Up the broad red stairs we wander and, having a few minutes before the performance, go into the cafe on the Grand Tier floor for coffee. The room has been redecorated in cheerful modern fittings, but ices are being served the ladies, while the men sip more sturdy substance from glasses, as in Victorian days. The atmosphere of the room is quiet and sedate.

Being guests of NBC, we must be in our box a little early, so as not to disturb Milton J. Cross, veteran grand opera announcer, who is preparing to introduce the performance to radio listeners. His booth, or vestibule to the box, and ours adjoining are glassed in to be soundproof. Installed in our vestibule is a second set of equipment for broadcasting ready to carry on in case of a breakdown.

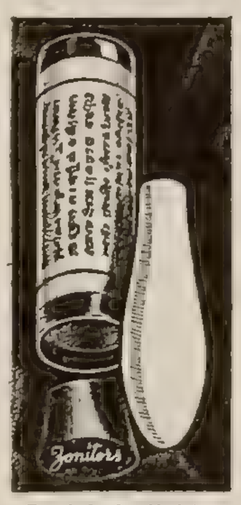
From our box, the gold-painted horseshoe glistens in reflections of lights. We watch the house filling up, even to the standing room space. The "Met" has always drawn the poor but ardent opera goers, who annually and enthusiastically stand through the longest of the operas at minimum cost. Along the Grand Tier, the famous Diamond Horseshoe, society chatters quietly. Then the lights fade.

DOWN in the pit, the conductor taps his baton for attention. The house is dark for a moment before the curtain rises. Only two small lights shine in the box next to us. One of these is over the control board at which sits Mr. Charles C. Grey, the engineer responsible for feeding the opera to the air waves. Beside him sits Herbert Liversedge, NBC ace production manager. Both men adjust the headphones strapped to their ears. As the curtain rises, almost unseen, buried in the footlights, two microphones can be detected. These pick up the singing of the stars upon the stage. Hidden about the orchestra are four more microphones. The conductor gives the signal. In the box, Mr. Grey likewise nods his head, and the opera is on the air.

As the action of the opera varies, Mr. Grey's hands play constantly over the myriad of electrical switches and push-buttons, following Liversedge's signals. As the music swells, Liversedge, reading from a piano score of the opera, raises his hand to warn Mr. Grey of the full-volumed notes to come. Grey then selects and blends the mikes. This cutting in of mikes is one of the most important features of the opera broadcast. For instance, a soprano, too near the mike, could smash the whole set, literally blow it up. And this constant blending, accenting of soft notes and tuning down of loud choral effects, makes it possible for the man in Idaho to receive the opera clearly. The radio audience now hears a quality as pure, melodious and undistorted as that which is heard by holders of the favorite boxes at the Metropolitan.

On the stage the brightly costumed stars and chorus blend. Perhaps the opera calls for the exciting and famous Metropolitan ballet, or perhaps we shall be lucky and witness the debut of a newcomer, who will give an historic performance. Should that happen—as was the case with Lawrence Tibbett's debut, even though he couldn't make the High School Glee Club, back in Los Angeles—the staid Metropolitan audience will seem to go crazy and will stop the show for a quarter of an hour or more, while the new star is applauded and cheered alike

You've waited years for a dainty
GREASELESS
way to
FEMININE ANTISEPSIS



Each in individual glass vial

NOW IT IS HERE! Zonitors, snowy-white, antiseptic, *greaseless*, are not only easier to use than ordinary preparations but are *completely removable with water*. For that reason alone, thousands of women now prefer them to messy, *greasy* suppositories. Soothing—harmless to tissue. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for *deodorizing*. You'll find them superior for this purpose, too!

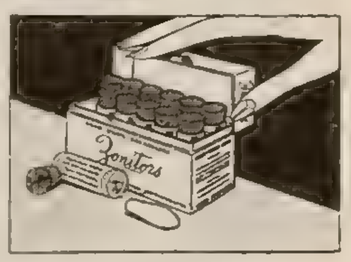
● More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new *greaseless* Zonitors for *modern* feminine hygiene.

There is positively nothing else like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal, yet they maintain the long, effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle, favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Complete instructions in package. All druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.

Zonitors FOR FEMININE HYGIENE
Snowy White • Greaseless



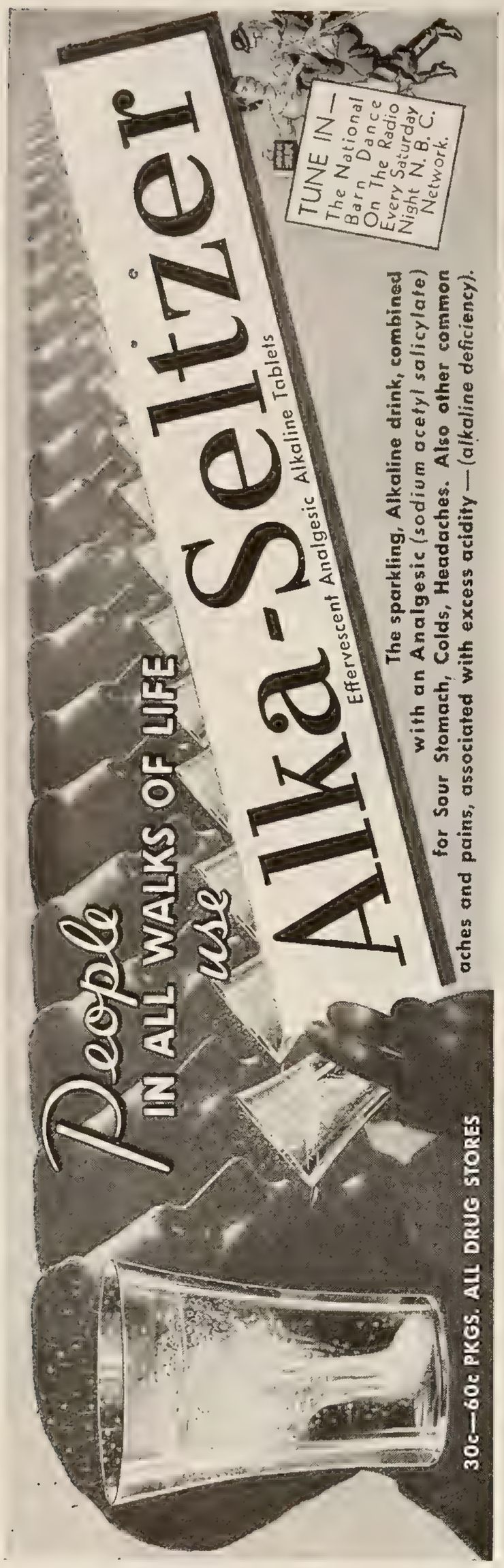
Zonitors, Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C. *Send, in plain envelope, free booklet,* "The New Technique in Feminine Hygiene"
RM-64
Name.....
Address.....

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

She could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box tonight. 25c—at druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **NR** and **Tums**. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 50D-4, St. Louis, Mo.



● Mercolized Wax gently melts off faded, discolored outer skin. Reveals the velvety-smooth, soft, beautiful underskin. Blemishes disappear.

Mercolized Wax is a complete beauty treatment in a single cream. Contains everything your skin needs. Cleanses. Softens. Beautifies. Protects.

Start using Mercolized Wax tonight. Win new skin loveliness. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of any complexion.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use daily.

TRY Phelactine—the "different" hair remover. Takes off superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless. Thoroughly reliable.

At drug and department stores everywhere.

by the Italian grocery boy standing on some far balcony and the society matron, in her box. Your airwave tickets will enable you to tell your grandchildren about it, although you are miles away.

When intermission comes, everyone takes a stroll through the corridors, and at such times many a *billet doux* has been and is passed between young loves, even under the most vigilant chaperonage. Mr. Grey and Mr. Liversedge remove their ear phones (exclaiming quietly that corns can grow on the ears) and lean back in their seats to relax. Theirs is nerve racking work; each is dependent upon the other. Mr. Liversedge, following the score minutely and reading at least four bars ahead of the performance, signals almost constantly to Grey with his fingers of the musical highs and lows to come and Mr. Grey maneuvers the control board accordingly. When things get too complicated and finger signalling becomes inadequate, they resort to a remarkable system—a sort of "putt-putt" sound made with the lips, dot and dash fashion, of the Morse code. While they have a telephone connected to each other's ear phones, and though they sit side by side, the slightest sound or whisper is picked up by the delicate instruments—hence the putt-putt.

"What would happen if *both* sets, the one in use and the one in reserve, went out of gear?" I asked.

"The standby at the NBC studios would pick it up and broadcast something, that's all." Mr. Liversedge replied.

"PROBABLY," I said, "with a hey, nonny nonny, tune."

"Not any more," laughed the opera expert. "Though there is the story of the time a sending set went wrong during a solemn requiem broadcast, and the unsuspecting standby who got the signal to go on, hurriedly went ahead with a lively South American tango. But such things belong to the old days," he added in a slightly superior tone.

While we wander about chatting during the intermission, people in far-off corners of the world listen to Mr. Cross telling the story of the next act.

Among the audience we may see many stars; for instance, the blonde soprano of NBC, who was the first woman ever to get an engagement with the Metropolitan as a direct result of radio work. Many of our Metropolitan stars are old friends on the air—Lily Pons, Lawrence Tibbett, John Charles Thomas, Richard Crooks and Nino Martini. And because such voices are able now to grace the airwaves, opera or operatic songs are no longer the privilege of the rich, or the New Yorkers.

We pause to listen to Mr. Johnson animatedly talking to a man of the press. "Right now we are reaching for a new public," he says. "The older generations took the opera for granted, but the younger generation has looked upon us as stuffed shirts. We want them to know that opera, like the theater, is a real spectacle, that opera is the complete show under one top. Radio is the missionary that can teach them to stop and think."

That's modern thinking for you, and, judging from the thousands of letters of appreciation that come in from all over the world, opera is loved by busy business men, youngsters, career women and housewives alike. After all, of all inspirations to love, dreams and high hopes, music is probably the most universal.

We stroll back to our box, while the house darkens for the final act. As we open the doors of the vestibule to our box a man jumps up, his finger to his lips.

"Shhhshsh!" he gestures. "We're on the air!"

TO THE GIRL WHO WISHES SHE HAD

A DATE TONIGHT

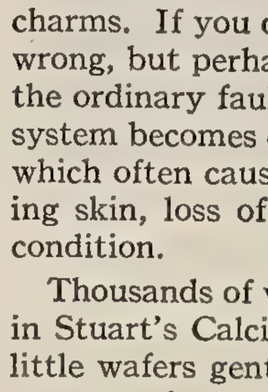
THE popular girl is the one who radiates good health, energy, has a clear attractive skin and sparkling eyes.

Nature intended *you* to have these natural charms. If you don't have them, something is wrong, but perhaps nothing more serious than the ordinary fault of sluggish elimination. The system becomes clogged with poisonous wastes which often cause broken out and sickly-looking skin, loss of energy, headache, run-down condition.

Thousands of women are finding quick relief in Stuart's Calcium Wafers. These marvelous little wafers gently help the system eliminate waste products. In a very few days you should see and feel a change. Your skin clearer! Your eyes brighter! Your energy renewed! Stuart's Calcium Wafers are 10c and 60c at druggists. Try them. Results will delight you or money refunded.

FREE trial package. Send name and address on postcard to F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. F-107, Marshall, Michigan.

THIS FRAME is FREE with each of these ENLARGEMENTS



Simply send us your Photo or Snapshot, and in about one week, you will receive a BEAUTIFUL ENLARGEMENT, exactly like the original, in this ARTISTIC Chromium-plated standing or wall frame.

At New Low Prices
5x7-79¢
8x10-89¢
10x12-98¢

SPECIAL: Unframed enlargements 8x10, 10x12, 11x14, 10x16, or 16x20, with hand-colored button of your Photo, 69c.

SEND NO MONEY Just pay mailman price of enlargement desired plus postage. Or remit with order and we pay postage. Originals returned. Send photo today. You'll be delighted.

ALTON ART STUDIOS, Dept. 604A, 4856 N. Damen Ave., Chicago

The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Amazing! Sensational SILK HOSE GUARANTEED TO Wear Without Holes OR NEW HOSE FREE!

AGENTS: UP TO $32 in a WEEK

New, sensational free Replacement Guarantee on fine hosiery. Chiffons, service weights. Big line for men, women, children. Holes, snags, runs appearing in from 1½ to 8 months from ordinary wear, replaced free. R. Poirier, Maine, reports earnings $127 from August 17 to August 24, 1935. Ninety-six styles, colors. Selling equipment supplied. Agents write, give hose size.

WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.
8-D Midway, Greenfield, Ohio

SUFFERERS *from*

PSORIASIS

Use DERMOIL

DERMOIL is being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country to secure freedom from this ugly, stubborn, embarrassing, scaly skin disease, often mistaken for eczema.

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Apply **DERMOIL** externally. Does not stain clothing. Watch the scales go, the red patches gradually disappear, and enjoy the thrill of a clear skin again.

J. F. "Suffered nine years. Had spots on my scalp, forehead, arms, legs and fingernails. Nothing I ever used before has worked like Dermoil. You cannot see the places where the scales were."

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

DERMOIL is backed with a positive guarantee to give chronic sufferers definite benefit in two weeks time or money is refunded. **You risk nothing.** Prove it yourself. Make our convincing "one spot test". A trial bottle will be sent **FREE** if you write stating how long troubled and extent of your psoriasis. No obligation. **WRITE TODAY.**

LAKE LABORATORIES
Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. M-7
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

BIG PAY DAILY SELL SHIRTS Ties, Hose, Underwear, too. Shirts with new Trubenized Starchless collar. All garments GUARANTEED 1 YEAR. Low Prices. Big Cash Commissions; Cash Bonuses. Complete Outfit FREE. Write Today. **Dept. M4, QUAKER, Broadway at 31st Street, New York.**

PHOTO Enlargements

Clear enlargement, bust, full length or part group, pets or other subjects made from any photo, snapshot or tintype at low price of 49c each; 3 for $1.00. Send as many photos as you desire. Return of original photos guaranteed.

ONLY 49¢ 3 for $1.00

SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days postman will deliver beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay only 49c plus postage or send 50c—8 for $1.00, and we will pay postage ourselves.

11 x 14 inches

BEAUTIFULLY CARVED FRAME FREE! To acquaint you with the HIGH quality of our work we will frame, until further notice, all pastel colored enlargements FREE. Illustrations of beautifully carved frames for your choice will be sent with your enlargement. Don't delay. Act now. Mail your Photos today. Write **NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY**
11 E. HURON STREET DEPT. 695 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Look Young! FREE Book Tells How

No Cosmetics, No Massage, No Straps

Send at Once!

Men! Women! Beauty expert tells in thrilling book sent free how you can easily erase wrinkles, "crow's feet", hollow cheeks, double chin and other marks of age.

5 minutes a day in your own home by an easy method of Facial Exercise that any one can do. The method is fully explained with photographs in a new sensational book sent free upon request in plain wrapper. **PAULINE PALMER, 1072 Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.** Write before supply is exhausted.

Name.....

City..... State.....

What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page 13*)

These "home folks" are so natural that they are startlingly real. Episodes in their lives are exaggerated just enough to bring out the humor in the commonplace situations. Vic, in a rage, is an artistic triumph. Sade is so common in small towns of America that she might have stepped out of a Sinclair Lewis novel. Rush is a typical, lovable, "nice" high school boy.

Why can't we have more dramatic skits of this type?

NORMA YOST, Port Blakely, Wash.

$1.00 PRIZE

Why the Deafening Applause?

Have you listened to Eddie Cantor's new program lately? I tried to one Sunday and all I heard was thunderous applause during all of it. They certainly did well if they intended to drown Eddie out. And trying to listen to Eleanor Powell's tap-dancing is quite impossible. Why, oh why don't sponsors do away with that applause? I for one think it ruins their programs.

MILDRED KAPLAN, Albany, New York,

HONORABLE MENTION

"I get a big kick out of these people who complain about the stale programs week after week and at the same time knock the amateur hours."—DOROTHY F. GRINDER, Creston, Ohio.

"What a comfort and joy the radio is on Sunday night! It unites the family closer than any other tie—sharing each other's pleasure."—MRS. LAIME K. FAUSCH, Minneapolis, Minn.

"I don't like so much advertising chatter but then I realize that is why the programs are broadcast, so I just grin and bear it."—JOYCE O'HARA, Detroit, Mich.

"I wonder if we could curb slightly, the crime-wave that seems to be jamming the airwaves!"—MRS. J. A. SCANLAN, Kansas City, Mo.

"Old man Hard Luck will have a hard time getting us down as long as we have a radio."—BEN GRAVES, Pottstown, Pa.

"Radio sponsors are trying to make their advertising more interesting. Why not give them credit for what they are now doing?—MANUEL RAUCHER, Brooklyn, New York.

"I wouldn't give up radio, not for all the mistakes they make, not for all the yodels and boop-boop-a-doos, no, not for anything."—MRS. BESS B. KIMBALL, Colorado Springs, Colo.

"What doth it profit a person who, in all probability, worked countless number of hours to originate a swell, entertaining radio program, only to have its merits diminished by the imitators or copy-cats?"—JOHN ANTONOWICZ, Boston, Mass.

"'Don't look a gift horse in the mouth,' my grandmother used to say; and I do wish some listeners would remember this when they howl about advertising."—MRS. AGATHA FORREST, Rye, New York.

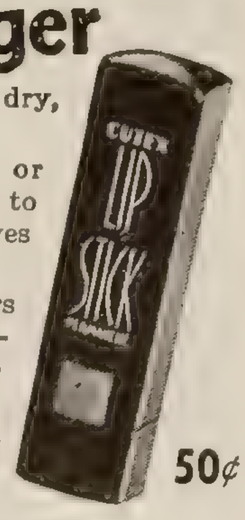
Does Your Mouth look Too Old for Kisses?

5 Years Younger

There is no excuse today for dry, rough lips that repel men.

Cutex Lipstick *can't* dry or wrinkle your lips. It's warranted to contain a nourishing oil that leaves your lips marvelously smooth.

Try it—you can look 5 years younger! Infinitely more desirable! 50¢ in 4 smart shades—Natural, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby.



CUTEX *Lipstick* 50¢

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 6-B-4, 191 Hudson St., New York
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

I enclose 10¢ for trial size Cutex Lipstick in shade checked. Natural ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City State

CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—*FREE*

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffed-up nose—bad breath—Sinus irritation—phlegm-filled throat. **Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer.** 40,000 Druggists sell Hall's Catarrh Medicine. 63rd year in business . . . Write today!

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Dept. 234, TOLEDO, O.

Goodbye **GRAY HAIRS!**

(FREE Test shows way to end them)

No matter whether your hair is beginning to gray—or is entirely gray, you can bring youthful color to every faded strand. The color will be natural looking. It will match the original shade, whether black, brown, auburn, blonde. Just comb a water-white liquid through hair and gray goes. Leaves hair soft and lustrous—takes curl or wave. Nothing to rub or wash off. This way SAFE.

Test it FREE ~ We send complete Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. Just mail coupon.

---MARY T. GOLDMAN---

3366 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Color of your hair?.....

Happy Baby!

GETS OLIVE OIL IN HIS POWDER!

YOUR baby will be happier and more comfortable with Z.B.T. Baby Powder. Z.B.T. has the unique advantage of olive oil, which makes it cling longer, and *resist moisture better*. Gentle to tender, touchy skins, its superior smoothness (what the doctors call "slip") prevents chafing in the creases. Free from zinc in any form, Z.B.T. is approved by Good Housekeeping *and your baby*. Large 25c and 50c sizes.

Z.B.T.

OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with a glamorous South Sea red that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible

Now... for lips... TATTOO instead of lipstick! Vibrant, exciting South Sea color . . . luscious and appealing instead of "just red!" Transparent and pasteless instead of opaque and pasty. Softening to lips instead of drying. Tattoo! Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off. Only the color stays. Tattoo your lips! Never be satisfied with less than the perfection of TATTOO. Test all five of TATTOO's thrilling shades on your own skin at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed in your favorite store. TATTOO, $1 everywhere.

CORAL . . . EXOTIC . . . NATURAL . . . PASTEL . . . HAWAIIAN

TATTOO

By HARRY KERR

For her program, the Swift Party, see page 56—the 10 o'clock column.

Pretty blonde Helen is a soloist in the Swift Studio Party—Sigmund Romberg heard her sing and radio bowed to her.

SINGER BY ACCIDENT

HELEN MARSHALL WANTED TO BE A VIOLINIST BUT A SUBWAY CHANGED HER DESTINY!

THOSE New York subway doors! You come running down the platform, headed for the train—its doors are sliding shut—you make a last frantic leap—the door, still on its way to close, catches you in the middle—you wiggle and push, full of unpleasant thoughts about being cut in two—the guard takes pity on you and opens the door—and you're inside, but pretty uncomfortable.

But once the guard didn't open the door again, thereby changing a violinist into a singer.

You hear Helen Marshall now on the Swift Studio Party, singing with Sigmund Romberg's orchestra, but if it hadn't been for that subway door you might know her as the greatest feminine violinist of the day. That's what she started out to be.

"I began to take violin lessons about the time I started grammar school," she told me. "I can remember playing for the Parent Teachers Association when I was eight. Everybody wanted to help the little Marshall girl keep up her courage. They all kept telling me not to be frightened and as a consequence before I even walked out on the stage, with a three-quarter size fiddle under my arm, I was scared to death. When I lifted the bow to play, though, the fright disappeared.

"All through my school days I had just one ambition, to be a famous woman fiddler. After I graduated from high school my violin teacher told me she had done all she could for me and suggested Paul Kochanski at the Juilliard School in New York as the next logical teacher."

Now, this taffy-haired soprano is a modest person, so I'll have to tell you what happened after that. She left Joplin, Missouri, her home town, and went to New York to take the examination for admission to the Juilliard School, playing for Kochanski. And when the great teacher delivered his verdict, it was not just for admission—it was a recommendation that she be given a three-year scholarship!

"For two years I worked, thought and dreamed violin. One day I decided that I wasn't getting enough fun out of life. All work and no play was boring me to death. So—"

So what did she do? A young musician's idea of fun must be more work, because she went to Albert Stoessel, conductor of the New York Oratorio Society, and sang for him for a place in the society. What's more, she was accepted.

A few months later Stoessel had dinner with Kochanski, and in the course of the evening told the violin teacher that his pupil had a remarkable voice and that something ought to be done about it. Something was. The Juilliard School awarded Helen a second scholarship, this time for voice training. It was the first and only time in the history of the school one pupil has held scholarships for two different branches of musical training.

Helen continued both studies until the strain began to tell on her health and strength. Her teachers advised her to concentrate on one or the other. The only trouble was that half of her teachers were teaching singing and the other half violin, so naturally half voted one way and half voted the other.

Helen herself didn't know what to do. Since her teachers, to whom she looked for advice, couldn't agree, it looked as if the decision was entirely up to her. The violin was her first love, and she had trained for it all her life. On the other hand, feminine violinists didn't seem to appeal to the public much, while a good singer could always get a job.

This is where the subway door comes into the story. It happened this way.

Helen ran for a subway train, and caught it; but the door caught her finger, too, and dislocated it. It was on her left hand, the important hand for a violinist. After the doctor had bandaged the finger up in splints, he told Helen that it would be weeks before he could be sure whether or not the finger was permanently injured.

That's why Helen decided to be a singer. As it happened, the finger did not stiffen, and there was no obstacle to keep her from taking up the violin again, but once her mind had been made up, she found herself more and more happy over the decision.

SHE was singing the role of Polly Peachum in a Juilliard School version of "The Beggar's Opera" when Sigmund Romberg heard her. She didn't even know he was in the audience. But when, a few months later, she took an audition for his program, he remembered her and called her Polly and gave her the job.

Perhaps those hungry subway doors do a bit of good now and then after all!

THAT MAN'S BACK AGAIN!

After an absence that was altogether too long, Ed Wynn has returned, to the delight of his radio followers. His perfect foolishness in his present series of broadcasts takes new form. Without the fire chief's hat—he has a different sponsor—he is portraying a character famous in the English language, Gulliver, of "Gulliver's Travels," by Dean Jonathan Swift. As Ed himself might put it, "Just a giant among a lot of Lilliputian funny men." The time of his program is 9:30, E.S.T. on Thursdays.

PRETTY SMART

..the hostess who uses Royledge Shelving at a nickel!

THE SMART HOSTESS today lets her neighbors waste time *and money* on fancy shelf edgings that have to be tacked up and torn down for laundering; *she* invests one nickel in Royledge . . . and trims 9 feet of shelves so that they're something to look at and talk about!

This new shelving can be laid in a jiffy; it protects the entire shelf and decorates the edge with bright, crisp, colorful patterns. The firm double edge will always hang straight, never curl up in dampness, nor become a catch-all for dust. It lasts for months.

"Royledge" is for sale nearby. Five-and-ten, dept. and neighborhood stores carry it in many decorator-designed patterns. Just look for the large Royledge package . . . 5c for 9 full feet . . . or in 10c sizes. Made by Roylace, 842 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

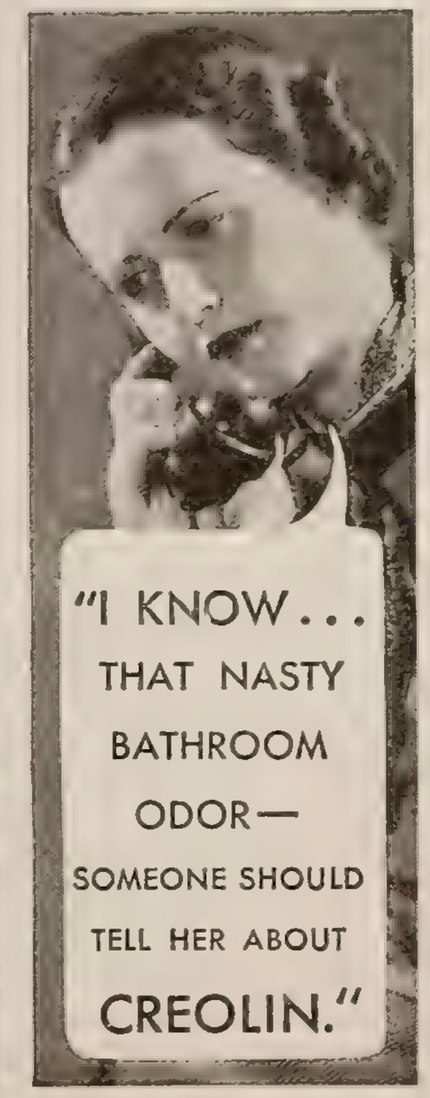
Royledge
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"Feel the Edge"

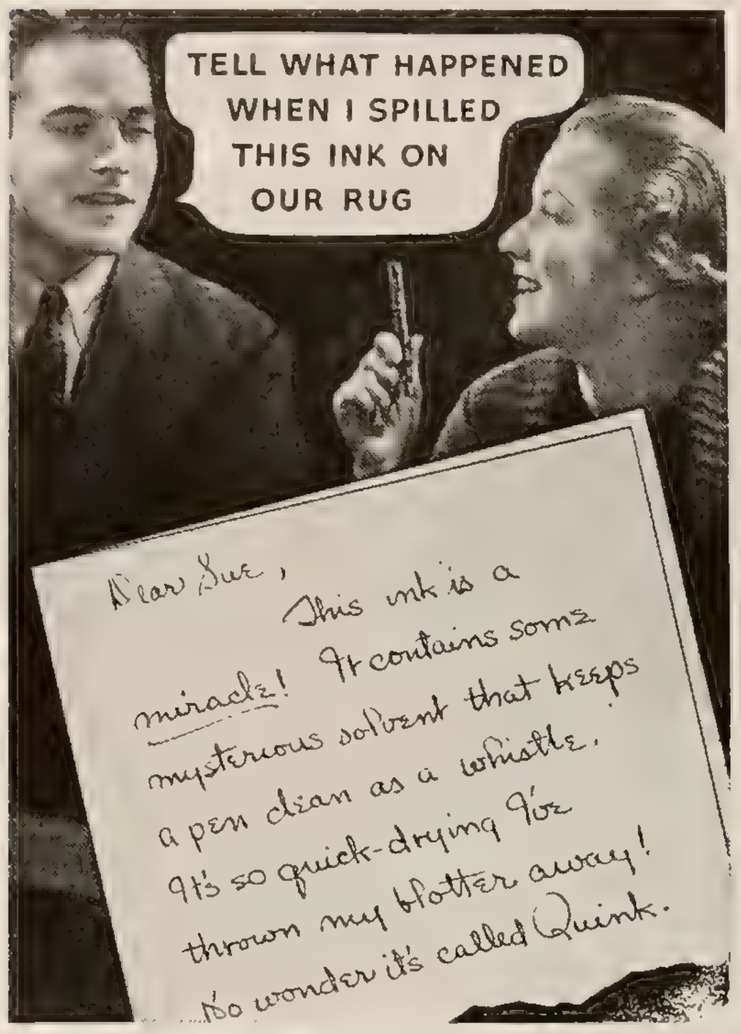
Don't let your bathroom be talked about

Why take chances? You can insure a clean-smelling, *sanitary* bathroom by using Creolin regularly. Creolin banishes bathroom odors quickly and effectively. Pour it into toilet bowl and drains. Put it into the water every time you clean the floors, walls, basin and tub. As a disinfectant, antiseptic and deodorant, Creolin has helped to safeguard health for nearly 50 years. Get a bottle, with full directions, at your drug store.

Write for Free Booklet, "Home Hygiene," giving complete information about the many other household and personal uses of Creolin. Merck & Co. Inc., Rahway, N. J.

CREOLIN *banishes* **Bathroom Odors**





An Ink You Can Spill With SAFETY!

A housewife writes The Parker Pen Co.: "When my husband spilled a bottle of your Qu*ink* on our new $500 rug, we were lucky. The day before this accident we had thrown our old ink away and got your WASHABLE Qu*ink*. I had read that Qu*ink* would 'wash out without trace!' And it did exactly that. You'll do women a great favor if you'll tell them about this."

So there it is, ladies. But be sure you get WASHABLE Qu*ink*. Don't get our PERMANENT Qu*ink*, unless it's for everlasting records. For PERMANENT Qu*ink* is as permanent as the paper. For use at home and school, the only SAFE ink is WASHABLE Qu*ink* at 15c and 25c. Get Qu*ink* today from any store selling ink. It is rich, full-bodied—with a brilliancy of color.

The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

Parker Quink

Made by the Makers of the Celebrated Parker Pens

BUSY HOUSEWIFE EARNS $400

Mrs. F. McE. (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn $25 a week *while learning* "practical" nursing. However, she sent for the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to accept her first case—in three months she had earned $400!

Think of the things *you* could do with $400!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

can train you, as it has trained thousands of men and women, *at home and in your spare time,* for the dignified, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is endorsed by physicians. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. *Easy tuition payments.* Decide today that you will be one of thousands of men and women earning $25 to $35 a week as trained practical nurses! Send the coupon for interesting booklet and sample lesson pages. Learn how you can win success, new friends, happiness—as a nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 184, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

*Name*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ *Age*____

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

NEWS OF YOUTH. Some of the dramatized news events concerning children pack as many thrills and comedy wallops as March of Time, which this program frankly imitates. Stick to that formula, Mr. Soft Bun Bread, and the adults will listen, too. But Laddy Seaman's interviews with kid champs in person aren't as real or as interesting as the faked stuff which he introduces in his guise of boy editor. My advice—skip the inconsequential sport news and guest stars (unless you can get Freddie Bartholomew).

CBS, Tues., Thurs., Sat., 6:15 P. M., 15 min.

Richard Crooks

METROPOLITAN OPERA AUDITIONS OF THE AIR. Who would have thought of grafting grand opera onto an amateur hour? Well, there's nothing amateurish about the four new singers each time, and the informal introductions by manager Edward Johnson (a la Bowes) dispose of the chilly atmosphere which makes the average listener uncomfortable in the presence of opera. Wilfred Pelletier conducts.

NBC Sun., 3:30 P. M., 30 min.

METROPOLITAN OPERA. If you want the real thing, undiluted, tune in on this and your head will go 'round and around for hours. Milton Cross tells you what it's all about.

NBC Sat., 2:00 P. M.

DESIGN FOR LISTENING. Do you get tired of the same old comedians, the same old routines every week? For new comedy thrills, I recommend Frank Fay on Rudy Vallee's hour, and this deluxe nonsense by Don Johnson and Mort Lewis. After an hysterical drama by the Colossal Quickie Company, treacly sounds by Olga Vernon and Ray Sinatra's aggregation, fancy flights of fancy by Senator Fishface and Professor Figsbottle (Don Johnson) you'll be wondering why this program isn't sponsored and why certain others are. But don't ask me—I'm no good at riddles.

NBC Sun., 4:30 P. M., 30 min.

NINE TO FIVE has what most present script shows need, more entertainment value and less emphasis on serial suspense. Each episode is enjoyable by itself for situation and caricature comedy. It plays fast, and is cast to perfection. Mary Grey (Lucille Wall), the human and efficient secretary, is the balancewheel between J. Audrey Bloomer (Jack Smart), dizzy super-salesman, and scatterbrained Mr. Bogg (Parker Fennelly), head of the fire-extinguisher concern.

NBC Thu., 7:15 P. M., 15 min.

THE GOLDBERGS. Gertrude Berg's "House of Glass" proved too fragile to stand forever, though she handled it with care. So she resurrects her favorite family (and yours) and again we have with us eagle-eyed Molly of the stoic composure, her proud, striving husband, Jake, inquisitive daughter Rosie, and typical son, Sammy. Without benefit of an Irish Rose, this show had a run of five years last time; this time it will probably last forever.

CBS Mon. through Fri., 5:45 P. M., 15 min.

TED HUSING AND THE CHARIOTEERS. When is an announcer not an announcer? When he has his own announcer—Paul Douglas. Ted-Years-Before-the-Mike Husing is an okay yarn spinner, but I hope all the announcers won't go arty on

Gertrude Berg

us—how will a poor dialer know whether he's tuning in a commercial or a program? Between songs by the hotcha quartet, Ted tells surprising anecdotes concerning the development of radio. Worth lending an ear or two to, too. (Don't say I didn't toot for you, Ted.)

CBS Mon., 7:15 P. M., 15 min.

KALTENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN. This schoolroom burlesque has been trying for three years to get out of the third grade. It is now second-rate and has acquired a sponsor, the same company that wholesales the Dionne breakfasts. Gertie Glump, Mickey Donovan, Issie Finkelstein, Yohnny Yohnson and Percy Van Schuyler still bombard Prof. Kaltie with wrong answers, thick accents, spitballs and giggles. If you can stand the ancient comedy pattern or if you're still lugging schoolbooks, you'll get a few laughs.

NBC Sat., 5:30 P. M., 30 min.

Hidden Moments in Their Lives

(*Continued from page 36*)

nothing more of it."

A few minutes later the door was flung open. The same man was back, with a friend, who carried a revolver. They didn't mince words. "Stick 'em up," they said. The gun was pointed at the horrified group!

Stella sat petrified. Her mother, hoping to be able to phone the police, ran through the swinging back door to the tiny office behind the restaurant. Whiz . . . a shot rang out. Those holdup men meant business. Fortunately, they missed her.

There was no use resisting them. Immediately, Stella's sister opened the cash register and stood aside to let them get to it.

Perhaps they were nervous, perhaps—anyway, instead of moving toward the register, the man with the glasses moved toward slim, dark-eyed, dark-haired Stella.

That was too much for Fred Ridge's self-control. He jumped on the bandit. Immediately the second holdup man joined the fray, and jumped on Fred. Back and forth they rolled in the eating house, throwing over pottery, chairs, leaving a trail of broken glasses, broken dishes and bric-a-brac. Stella stood still, too scared to move.

FINALLY Fred, a husky fighting Irishman, succeeded in landing a blow on the bespectacled bandit that knocked him out cold. The gun-wielding robber, now desperate, fired again and again at Fred. Five times he shot at him. One shot struck his shoulder, another his back. One hit his side with a sickening thud. Another went into his head.

"I just stood there, half-fainting, watching," Stella told me tensely. "My sister dragged herself to the phone. But she was so unnerved all she could do was sob into it."

In a moment, the bandits were gone. Realizing he had no more bullets, the Philippine dropped his smoking revolver, dragged his prostrate pal along, and disappeared.

Then Stella recovered her poise. She ran to the phone, grabbed it from her trembling sister, and called police headquarters. Immediately, they sent an ambulance.

"The doctors didn't think Fred would live," she told me, twisting her hands nervously. "I used to go to see him at the hospital every day . . . it was horrible. But he refused to let go of life. Today, he's alive and well except that one leg is inches shorter than the other, and he limps."

Though Stella went to the Rogues' Gallery to try to identify the bandits, and the police did all they could, they were never captured.

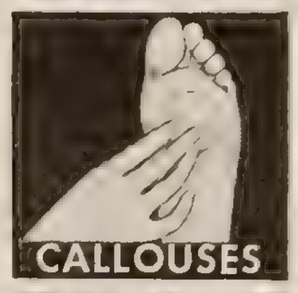
And as to Stella,—"I let my deposit on the Laguna shack drop. The restaurant business was not for me, I decided. After all, I had never been held up in the singing game. Now, comparatively, that seemed a quiet field."

So, after a month or so, she went to the famous voice coach, Allen Ray Carpenter, for instruction. It was the first time in her life she had taken singing lessons.

And today, she's back on the air.

Don't Cut YOUR CORNS Or CALLOUSES

Blood-Poisoning can easily result from it!



Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to End Pain Instantly and Remove Corns or Callouses Quickly and Safely!

NEVER use anything on your feet unless you *know* it is *medically safe.* Feet can easily be infected. Be on the safe side—use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They end pain of corns, callouses or bunions in *one minute;* stop nagging pressure on the sensitive spot; prevent sore toes and blisters and ease new or tight shoes.

To quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks,* included in every box. In a short time they will lift right out! No risk, no pain, no bother.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are easy to apply; do not come off in the bath. Made in sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between the toes. Get a box today at your drug, shoe or department store. Always insist on the genuine Dr. Scholl's.

2 Kinds—New DE LUXE *flesh color* 35¢ • STANDARD WHITE, *now* 25¢

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET. Mail coupon to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 380, Chicago, Ill., for booklet, "The Feet and Their Care," and sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for ☐ Corns, ☐ Callouses, ☐ Bunions, ☐ Soft Corns. Please check size wanted. (*You can paste this on government penny postcard.*)

Name ..... *Address* .....

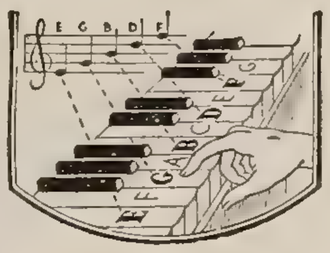
Every Good Boy Deserves Fun

LOOK!

Easy as A·B·C to learn music this way

Just see how easy it is! The lines are always E-G-B-D-F. Memorize the Sentence "*E*very *G*ood *B*oy *D*eserves *F*un"—and there you are! Whenever a note appears on the first line, you know it is e. Whenever a note appears on the second line, you know it is g. And the spaces are just as easy to remember. The four spaces are always F-A-C-E. That spells "face"—simple enough to remember, isn't it?

You have learned something already! Isn't it fun? You'll just love learning music this fascinating way! No "tricks" or "secrets"—you learn to play real music from real notes.



LEARN BY NOTE

Piano — Violin
Guitar — Saxophone
Organ — Ukulele
Tenor Banjo
Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
or any other instrument

So simple are these fascinating "music lessons" that even a child can understand them. You do not lose a minute with unnecessary details—only the most essential principles are taught. And at an average cost of only a few pennies a day!

You simply cannot go wrong. Over 700,000 people have studied music this modern way—and found it as easy as A-B-C. Just read the list of instruments in the panel and decide which one you want to play.

Send for Free Book

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. Act NOW. Mail coupon today and they will be sent to you at once. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 3064 Brunswick Bldg., New York City, N. Y. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

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Send me your free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. (Mention instrument.)

Name.....

Address.....

Have You
Instrument?.....Instrument?.....

REVEALING

Southland's Favorite Maestro

By JACK HARRIS

THE chancellor of Vanderbilt University gave Francis Craig his choice of disbanding his dance orchestra or leaving school. Francis chose to leave school—and that decision was the first big break in the lives of four great radio stars of today.

In fact, it was something of a break for Francis, too. If he'd stayed in school there's no telling what might have become of him. As it is, he's the South's favorite dance maestro, heard on Nashville's WSM, and nationally on NBC's Magnolia Blossoms program which originates in WSM every Monday night at 11:30.

The other four people whose careers were influenced by that decision are pretty well known too. They're James Melton, Phil Harris, Irene Beasley, and Kenny Sargent.

The name of James Melton was known only to his classmates in the student body of the University of Georgia in 1923, when Francis Craig's orchestra came to town to play for the junior prom.

Jimmy asked Francis for a job as saxophonist. Francis was sympathetic—he'd been out of school himself for only a few months—but he didn't need a saxophonist. He needed, he said, a singer. Whereupon Jimmy sang for him.

That's how James Melton happened to leave school and join the Craig band.

He stayed with Francis for five years, during the last two of which Francis encouraged and helped him to take voice lessons. And it was on the money he earned during those five years that he came to New York and got a job with Roxy and his gang.

Kenny Sargent was James Melton's successor as singer and saxophonist in the Craig orchestra. Francis heard him playing with an orchestra in Memphis a few weeks after Melton had left, and signed him up immediately.

A good many people today think Kenny has a voice to be proud of, but in the summer of 1930, while the band was playing at the Craig Hotel in St. Louis, Kenny's singing almost got him fired.

After the third day of the engagement, the manager of the hotel said to Francis, "I like your orchestra. I want to keep it here all summer. But it will be impossible unless you muzzle that crooning saxophone player of yours. We can't have singing like that going on in this hotel."

For eight weeks Kenny Sargent played saxophone for Francis Craig, without singing—by request. And he was so grateful to Francis for keeping him on instead of firing him that later it took him five weeks to make up his mind to accept a job with Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra, despite the offer of a much higher salary.

Way back in 1925 Francis had a young girl singer named Irene Beasley. She was a school teacher in Memphis, and every week-end she would travel the two hundred and fifty miles to Nashville, appear on WSM radio programs on Saturday and Sunday, and be back in Memphis in time to call roll, correct papers and spank sassy pupils on Monday.

Most dance bands, in those days, steered clear of girl vocalists, but Francis Craig persistently used Irene with his orchestra on his radio engagements, and it was his patience and help which finally brought her to the point where she could give all her time to radio and leave the pupils to other hands.

A Nashville boy, Phil Harris by name, kept pestering Francis for a job as drummer in his orchestra. He was too much of a clown, though, and Francis wouldn't hire him. This went on steadily for two years, until one day Francis' regular drummer failed to show up for work, and finally Phil got the job.

For Magnolia Blossoms, with Francis Craig, see page 56, 11 o'clock column.

Left, below, Maestro Francis Craig; left, James Melton as he looked when he worked for the southern band; below, Francis' new starlet, "Pee-Wee."

Keep your face FROM FADING

■ GUARD as sacred the radiant complexion of youth—choose your face powder carefully. You'll be delighted with the youthful effect of Mello-glo Face Powder—it is so natural, so alluring; it lasts longer, protects, soothes. A trial proves its superiority. You'll agree that it subtracts years from your face. You'll be thrilled the very first time you use Mello-glo—it's the one face powder you've longed for, so clinging, so flattering. Buy a box of Mello-glo today.

FREE

. . . a generous sample of Mello-glo—also how to get a $1 bottle of exquisite perfume absolutely free. Just mail your name and address to Mello-glo Co., Dept. 125, Statler Building, Boston.

"He was a wow, too," Francis admits now.

Phil kept the job he'd worked so long to get for just nine weeks. Then he heard about a band that was going to Honolulu and needed a drummer. Honolulu! At top speed, Phil went to Francis and asked to be relieved of his signed contract.

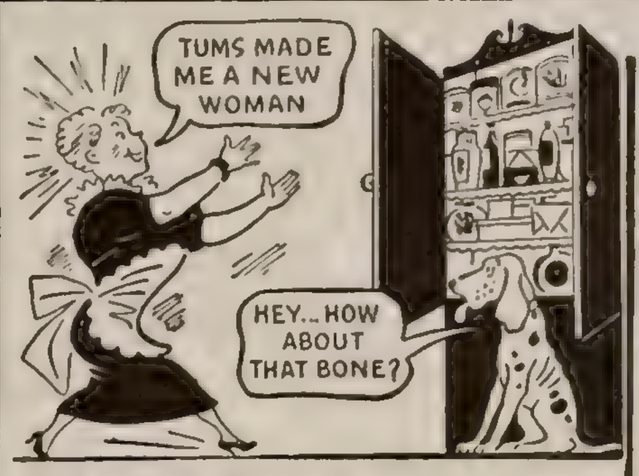
"I don't understand you," Francis said, "but I won't hold you against your will."

So Phil followed the well-known prescription and went West—with well-known results.

But if Francis helped these four stars on their way, they helped him, too. He's held the top-notch position among Southern bandsmen for some years—almost ever since he left school twelve years ago—mostly because he's been able to spot unusual talent and feature it in solo spots. Right now he has a fifty-four pound colored boy, "Pee-Wee," who has a personality which would steal the spotlight from almost any star.

I wonder whether that dignified chancellor of Vanderbilt University knows how many people he played good fairy to when he offered Francis Craig those two alternatives?

When there's a party at Pickfair all the stars go. Here is Leslie Howard dancing with the hostess, Mary Pickford, herself, at a dinner given in honor of Lady Mendl.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
HAS FILLED HER BARE CUPBOARD
WITH ONIONS AND STEAKS AND CHEESES;
HER STOMACH FEELS GRAND
SINCE SHE KEEPS TUMS ON HAND...

Can You Finish This Jingle?

$250 IN CASH

And 100 Other Valuable Prizes for Best Last Lines

WRITE YOUR LAST LINE HERE

NO ALKALIES FOR ACID INDIGESTION

MILLIONS have found they do not need to drench their stomachs with strong, caustic alkalies. Physicians have said this habit often brings further acid indigestion. So much more safe and sensible to simply carry a roll of Tums in your pocket. Munch 3 or 4 after meals—or whenever troubled by heartburn, gas, sour stomach. Try them when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Tums contain a wonderful antacid which neutralizes acid in the stomach, but never overalkalizes stomach or blood. As pleasant to eat as candy and only 10c at any drug store.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE

A Valuable Prize For Everyone Who Enters

Can you write a last line to this jingle? It's easy! It's fun! And your "last line" may win one of the 158 valuable prizes! 1st prize—$100.00; 2nd prize—$50.00; 3rd prize—$25.00; *five* prizes of $5.00 each; *fifty* prizes of $1.00 each; 50 Eversharp pencils; 50 hunting knives. Every entrant will receive a worth while gift besides. Get your information about TUMS from the advertisement at the left, then read the simple rules.

SIMPLE RULES

Write your "last line" in dotted line, tear out whole advertisement, and mail with your name and address to the address given below. If you submit more than one entry, simply write your additional "last line" on a plain sheet of paper. But EACH "last line" submitted *must* be accompanied by the wrapper from a 10c roll of TUMS which you can secure at any drug store.

Elaborateness will not be considered. Only skill with which "last line" is completed, and neatness will count. Every entry will be individually considered and acknowledged with a worth while free gift. No entries *will be returned.* Judges will be chosen by officials of the A. H. Lewis Co. In event of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of May 31st, 1936. Prize-winners will be notified as soon as awards are made.

Address your entries to Contest Department, Room 25-A, The A. H. Lewis Co., 4th and Spruce Streets, St. Louis, Missouri.

LIGHTEN YOUR HAIR WITHOUT PEROXIDE

. . . to ANY Shade you desire
. . . SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

Careful, fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. **Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener** requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste it cannot streak. Eliminates "straw" look. **Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair.** Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless, Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application..... $1

FREE 36 page booklet "The Art of Lightening Hair Without Peroxide" Free with your first order.

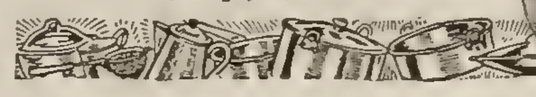
ERWIN F. LECHLER, Hair Beauty Specialist
565 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.

The All-Copper, Sponge-Cushioned Pot-Cleaner.

I'm the CHORE GIRL

otherwise known as "Jenny-on-the-job". The things I do—and do quickly—you hate to do. Day after day I make shiny-bright all the pots, pans and oven glass. No grease, grime or oven-burn remain on kitchen-ware when I'm on the job. No more keeping your hands in greasy, hot water an extra half-hour every day. And on bread and pastry boards I'm a knock-out. I can make a wooden floor look like the deck of a battleship in jig-time. I'm hard on dirt but easy and safe on hands. Better put me to work at 10c per month.

METAL TEXTILE CORP.
Orange, N. J.



I IRON IN ½ THE TIME for Only 1¢

NO CORDS NO WIRES

NEW STREAMLINED SPEED AND BEAUTY—AMAZING NEW ECONOMY—SELF-HEATING CONVENIENCE—LOW PRICE

Women everywhere are amazed at the speed and economy of the beautiful, new Diamond self-heating iron. Irons whole family washing in HALF the time, and does it all for the cost of only ONE CENT!

HEAT REGULATION

Finger-touch heat control gives right temperature for any kind of ironing. Balanced weight makes it easy and fast to use. Insulated handle assures comfort. Extra heavy CHROMIUM plate on base gives glass-smooth ironing surface that never needs waxing or polishing—lifetime wear. Self-heating means it can be used anywhere. No cords, hose or attachments. No electricity. Makes and burns its own gas from 96% AIR and only 4% kerosene.

BURNS 96% AIR

30-DAY HOME TRIAL

Prove the amazing efficiency of the new Diamond streamlined iron in your home for 30 days at our risk! Try it in every way before deciding! See its fine all-over rust-proof, lifetime chromium-plated finish. Send today for full particulars and 30-day TRIAL OFFER.

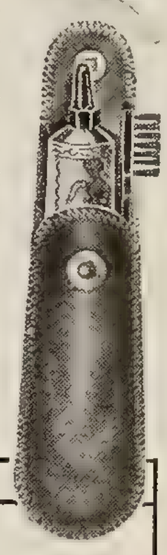
AGENTS! Nowonder it pays up to $15 a day! Write at once for details and how you may get yours FREE by helping to introduce it.

AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO., 376 Iron Bldg., Akron, Ohio

NEW CREAM MASCARA TATTOOS LASHES!

Needs no water to apply . . . really waterproof!

Now . . . the effect you have always wanted to achieve with mascara is actually possible. Accentuated length, darkness and a coaxing curl without even a hint of artificiality—without beadiness—without making your lashes brittle. Simply whisk a bit of creamy TATTOO over your lashes and they instantly appear to be twice their real length and you can be sure that neither tears nor rain will cause a smudge. Ready for use. No water needed. Can't smart. Harmless. TATTOO your lashes and you'll never go back to old-fashioned mascara again. BLACK..BROWN..BLUE. 50c complete at your favorite department or drug store.



SEND FOR 30 DAY TUBE!

TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave.,
Dept. D-52, Chicago.
10c enclosed. Please send 30 day tube TATTOO Cream Mascara with brush. ☐Black ☐Brown ☐Blue (check color desired.)

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

WHAT COULD YOU DO WITH A $5 BILL?

No Contest..No Catches..Just a Common Sense Way of Saving $5.00!

CLOPAY Window Shades at 15c represent a value you simply cannot afford to overlook. If you have been paying 65c to $1.00 for Window Shades—try CLOPAYS this Spring. Go to your nearest 5 & 10 and see the really charming chintz effects and plain colors that only CLOPAY Window Shades offer—more beauty and style than any shades at any price. Millions of discriminating housekeepers can now afford the luxury of changing shades throughout the house when they become soiled, because instead of paying 65c a shade, they pay only 15c for CLOPAY Shades.

CLOPAY Window Shades on sale at 5 & 10c stores or your neighborhood store. Send for free color samples. CLOPAY Corp., 1523 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Chicago

(*Continued from page* 14)

Columbia bachelors held a leap year party at College Inn recently, each swearing to remain single . . . Prominently featured in the amateur film a group of Chicago boys recently showed to local film critics were shots of the National Barn Dance as WLS presented that famous feature at the Century of Progress some time back . . . Recent visitors of Joe Sanders, the orchestra leader, were five Smith brothers, boys who traveled all the way from Watkins Glen, N. Y., just to meet him.

* * *

CONSCIENCE stricken husbands and stayer-outers, take notice. Here's the newest alibi on record. Louis Roen, NBC announcer, showed up one morning with a slightly black eye. Questioned severely and warned not to come up with the "I ran into a door" sort of excuse, he finally broke down and admitted that his eye collided with a polo ball during a workout on the turf. He has Harlow Wilcox to back him up, too. Seems that Louis took a terrific cut at the ball, with another player rushing towards him. He smacked the pellet hard, it bounced off the hoof of the onrushing nag, and bounced straight into Louis' eye.

* * *

THEY cried "Faker!" at Morgan Eastman fifteen years ago. Even then the conductor of the Edison symphony and Carnation Contented orchestra was sold on radio. He knew it was a coming thing. But it seemed the rest of the world didn't agree with him. Finally he arranged a demonstration of radio before the Chicago Chamber of Commerce, a special broadcast from an improvised studio. He hooked up all the wires and gadgets, but nothing came in save squeaks and squalls. And the business men of Chicago cried "Fake!" and "Faker!"

A few days later he tried it again, for a different group of Chicago business men. This time he did some of the music but not all. They'd hear a few strains and then it would fade away, only to return a few minutes later. And again, sure the music came from a hidden phonograph, they cried "Fake!" and "Faker!"

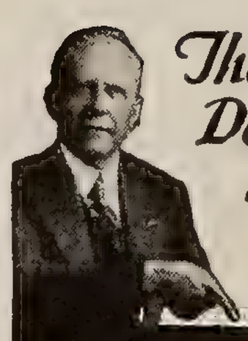
Finally radio did arrive and they began to realize Morgan wasn't crazy after all.

Morgan, an expert musician, began broadcasting concerts and his own talks about music and musicians. One day he tried to see if the microphone, so like a stethoscope, would pick up his heart beats. It would and did. So on his next music lecture he used it as a gag. The papers of the country picked it up widespread. They captioned their stories "His Heart Beat Was Heard Around the World."

Thousands of letters came in, mailbags full of them. All of them spoke of the heartbeat stunt—but no one of them mentioned the thing closest to his heart, the lecture on music!

* * *

WHILE he was broadcasting from Chicago, Enric Madriguera featured on certain of his dance programs better known classical compositions. The fans liked the idea, one even telephoned him from Texas to get the correct spelling of a Debussy number. One listener failed to understand the unusually long title of a classical tune. He wrote congratulating Enric on "your new tune. But I'm afraid you'll have to change the title. People won't understand it. Try something like 'Shanty Town' or 'Red Sails.'"



They Said I Couldn't Do It. But Here It Is my **1936 OFFER**

WEAR A WATCH OR DIAMOND

30 Days FREE! then Make Your Own Terms

My confidence in YOU; my confidence in my standard, dependable watches and beautiful genuine diamonds, and my confidence in business conditions cause me to make this unheard-of offer. I am going to place as many watches and diamonds in the hands of men and women throughout the land as possible in 1936, NO MATTER WHAT THE SACRIFICE, because each watch and diamond will act as a salesman to sell another.

Direct-to-You, Rock Bottom Prices on Nationally Advertised Watches, Diamond Rings and Silverware

What an offer! Nationally advertised watches, diamonds, and silverware offered at lowest direct-to-you prices. For nearly a half century we have sold highest quality jewelry all over the world.

And now this remarkable offer.

Send for Beautiful FREE CATALOG

Write now—before this offer is withdrawn and get the beautiful FREE Catalog. Select the watch or diamond you want, wear it, examine it, and then write us the terms you desire.

SANTA FE WATCH CO.
497 Thomas Bldg., Topeka, Kan.
We Buy Old Gold

Removes unexpected spots, soil. Dries instantly; leaves no odor, no ring. At all drug stores.

Mufti

10¢·30¢·40¢ and 65¢ a bottle

$1 Complete

DISCARD YOUR AERIAL

NO MORE LIGHTNING DANGER

Buzzes, Clicks,

And Shorts from summer rains and winter snow and sleet when using an F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminator—equals an aerial 75 ft. long, strung 50 ft. high, yet occupies only 1½ inch by 4 inch space behind your radio—guaranteed to give you nation wide reception or your money back.

Does away with Aerial entirely—Just place an F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminator (size 1½ in. x 4 in.) within your set. Simple instructions furnished with unit. Easily connected by anyone to aerial and ground of set. Your radio will then operate and tune in the same manner as if it were connected to an aerial. Operates on both short and long waves.

BETTER TONE AND DISTANCE GUARANTEED

Sensitivity, selectivity, tone and volume improved. No lightning danger or unsightly lead in and aerial wires. Makes your set complete in itself. Forget aerial wires and troubles—move your set anywhere.

NOT NEW—VALUE ALREADY PROVED

On the market five years. 80,000 satisfied customers in U. S. and Foreign countries. In use from the Arctic region of Norway to the tropics of Africa. Chosen by Government for use on Naval Hospital bedside radios. Each factory tested on actual long distant reception. Can not harm set—**(Derives its energy from the earth radio waves, it therefore also in many cases helps to reduce fading and noises.)**

5 DAYS TRIAL Mail coupon at once. Pay postman $1.00 plus a few pennies postage on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, return within five days and your dollar will be refunded without question.

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON

F. & H. RADIO LABORATORIES, Dept. 82
Fargo, N. D.

Send F. & H. Capacity Aerial. Will pay postman $1 plus few cents postage. If not pleased will return within 5 days for $1 refund. Check here ( ) if sending $1 with order—thus saving postage cost—same refund guarantee. Check here ( ) if interested in dealer's proposition.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN..... .....STATE..... .....

New, Pleasant Work for WOMEN up to $23 in a WEEK

Represent the leading dress house—FASHION FROCKS and show this adorable line of lovely new spring dresses to friends, relatives and neighbors. Styles are stunning. Fabrics are exquisite. Colors are the smartest. Values are amazing. You can earn up to $23 and more in a week, full or spare time, in addition, get your own dresses free of extra cost. No house-to-house canvassing. No experience and no investment ever required.

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Now Ready! GORGEOUS LINE OF 120 Lovely Spring Dresses Many as low as 3 for $3.98

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Hydrosal

JAN GARBER, once a concert violinist himself, likes nothing better than listening to the fiddling of Heifetz.... Dr. Frederick Stock was conducting the Chicago symphony in the Overture to "William Tell" in a young people's concert when certain of the kids recognized in it the theme song of The Lone Ranger who has made "Heigho, Silver!" so popular with our younger generation. . . . For reasons best known to himself a Chicago doctor took a shot at an announcer from WGES and hit an announcer from WSBC. Both are small Chicago radio stations. . . .

* * *

MRS. MURIEL TIERNAN, who said her husband became enamored of her voice on the radio and later married her after a whirlwind courtship, was divorced in Chicago recently. Because she's making money she asked no alimony. In radioland she is known as Muriel La France . . . Dixie Lee, Bing Crosby's wife, got her professional start by winning an amateur singing contest in Chicago for which Ruth Etting was a judge. Bing still likes Chicago. For of the ten thousand fan letters he gets a month about one-fifth come from Chicago. . . . Holland Engle, one-man song-and-piano of WBBM, recalls that two years ago he lost his voice and was warned by his doctor not to sing a note for two years. At that time, Holland was on the air with ninety-eight broadcasts a week. Now that he has his voice back, Engle will limit his singing programs to seven a week, although his dramatic activities already run far beyond this number.

* * *

MANY years ago the Chicago Theater started special Sunday afternoon concerts. First they offered a large symphony. Then they added Jesse Crawford, NBC's poet of the organ, and finally they added even more variety by occasional presentations of opera in English. Crawford still remembers one young lady whose voice even in those days was exceptional. The producer of the operas in English noted it and tried to give her a lift from the minor parts she played with that company. She's done quite well since then. Her name is Gladys Swarthout.

* * *

HAVING looked over the American orchestras of Chicago and heard those broadcasting on our networks **Jack Hylton,** London's pride and joy who was imported for a commercial radio series over the Columbia network on Sunday nights, frankly doesn't see any reason why America needs him. "Your American bands are plenty good. I wonder why they didn't give this job to one of you," is the way he puts it to local orchestra leaders. . . . **Don McNeill,** master of ceremonies of the NBC Breakfast Club, has been on the air for seven years, but it wasn't until the other day that he received his first real fan letter. It was written on a Japanese fan. . . . There's only one character in the **Lum and Abner** scripts which neither Norris Goff nor Chester Lauck will admit doing . . . that is Cedric Weelnut, whom the boys describe as "none too bright, you know.' . . . **Horace Heidt's** first job was as a gasoline station attendant for $60 a month. . . . Early in a life of poverty **Wayne King** decided that to be happy you must have enough money to be comfortable; to be successful you must work hard, harder and better than the other fellow; what you get from life is what you give life. . . . Whenever **Kate Smith** comes to Chicago she always stays at the Edgewater Beach hotel on the city's north shore. Being

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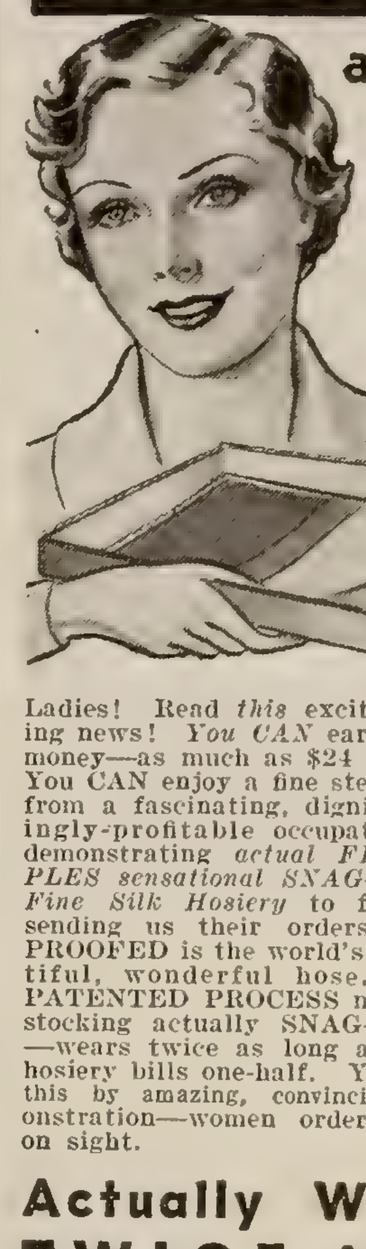

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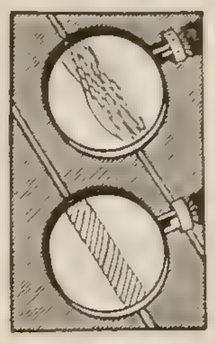

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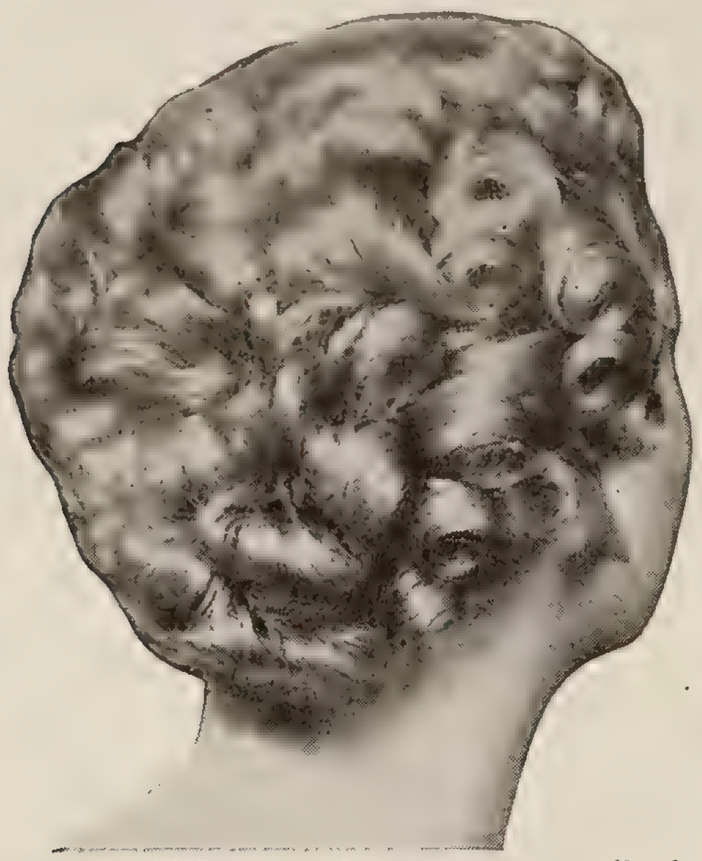

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strictly a home girl Kate likes the idea of getting away from the turmoil and the bustle of the Loop, likes the quiet and soothing ripple of Lake Michigan's waters murmuring in her rooms.

* * *

WHEN Frank Mullen moved from Chicago to New York the boys pulled a gag on him. Frank left his job as Chicago director of agriculture for NBC to become head of the RCA department of information in New York. Naturally he wanted to meet the New York newspaper writers. An old friend, now doing publicity on Broadway, promised to line up all the boys for him. So Frank engaged a suite at the Waldorf, got a lot of liquor and sandwiches and waited. Finally the friend and his newspaper pals began to drift in. It turned out that everyone of them had once been a newspaper man but not a one of them still was! Most of them were doing publicity for various enterprises at the time of Frank's party. So $100 of RCA money was thrown away on rival press agents!

* * *

A DETERMINED effort to dispel early-morning blues is being made by St. Louis' station KWK in its new local show, Bugle Call Review, which goes on the air Monday through Friday at eight o'clock. Allen Anthony, a recent addition to KWK's announcing staff, writes and emcees the program, sandwiching time signals and weather reports in between musical numbers. The KWK artists who trek down to the station every morning are the Basin Street Blues—Linda, Bill, and Jack—Harry Babbitt, Linda Raye and her Escorts, and Al Dietzel's orchestra.

Gladys Swarthout became as ardent a sun addict as any other Californian while she was in Hollywood.

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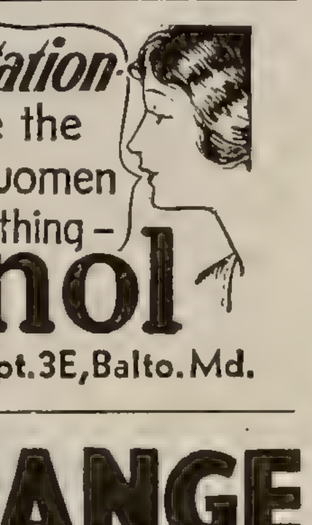

KOSKOTT COMPANY, C-97, Station F, New York

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Pacific

(*Continued from page* 15)

director, who was leading a band at the Brown Hotel in Louisville years ago when Vincent was m.c. there.

* * *

KAY VAN RIPER, blonde young University of Minnesota grad, has again left KFWB with the avowed intention of writing a stage play for New York consumption. Her Coronets and other historical serials met with wide coast favor and, contrary to most "heavy" programs, usually found a ready sponsor.

* * *

BILLY MAUCH, ten-year-old drama star (Court of Human Relations and others) has gone back east after several weeks in Hollywood to play the part of "Anthony Adverse" as a boy in the Warner Brothers picture.

* * *

OUR favorite sleuth reports that Jack Joy, KFWB's music director, was a boy soprano in Chicago with Frederick Stock's choir ever so many years ago.

* * *

BILL SHARPLES, who has conducted an early morning KNX program these many years, was home sick the other day. But "Willie" carried on the program okay. He is Sterling Tracy, sixteen-year-old Los Angeles schoolboy, who has been on the broadcast for some time.

* * *

RANSOM SHERMAN, "Dr. Right" in the NBC Carefree Carnival from San Francisco, met his wife on a blind date at college. 'Twas love at first sight.

* * *

JIMMY BITTICK and his orchestra are on the air again. This time from KHJ. At the age of fifteen, Jimmy blossomed forth as a drummer and juvenile ork leader at the old Empress Theater in St. Louis.

* * *

ELVIA ALLMAN, coast character actress and singer, sent out a thousand New Year's cards on account of its being Leap Year. What a gal.

* * *

MAIN STREET SKETCHES, which had a run of many years on WOR, Newark, is now on KNX, Hollywood, as Hometown Sketches where its author, Leonard E. L. Cox, is a program executive. The homely program not long ago celebrated its eighth anniversary. Two of the original cast are still with the program, Lela Vaughan as Aggie Spinks and Francis Trout as Cap Albury. Ralph Scott, who was the French lieutenant in the original Tarzan transcription series, is Lem Weatherbee, mayor of Centerville.

* * *

GENE ENGLANDER and his orchestra in the bay region and over the air nightly on NBC now have a boop-boop-a-doop gal with 'em. She is Ruth Havens, born in Chicago, who started on her career by winning top honors in a Helen Kane contest there.

* * *

MURIEL VALLI, known as Aunt Val with her daily program for youngsters at 2GB, Sydney, Australia, but heard on the Pacific Coast when weather condi-

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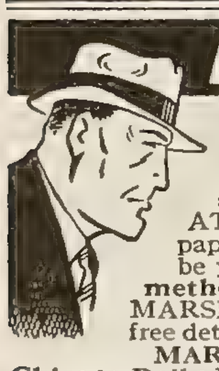

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tions are good, is now Mrs. Herman Bredero. The marriage took place outdoors in the Castle Hills district in a glade then renamed Cathedral Glen in honor of the ceremony. She continues her radio work.

* * *

NEW Hollywood-made radio transcriptions to look for: "Portraits in Literature," narrated by Charles Frederick Lindsley, professor of speech at Occidental College. "Today With Aesop," just written by Erna L. Verzimer, New York playwright, with narration of a fable fading into a modern-day parallel. Freeman Lang's "Here and There," in which he graphically describes thrilling travels and incidents. The "Transco Troubadour," who is really Larry Burke, once KFAC's Irish tenor.

* * *

RAYMOND PAIGE, music director of the CBS Hollywood Hotel, first had a yen to direct when he was leading a Sunday school group in San Diego. He put on a phonograph record of the London Symphony and used a whisk broom for a baton. After a few "rehearsals" in the family woodshed, he was ready for his first public recital.

* * *

KFWB's sons of the Pioneers, hill billy tribe, is getting ready for this year's hill billy contest. It won the 1935 contest in December with flying colors not only as a group, but also for two or three of their soloists.

* * *

CYRIL ARMBRISTER, producer of the Strange as it Seems series, was born of English parents in Bermuda, went to school in the British Isles and prefers the English, rather than the German, accent in pronouncing his name.

* * *

JOSE MANZANARES and his South Americans, now a popular network attraction in the East, used to play at the exposition in San Diego and over local stations there. The girl orchestra created a sensation in coast circles.

* * *

AND did I tell you that Nola Day, NBC, singer in San Francisco, is really Mabel Sleness, one time Seattle waitress who was auditioned in Seattle and did her first radio work on KJR there? She was born in Reykjavik, Iceland.

* * *

NBC's second coast chain is doing well these days. Until a couple of years ago, the network had two hookups out here. The secondary chain, known as the gold network, was taken off the air when difficulties arose with northwest outlets. But now they have their regular outlets known as the red network, plus the new secondary chain called the blue.

* * *

THE Crockett quilt at KNX is really a whole flock of bedcovers these days. Once upon a time the famed Crockett family were CBS headliners in the East. Then on KHJ in California. Now with KNX. Mother Crockett asked fans to send in a small bit of cloth so she could make a quilt that would represent scores of fans. She has made a half dozen, and still appreciative fans send in pieces of cloth to sew into the quilts. The mountaineers are headliners on the station's weekly barn dance and other broadcasts.

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And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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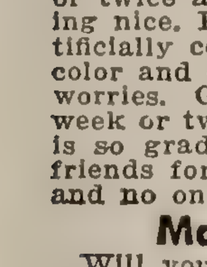

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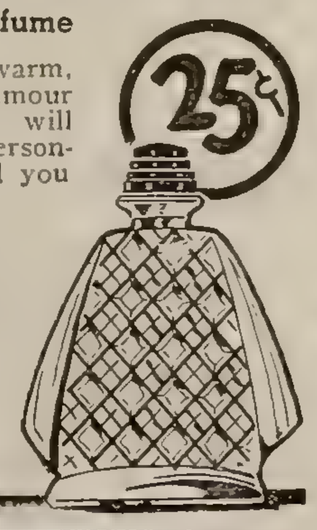

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NOW that the premieres of the new NBC Hollywood studios and the new KNX building have gone down in history, up bobs KROW with its new Oakland studios which are quite swanky though of course on a somewhat smaller scale.

* * *

BILL DAVIDSON is doing well for himself up at KFRC in San Francisco these days. He traveled there via KTSP, St. Paul, and KMTR, Hollywood. Besides straight announcing, he is sandwiched in for Swedish dialect on fun and frolic programs. A year or so ago, Bill was married in the historic San Juan Capistrano Mission not far from San Diego, one of the most romantic settings for anybody's marriage.

* * *

CLIFF ARQUETTE, Thaddeus Cornfelder on the Myrt and Marge program, is celebrating the latest arrival in his family in Chicago. Lots of coast fans recall his antics on the oldtime KFWB hijinks. But he really started to town years before that on tiny KGFJ, Los Angeles, as Aunt Addie, the anemic evangelist. Cliff used a false nose and a few rolls of black muslin and, lo and behold, he looked like somethin'—but just what nobody ever seemed to know. Lots of folks used to think he was imitating Sister Aimee Semple McPherson. But, to tell the truth, he was funnier than Sister.

* * *

THOSE O'MALLEYS, spotted all over the country on a score or more of stations, is recorded in Hollywood thrice a week. The Juvenile lead is fourteen-year-old Billy O'Brien, Los Angeles school boy. The slim, blond lad has been in the talkies. Maybe you heard him as George in "Dinky," as Perzinger in "Music in the Air" or the sheep boy in "The Last Days of Pompeii."

* * *

ONE of the newer coast network features is Drums on the Don Lee System, with William Farnum in the lead role. It was written by Vera Oldham, co-author (with Harry A. Earnshaw) of the far-famed Chandu serial.

* * *

MEET Count Cutelli, KHJ's new sound effects man extraordinary, Gaetano Mazzaglia Cutelli, of Sicily. Now towards middle age, the count is a master of mechanical sounds, but is also no slouch at doing imitations himself.

* * *

SEEMS as though the oldest studio sustainer in KLX, Oakland, is the station's mixed quartet. M. J. Goodman, Edna May Parker, Adelaide Carothers and L. G. Franch.

* * *

ADD to true names department: Nick Angelo, Los Angeles radio tenor, is Nicholas T. Smurro, late of Helena, Mont. He was a district Atwater Kent winner there several years ago before moving to Southern California.

Did you know that radio has given cripples new life? Has brought happiness into the lives of desperate widows? Those are just two of the miracles that radio has worked. In the May issue you'll find a story revealing the power of this most modern of healers.

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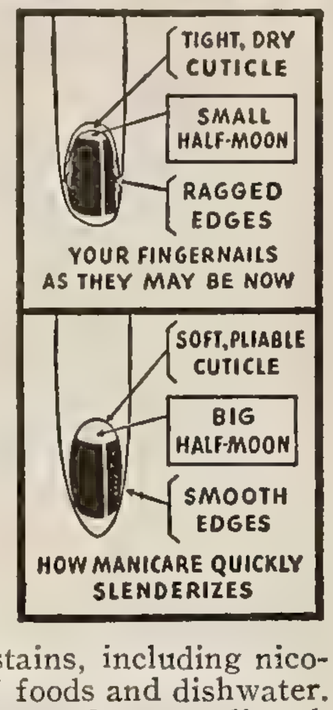

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Frank Parker Wants a Wife!

(*Continued from page 20*)

is someone I haven't met yet. However, I rather favor the little waitress. That is to say, I would be less surprised to find my dream girl in the working world than in the so-called upper social strata.

"My wife must have a sympathetic understanding of my work, my problems, my aims," Frank continued with very little encouragement. "She must practically share my moods. A girl with a background similar to mine—poverty, hard work, cares and responsibilities—is more apt to have such an understanding nature than a girl who has learned nothing except how to spend money in large quantities. The girl cradled in luxury may be charming and highly intelligent, but she is selfish, and I want to be the selfish one in my family. I have built my life on an ideal which I cannot give up now, so I need a woman who is willing to devote herself to the same ideal, whatever musical attainment I am capable of. Our life must be one life, not two.

"As for the in-between class, career girls, they have brilliance and glamour too, and perhaps my wife is among them, but I doubt it. These girls are out for what they can get. I've met plenty of them and there's an ulterior motive in every one. They cultivate my acquaintance because I know people, because they like the limelight associated with the entertainment world, perhaps because they have radio ambitions themselves. That's all right, but they won't get to first base with me. I'm looking for a helpmate, not a parasite.

DON'T misunderstand me. I don't mean that my wife will wait on me hand and foot or lose her own identity. But I have to keep on with my career, so it's vital that she be interested in it enough to help me, if we are to get along. I will need her advice, her criticisms, and I want to have faith in her judgment.

"I don't care whether my wife is a musician or not. I don't care whether she is older than I am, though the chances are she won't be. I don't care if she isn't an outstanding beauty. But there is one thing she must not be: possessive. That single factor has broken up most of the marriages I have seen go on the rocks. And it's preventable just by remembering that your partner is a human being.

"I may sound as if I want everything under the sun from my wife, and expect to give nothing in return. It's true I expect a great deal of marriage. If I didn't, I wouldn't look forward to the experience with so much elation. But I hope to be able to contribute as much to my wife's happiness as she contributes to mine. The woman I want will be deserving of a lot of attention, and it will make me happy to do everything I can for her."

"No wonder you've taken ten years to *'cherchez la femme'*," I remarked. "You could easily spend another ten years hunting for such a girl. I only hope I see her first!"

"Well, you're wrong about the prolonged search," Parker grinned. "I've just begun to search for her. I've been running away from her, trying to avoid her for ten years, while I concentrated all my thoughts and energies on my music.

"You see, every artist has to go through a period of struggle during which he isn't fit to live with. He isn't himself. He has to develop a supreme superiority complex, a colossal ego, to toughen his hide against the countless rebuffs that are in store for him, and to hypnotize others

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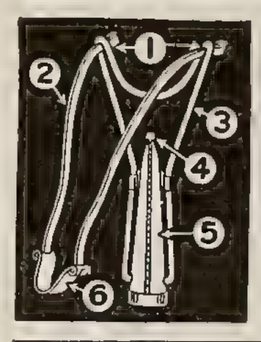

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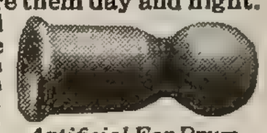

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into believing in his importance. I don't think a woman fits into the picture then. Either her martyrdom during those unnatural years dooms the union to tragedy, or domestic contentment wears down the artist's ego and blunts his driving ambition.

"Later in the career, marriage has just the opposite effect. It acts as a goad to new achievement at a time when it would be easy to sit back and enjoy life, to live for today.

"I have reached that point now. My professional career is running along smoothly, my material wants are satisfied, and there are a million temptations to take things easy. I need a steadying influence now that I didn't need five years ago, when my ambition kept my nose to the grindstone.

"I still study daily with my voice teacher, so perhaps I don't need to be locked in a room with my music for three hours every day (one famous singer has a wife who is that devoted to his interests) but I do need the sort of wife who will keep me home and take enough interest in my work to make me want to keep on making progress for her sake.

"I have gone as far as I can through my own efforts. If I make any further progress as a singer, beyond the five or six years' favor I may hope to enjoy as a radio entertainer, it will be due entirely to the inspiration and the spiritual cooperation of the right woman.

AND now, for the first time, I have potentialities as a passable husband, since I have sufficiently established myself in my profession to afford to throw off my protective armor—the egotistical 'front' I spoke of. Woe to a marriage if the artist forgets to discard that false front!

"I've mentioned practically all the specifications for the woman I can adore forever except the color of her eyes and hair, and the topography of her torso. Of course I am assuming a mutual physical attraction. That is necessary, but I'm not worrying about it. If she has the other attributes, I'm sure I won't have any difficulty falling in love. Falling in love is the easiest thing I do. But love doesn't have to be blind. You can control it at will, movie plots 1 to 962 to the contrary. And believe me, when I fall for keeps, it's going to be with my eyes open."

I was in the studio during one of Frank's broadcasts after he had given me the foregoing intimate and revealing glimpse of his inner self, his hopes and aspirations regarding the thing which he now believes more important than, and even vital to, his career—marriage.

He sang a hit song from his picture, "Sweet Surrender." There was a new, touching vibrancy in his voice as the words flowed out from a heart aching for a woman's altruistic affection, "Take this ring and make this ring a lovely dream come true, with this ring I bring my love to you."

I couldn't help wondering whether Columbia's powerful transmitters were prophetically pouring those tender words into some far-flung loud speaker at which listened the unknown girl who is destined to bring Frank Parker all the ecstasy he has recently begun to dream of.

HE'S A NEW STAR

Who is the young singer who after only three months on the air is already being hailed as one of the most important of the new year's crop of personalities? There'll be an exclusive story on him in next month's RADIO MIRROR.

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Kenneth Heilbron

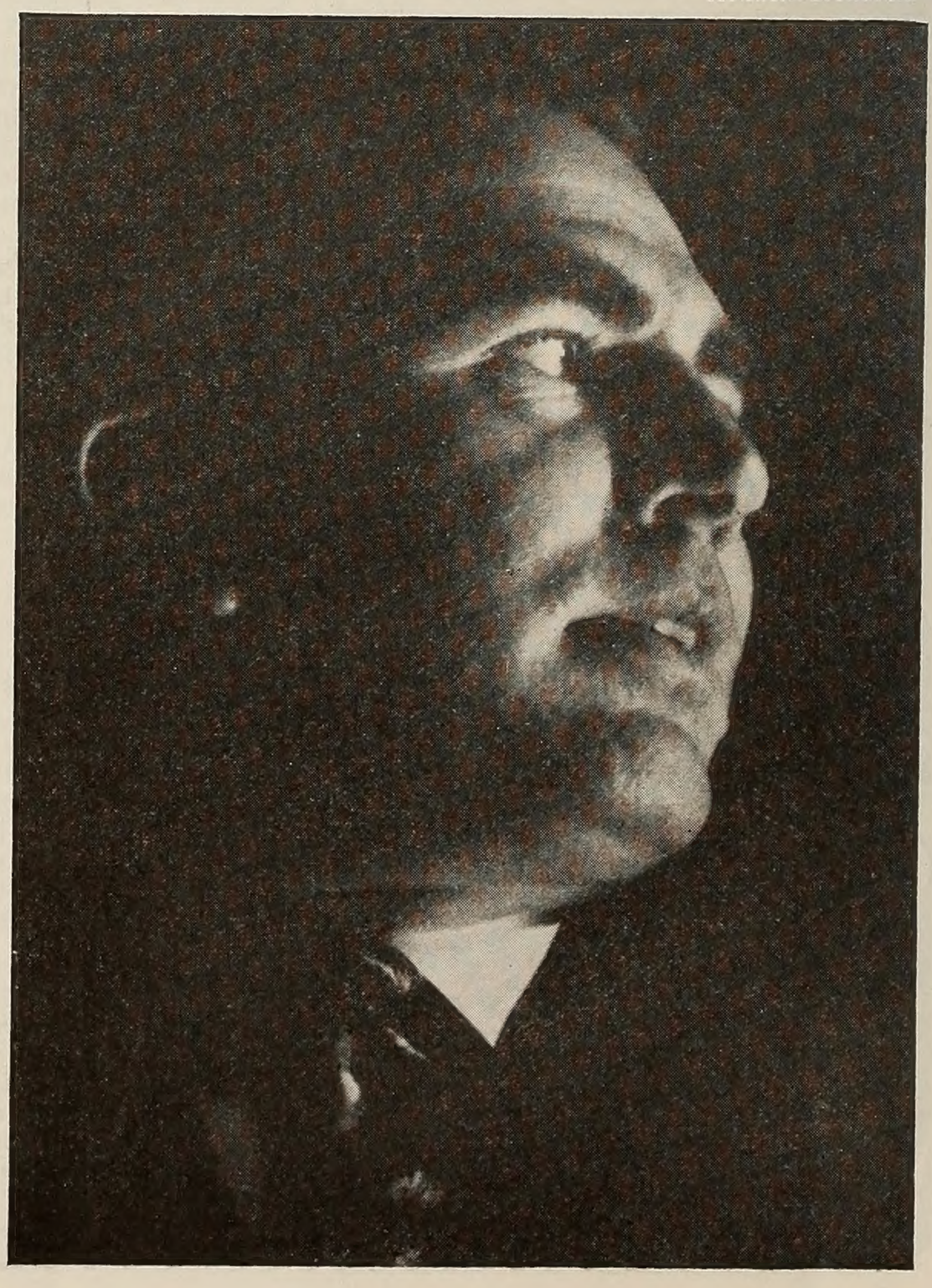
The candid cameraman came along just as the stars you see here were getting into action at the microphone. Left, the Singing Knights, quartet on Real Silk's Life is a Song program. Below, the Ranch Boys—you hear them with the Morin Sisters and Gene Arnold. In circle, Comedian-maestro Budd Hulick. Left below, Ben Bernie with the Nicholas Brothers, snapped during a Radio City broadcast. Right below, a close-up of Charlie Gaylord leading his orchestra.

ACTION! CAMERA!

Kenneth Heilbron

Bert Lawson

Rotophotos



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HANDSOME, LUSTROUS

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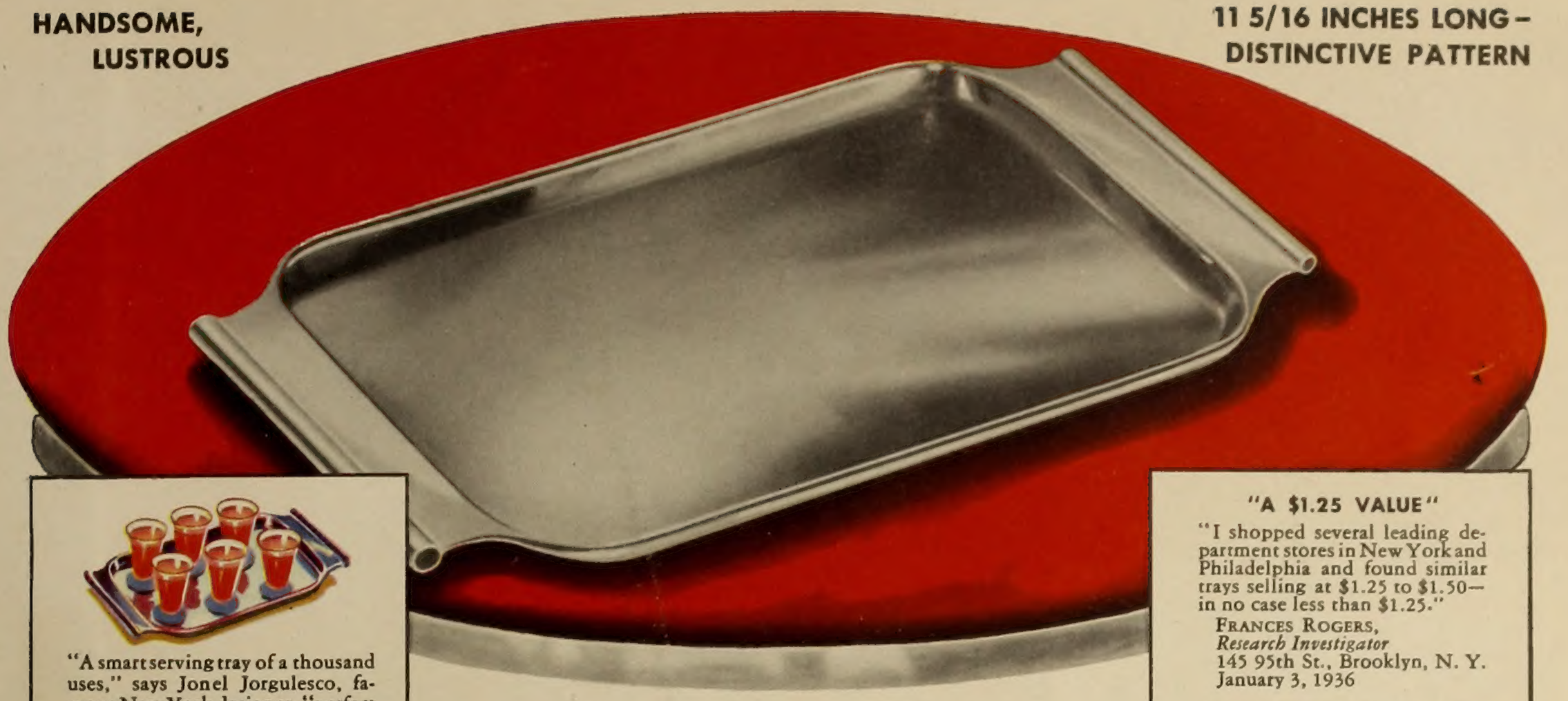

"A smart serving tray of a thousand uses," says Jonel Jorgulesco, famous New York designer, "perfect for tomato cocktails . . . for little cakes, sandwiches, bread . . . for cream and sugar . . . or on one's dresser. The design and weight are excellent."

"A $1.25 VALUE"

"I shopped several leading department stores in New York and Philadelphia and found similar trays selling at $1.25 to $1.50—in no case less than $1.25."

FRANCES ROGERS,
Research Investigator
145 95th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
January 3, 1936

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

To everyone who takes advantage of this opportunity to secure the $1.25 chromium-plated serving tray we make this guarantee: If, within two weeks after buying this tray, you are not *entirely satisfied*, you may return the tray in good condition to us, and we will refund you the full 25¢ you paid for it. THE BORDEN COMPANY

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY—ACT NOW!

$1.25 Serving Tray

IN HEAVY CHROMIUM PLATE—VERIFIED VALUE

for **25¢** And the labels from two (2) cans of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

IMPORTANT: This offer is made solely to acquaint you with the amazing *magic* pies, frostings, puddings, cookies and candies that you can make in entirely new *magic* short-cut ways with Eagle Brand. You'll find an astonishingly *magic* recipe on every Eagle Brand wrapper and label. And at the left are two *magic* recipes you'll use again and again!

Save $1.00 by prompt action!

Don't delay. You can have the $1.25 Serving Tray pictured above for only 25c and two Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk labels*, if you'll act at once. Please understand that this tray is in highly polished chromium plating—on a durable nickel-plated steel base. This amazing offer holds good for a limited time only. Use coupon at the lower right.

Free Cook Book

Along with the tray you get a whole cook book of *magic* recipes—for cookies, pies, puddings, candies, frostings, salad dressings and delicious ice creams.

TRY EAGLE BRAND FOR MAGIC SHORT-CUT COOKING:

Magic! Just 2 ingredients!

COCONUT MACAROONS

½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet about 1 inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 minutes or until a delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes 24.

Magic! Made in 5 minutes! Failure-proof!

CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. Add water. Cool. Spread on cold cake (bought or home-made). Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of 2 (9-inch) layers, or top and sides of loaf cake generously, or about 24 cup cakes.

ACT AT ONCE!

*Please note: The label required for this offer is the inner Eagle Brand label, not the loose, outer wrapper.

THE BORDEN COMPANY, Dept. MWG-46
2901 E. Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Enclosed are two (2) Eagle Brand labels and 25c, in coin, for which please send me the chromium-plated tray of verified $1.25 value with money-back guarantee as specified in your advertisement. Also please send your free Magic cook book.

If you live in Canada, send two Eagle Brand labels and 50c to The Borden Co., Ltd., Yardley House, Toronto, Ont.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Order must be postmarked before midnight, April 30, 1936

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20
Luckies are less acid !
Recent chemical tests show*
that other popular brands have
an excess of acidity over Lucky
Strike of from 53% to 100%
Luckies a light smoke
OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"
*RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS